

THE ANNIE LAURIE MINE

• BEACH •

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Mrs. H. A. Stevens





"THAT YOU, OF ALL MEN, SHOULD DO THAT! AND YOU A SCOT!"

The Annie Laurie Mine

A Story of Love, Economics and Religion

By
DAVID N. BEACH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES COPELAND

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TO
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Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread.

—*Tennyson.*

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The history of mankind interests us only as it exhibits a steady gain of truth and right, in the incessant conflict which it records, between the material and the moral nature.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Slavery has not only been controlled, but it has been destroyed, and yet things have not begun to come right with us ; but it was in the order of Providence that chattel slavery should cease before industrial slavery, and the infinitely crueller and stupider vanity and luxury bred of it, should be attacked.—*William Dean Howells.*

Foreword

"The dilemma and paradox of love?"

"For more than dividends?"

"Does that mighty bugle note, 'In His Steps,' compass the gospel?"

Yes, gentle reader, all three of these inquiries are of the very substance of this history. They are, moreover, fused into one at the flaming economic crux of our time. If this offend thee, if a "purpose" herein cause thee to stumble, pray pass by on the other side.

Feudalism, with its domains, its untaxed lands, its retainers, its exemptions and privileges, made war upon the aspiring spirit of humanity and fell centuries ago with all its feudal grandeur. But its spirit walks the earth to-day and haunts our institutions, in the great corporations with their control of the national highways, their occupation of great domain, their power to tax and to escape taxation, their sorcery to debase most gifted men to the capacity of most splendid slaves, their pollution of the ermine of the judge and the robe of the senator, their aggregation in one man of wealth so enormous as to make Croesus seem a pauper.—*Senator Cushman K. Davis.*

Almost the worst enemy of human society is the spirit of caste; and the tragic element in the constitution of our modern society is that, under forms of government that profess long ago to have abandoned it, it still appears in forms more insolent and mischievous than any it has previously assumed. While we may be patient with the caste spirit when it survives as a product of earlier ages, or tribal distinctions, or feudal tradition, or distinguished ancestry, or social culture,—when we see it, as too often we see it to-day, the mere incarnation of material possessions, held in huge bulk and adroit association, it becomes a menace alike to the right of the weak and the freedom of the poor. A caste of capitalists separated by practically impassable barriers from a caste of laborers, means social anarchy and industrial war.—*Bishop Henry C. Potter.*

The Annie Laurie Mine:

A Story of Love, Economics and Religion

I

DUNCAN McLEOD'S "THIS DO "



“HE man will be dead,” said the superintendent, and the earth seemed still to shake. “He was well back of the explosion, but he has no air.”

“Most men,” Duncan McLeod answered, “would be dead, but not Douglas Campbell.”

“But, McLeod, no rescuer can live down there,” insisted the superintendent.

“Wet the blankets. I give you two minutes.” That was all Duncan said, but he so said it that not a man at the Annie Laurie Mine would have dared to disobey him.

Then he began pumping his lungs as if the compressors were at them, his red woolen sweater expanding and contracting like india rubber, his face getting redder and redder, and his eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Swathe me in them," he said.

The shock had displaced the hoisting machinery, but some one had the presence of mind to thrust a long ladder down to the edge of the uppermost level in the shaft, along which the accident had occurred. Down this ladder, into the smoking level, all legs, arms, sweater, and a bundle of dripping blankets for head, plunged Duncan, and the men pulled out their watches.

"He will smother, himself," said the superintendent, gloomily.

"He always pumped his lungs that way before his long swims under water," answered John Hope. "He took first-class honors in biology at Edinburgh; and I have heard him say that a man can approximate what the whale can do in the way of holding his breath, if only he will first aerate his blood sufficiently. I have seen him dive from the shore at the

Forth Bridge, and not come up again until he had reached the island amidst stream."

One minute, two, three, four. They begin to count seconds.

Then out of the smoke emerges a body, so limp and white and powder-stained that the men shudder; and, beneath the body, struggle upward the bundle of dripping blankets, the sweater, the arms and the legs.

The body is laid flat, and its rescuer staggers while John Hope and the superintendent unwind the blankets. Duncan's face is black. To resume breathing costs him anguish. After a moment he gasps. Then, at first slowly, then faster, come the breaths.

"Not me, men, but Douglas!" cries their hero; "he lives; resuscitate him!" and, though barely himself alive, he leads in the work, until Douglas Campbell breathes, slowly opens his eyes, and moans, "It 's mither I 'se wantin'"; and—while not a man of them can speak—Duncan McLeod mothers him back to consciousness and to life.

The story was picked up by a traveling newspaper man within the week, and wired from Leadville to the Denver papers; but,

long before that, it had gone from mouth to mouth up the cañons, and over the Divide, and had been told in a thousand miners' cabins.

"B' the Holy Virgin," shouted a burly Irishman, taking his cob pipe from between his teeth in the firelight, and clenching a fist that was a terror to evil-doers all through his particular camp—"B' the Holy Virgin, I'd ruther 'a' been the man to 'a' done that dade, than to 'a' sthruck the Independence Mine!" and he was applauded until the hills rang again.

This heroism, not yet two months old, rushed back upon John Hope's recollection, at the climax of the following conversation with Duncan McLeod :

"But that is not the point, Duncan."

"I fail, John, to see wherein not."

"Duncan, are not these the words: 'He appointed twelve, that they might be with him, and that he might send them forth'?"

"Just what I contend, John, 'that he might send them forth.' That is the objective. 'In His Steps' is right. 'What would Jesus do?' 'This do.' The end of the gospel is

deeds. We Edinburgh men, on whom Drummond used to play as we heard Trinity organ played upon the night of the 'Elijah' at Denver, were taught that. Drummond and Sheldon, though in such different registers, strike the same note."

"Drummond, I think, wrote 'The Greatest Thing in the World'?"

"Certainly."

"And is said to have 'lived in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians'?"

"Ay, and far ben, too."

"And Moody, who was all deeds, counted Drummond a better Christian than he?"

"Our time has not seen so good a Christian."

"You have been through the Biography?"

"I have devoured it. The portrait, opposite the title-page, with the folded arms, and the eyes that blaze, is just how he would look a man through,—so quiet; his voice, when he would search you with questions, hardly louder than a whisper."

"But does not George Adam Smith say of him"—

"They were like brothers, and he should know."

“Does he not say of Drummond :

“ ‘We should greatly mistake the man and his teaching if we did not perceive that the source and the return of all his interest in men and of all his trust in God was Jesus Christ ’? ”

“I remember.”

“But what, Duncan, is the major premise in that text? Is it not, ‘That they might be with him’? Is not that, as George Adam Smith says about Drummond, ‘the source and the return’ of the minor premise, ‘That he might send them forth’?”

“But how, John, is any one to ‘be with him’ except in deeds? There was a man at Edinburgh in my time. He was in medicine, and very poor. He saw Drummond’s whole life a deed. He had a hard head. He did not believe overmuch. ‘I can break Drummond’s argument,’ he would say, ‘but I can’t withstand his life.’ That man, one night, because that was the sort of thing Drummond taught and did, sought out a fellow student in a house where he should never have gone; first, soundly thrashed him; then took him to his room, and fed and guarded him there for days till the alcohol and evil passion were out of him ;

then gave up the rest of the year to just living with him; until, one day, Drummond slew both of them with the sword of his mouth, and the twain became humble Christians. But it cost that poor medical man an extra year at the university, and little to eat but oat-cake, to do it. Deeds, John, my man, are the things."

The voice of Duncan McLeod, as he said this, rang out above the rumbling of the ore crushers like a bugle amidst a cannonade.

The oil lamp did him scant justice, standing there six feet three, his soft hat thrust to the back of his head, his great brow beaded with sweat, and his muscles like steel. A look came into his face, discernible even by a light so poor. His voice suddenly sank almost to a whisper, yet you could hear it, for the quality in it, above the roar of the machinery, and it said, "THIS Do."

When John Hope heard Duncan McLeod so speak, and saw the look that had come into his face, the rescue of Douglas Campbell flashed before him again, and he was conscious of a certain shrinking feeling, as if he were the king with ten thousand, going

against Duncan with twenty thousand, and as if an ambassage asking conditions of peace were perhaps in order.

For John could not but reflect that Duncan had not only saved Douglas Campbell's life in a manner which had made him a hero all over the range, but that he had also been at the bottom of pretty much everything of worth that had happened at the Annie Laurie Mine.

It had been Duncan's faith in that particular fissure vein, which, when a hundred thousand dollars had been buried with almost no return, urged on the work, pledging two years' service without pay, if necessary ; and only so had the Annie Laurie "struck," and become a heavy dividend payer.

Moreover, the whole *esprit de corps* of the plant had been caught from him. No men loafed on their jobs there. There was no ore missing. The machinery always shone. From shift to shift, thrice every twenty-four hours, the men passed with the swiftness and alertness of automatic valves. The carrying of weapons had been abolished on the men's own initiative. Duncan, furthermore, had got them to agree to settle their personal differences by

reference to a standing committee, chosen by themselves from their own ranks; or, if that could not be done, to settle them "man fashion," as Duncan called it,—that is to say, fist to fist in a fair fight; and of these adjudications they always insisted that he should be the judge. Such, in fact, was Duncan's own prowess at the gloves that no two men at the mine would have cared to tackle him.

When the crew was first gathered it included many of the profane, the drunken and the licentious. Now all was changed. An oath, an unsavory story, a man not sober and clean, were of the rarest occurrence. Yet hardly a man had been discharged, and there were a hundred of the best men in the mountains on the waiting list for positions, such was the enviable repute of the Annie Laurie Mine. "Turn him over to me," Duncan would say of this and that incorrigible, and the incorrigibles had, one after another, become among the most valued men on the works. "Commend to me the incorrigibles," he would say, in that electrifying way of his; "the stuff is in them; all you have to do with them is to get them on the right shift."

Duncan was in their "Miners' Club." He could not have been drawn by horses to accept even the most subordinate office in it, but he was its loadstone. Little by little the club debated politics less, and policies more. One night everybody, except Duncan McLeod and Douglas Campbell, was thunderstruck. Up rose Jamie McDuff. When the crew was gathered he was the worst drunkard in it. It was a drawn fight for a long time whether alcohol or Jamie should be on top. Then, on a sudden, he stopped drinking sharp off. But, even after that, he stoutly refused to take the pledge, and argued for personal liberty and against sumptuary laws.

He is on his feet now. "Maister Chairman," he cries, and is recognized, "it 'll surprise ye that sic as I should move ye sic a resolution; but I beg to forewarn ye that, this night, seven days, I shall offer this Resolve, to wit:

"That the overseers of the Annie Laurie Corporation, be, and hereby are, respectfully petitioned to bar all intoxicants from the lands owned by the said corporation.' "

Such a debate was never heard in the Rockies before or since. Not till the mine bell was ringing for the midnight shift did it end.

Jamie began, and closed. Not a word passed his lips in the heated hours between. His opening was brief, logical, pointed, but had a dignity and reserve about it, as if he desired not to compromise his clan. The debaters were numerous, and about equally matched, and there was grave doubt whether the motion could pass by even the smallest majority.

At eleven-twenty o'clock Jamie stood up to close. Then the eloquence of Knox and the poetry and pathos of Burns broke loose. He ran unreportably into dialect. At times there would be a sentence or two in the Gaelic, which not ten present knew, but which all understood, as at Pentecost. Near the end he adduced Burns. Then one saw, as by lightning flashes, Ayr, Dumfries, the Alloway Kirk, the Witches, Tam-o'-Shanter, Scotland's glory and shame. "Was na' Tam Burns himsel'?" he asked, with indescribable passion, and there was not a dry eye. But his climax came when he began, "An' noo oor Duncan"—and Duncan left the room as if shot. He had strictly charged Jamie on no account to mention his name, and understood now how Jesus could not silence those whom he had helped.

Dialect and Gaelic mixed hopelessly again. "Dinna ye mind," he said in conclusion, "hoo spare oor Duncan was this time twal'month? A' the lave he pit up wi', yet the mair keepit he vigil o' sic as me saxteen 'oors the day—an' I stoppit. 'Tis for oor Duncan I move ye, Maister Chairman, that the Resolution pass."

It passed, seventy-seven ayes, five nays, and eleven not voting. The company granted the petition, only too gladly; and, for a week, teams were coming and going, carrying barrels, kegs and cases of liquor seventy miles down the valley to the railway station whence they came.

In all these turnings and overturnings Douglas Campbell was a force in the camp hardly second to Duncan McLeod. Possessing only the most rudimentary education, nearly dead with homesickness for wife and bairns during his first weeks at the Annie Laurie, and with the entire miners' craft to learn, he had nevertheless become, within two years, second to none in the levels in the amount of ore *per diem* he could dislodge, and was studying mining engineering, under Duncan's tuition, several hours a day besides. He was Duncan's

alter ego. Short of stature, but thick-set, and with muscles and flesh harder than most athletes', he held the Annie Laurie record for putting the hammer, was a universal favorite, and could "put" character second only to Duncan.

When the mutiny came,—for the devil of alcohol did not leave the camp without almost rending it,—Douglas was key to the situation. He told no tales. No man ever accused Douglas of "blawin'." But a look, and a sentence or two, to Duncan, at lesson the day before, which, in point of fact, said nothing, were all that a mind like Duncan's needed.

At midnight, between shifts, in a dark spot, with the lighted punk in his hand with which he meant to kindle the fuse and blow up the works, Pat Sullivan was jerked a foot into the air with a grip around his throat as if the hangman had him. No man in the camp but Duncan McLeod could give a hoist like that. In another instant Pat is on the ground; feels the punk thrust into his mouth, where the tobacco juice instantly quenches it; and, in a moment more, is pinioned, hand and foot. Then, out of the darkness, at Duncan's signal,

twelve trusty men, Douglas Campbell at their head, march on an innocent looking barn, frighten off its concealed guards with a few well-delivered fist blows, and seize fifty rifles and five thousand rounds of ammunition, that the plotters have somehow succeeded in smuggling into the camp.

The place is all alight now, for some one has started a bonfire. It is a sight never to forget. Pat Sullivan, unable to move, but uttering the most obscene and fearful oaths, and crying at the top of his voice, "Light the fuse! Fire the works!" lies there flat on the ground.

And there is Jamie McDuff at the head of a group of men he has swiftly gathered, with the wild beast of the mountains as much aroused in him now, as Scotland's poetry and eloquence had been when he carried the "Resolution," and shouting, "Lynch him! burn him that for the luve o' whuskie wid hae blawn up the mine, an' wid hae murdered or scattered far awa' the best crew in the mountains!" He has jostled Duncan aside. He is over Pat with the noose. Now he has it adjusted, and a dozen men are pulling at the rope.

"Hands off!" cries Duncan in stentorian tone.

"When Pat's a ghaist!" as loudly yells Jamie; and part of the crowd of wild men, the wilder because their cause seems to them just, lines up, facing Duncan to keep him off, while the others begin dragging Pat away, who, with what breath he can draw, is by this time crying piteously for mercy.

Pale as death, rigid as steel, with eyes that gleam like stars, Duncan, after a moment's pause, springs on the three foremost in the line-up, closes, drags them down; throws this way and that a fourth, a fifth, a sixth; springs through the rest; seizes McDuff by the throat, as he had seized Sullivan with the lighted punk; and, when the mob begins to cower, loosens his hold, and exclaims:

"McDuff, I'm ashamed of you! That you, of all men, should do that! And you a Scot!"

"But 't was murder and arson Sullivan plotted," feebly retorts Jamie, hanging his head.

"But, McDuff," continues Duncan, "a worse thing than fire and blood-letting had you be-

gun at the Annie Laurie, had Sullivan either hanged or burned at your hands. To avenge crime with crime is crime basest of all. D' ye no ken your John Knox?"

All are still now. The bonfire's light shows an astonishing group of faces. Then suddenly one hears:

"Jamie," and Duncan's voice is tender now—"Jamie, take off the rope."

Jamie takes it off.

"Jamie, cast it into the fire."

Jamie casts it in.

Then Duncan stoops over Pat, as if he were but a hurt girl, unpinions him, and, rising, says:

"Sullivan, get up."

Sullivan gets up, all a-tremble.

"Sullivan," Duncan goes on, searching him with his eyes, "I will answer to the Annie Laurie Mining Company, and to the governor of Colorado, for any harm you henceforth do. Gentlemen,"—and he turns to the mob with a look like the Judgment Day,—“whoever harms Sullivan, dies!”

Then Duncan, in his passion of holy love hardly realizing how perilously his own last word nears Judge Lynch's jurisdiction, disap-

pears. When they seek him out, he is at his assayer's bench making the regular one o'clock tests, as if he should say, "What is it? Nothing has, I think, happened."

That midnight, John Hope remembered, was the end of all disorder whatsoever in the camp. The rifles and the ammunition started for the station the next morning. There were no arrests. Sullivan and McDuff became swiftly the warmest of friends. The great and saving love that encompassed them both, made them one. Their only contention was, which should best serve the company. For Duncan either of them would have counted it joy to die.

Moreover,—and this was not the least happy thing about it,—so successfully did Duncan seal up the tidings of the mutiny, that no news-gatherer heard of it for more than a month.

"The thing is dead now," said the syndicate man at Salt Lake City; "but, Simpkins, when you are going through to Pueblo, just look in on it."

When Simpkins alighted from the stage at the Annie Laurie Mine, he could find nobody

that had heard of it. He plied all his arts on a person named Sullivan, whom the syndicate man had mentioned suspiciously ; but, getting no more out of him than Sam Weller yielded in the celebrated Bardell-Pickwick cross-examination,—though he got Irish wit fully the equal of Sam Weller's English brand,—and hearing, moreover, that Sullivan had just received an increase in wages, he telegraphed Salt Lake that the whole thing was a fake, and added circumstantially his reasons for this conclusion by the first mail.

Singularly enough, McDuff alone, on this occasion, weakened. "Oor Duncan," he thought, should have his due. "I doot, mon," he therefore furtively suggested to Simpkins, "ye'll hae a word or twa wi' Maister McLeod." The telegram had gone, but Simpkins was no shirk, and interviewed his man.

"'T was something like this," said Duncan, in his most confiding way. "You have heard, I dare say, of our Miners' Club?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Simpkins; "and most favorably, Mr. McLeod, thank you; in fact, I am purposing to write it up for the *Review of Reviews*."

"Do so," continued Duncan; "people will read it. Well, our men are very fond of the late Henry Drummond; and, one night, after Club, as the mood struck them, they lighted a bonfire and had some horse-play in honor of him. I happened to know Drummond personally in the old country, and—for I knew nothing would please him better—I went in with them, and a jolly night of it we made."

Simpkins was a man of enthusiasms. He added that night's bonfire and horse-play to his notes about the Club, mentioning particularly that the head assayer had entered boisterously into the revels. Then he questioned the assayer about Drummond at great length, took copious notes, thanked him profusely, climbed to the stage roof, and, congratulating himself on his Drummond find, was gone.

Denver called up Salt Lake, a few nights later, to inquire what Simpkins had found out. "They've an extraordinary Club at the Annie Laurie Mine," answered the syndicate man. "Club reads Drummond. Had a bonfire and some sports in his honor. Sullivan seems

prominent among them, and is all right. Is liked so well he lately had his wages raised. Queer folks at the Annie Laurie. Better bring them over the mountains to your next Festival of Mountain and Plain."

Thus, as usual, Duncan McLeod carried his point, and followed, as he supposed, his leader. But for the Douglas Campbell incident, it may be that he would always have supposed so. But that incident had recently occurred, big with meanings; and how little this strenuous man was at peace within himself, notwithstanding his outwardly confident debate with John Hope,—even as John Hope had until lately been little at peace,—events swiftly culminating will disclose.

II

JOHN HOPE, WEAVER'S SON, OF FALL RIVER



JOHN HOPE'S appearance was not prepossessing. He was hardly of medium height. He was heavily and awkwardly built. His hands were thick and stubbed. His lower jaw was nearly square. It and its fellow joined like a vise. His forehead was too large. No one could have been so born, except out of stress.

And yet it rarely occurred to people that John Hope was not good looking. His friend Bowers, the artist, liked to tell why.

"I am, as you know," Bowers would premise, "something of a cyclone." The accuracy of this characterization tended to induce confidence. "I suppose," Bowers would proceed, "it was the one time in my life, but, when I first met Hope, I entered his office with the silence,"—here you raised your only query,—“and, I fear, with the stealth, of

a thief. Why, I have n't the dimmest idea. I am not a grafter." You smiled when you thought of Bowers, the benevolent and the lavish, as "a grafter." "It was the one time. That only, I am sure, can explain it. I wish some one had snapped me,—Bowers the silent and the stealthy!" Here you and he laughed, most likely till your sides ached. (Don't see why? Did n't know Bowers!) "Well, Hope was alone. It was his New York office, the inner one. He sat facing the door. He had his eyes closed; asleep, I supposed; in point of fact, engaged—a habit of his—in profound thought. A friend of mine, cartoonist of one of the big dailies, came up in the elevator with me on his way to the office next Hope's. He has made his fame caricaturing a celebrated and obnoxious public character of the 'What are you going to do about it?' type. If he could only have seen Hope with his eyes shut, as I did, he could have improved the cartoons fifty per cent. I was on the point of sneaking out and bringing him in, when Hope, who was no more asleep than you or I, opened his eyes. I distrusted my senses. I thought I was in the presence of

a fine-looking man. His eyes did it,—large, luminous, penetrating, kindly, commanding you, and yet wells of tenderness and good feeling. Only case I ever met where the eyes were everything. But, by Phidias, I wish Brown could have got the sketch! Of course, I could n't ask Hope to give him a sitting!" Here you and he laughed again.

John Hope was a weaver's son, of Fall River. There were seven children. Weavers' wages were n't large. Frequent shut-downs, in John's boyhood, made matters worse. But no child of William Hope's ever worked in the mills a day that he could be in the public schools. "I draw the line at that," said William, with a look in his face, and his lines were not of the kind that rub out.

William Hope was a born mechanic. He worked out of hours in the repair shop. He was repeatedly approached to leave the looms, and enter that work, with promise of larger pay; but no man in Fall River knew weaving as he did; he loved it, and he was not a quitter. For a number of years, too, he supposed that he would be promoted to some work of oversight; but he gradually came to know that

another kind of man than he got the good places. Did this dishearten him? No one ever knew. He simply continued at the looms as fixedly as ever, only remarking, "A day will come when that sort of thing will defeat itself, and worth will win,—not in my time; perhaps in my grandchildren's." William was an optimist with staying power.

The repair shop was glad to use all the extra hours William Hope could give it, and paid him well for them. Meantime, his wife, Mary, who was a skilful needlewoman, took in sewing, to eke out the family funds. She and her husband denied themselves at every point where they could wisely save, even to curtailing or cheapening their own food and clothing; and the children were not only kept in school, but were always well fed and well dressed. When not in school, they, too, helped at home and in the mill. Every member of the family had a savings-bank account, and three or four of these accounts were of respectable size.

The Hopes allowed themselves three luxuries: books, giving, and a four days' outing each summer.

"I find more books," said their minister,

who, to an unusual degree, was at once preacher, pastor and scholar, "and better bound books in many of our homes; but nowhere books so wisely selected, or so much to the purpose, as in Mr. Hope's."

One evening, in the semi-privacy of his standing committee, the minister also said: "Brethren, I have been making a calculation, based on the giving to our church of William Hope and his family,—for every one of them contributes,—and based on the seeming pecuniary ability of our entire parish; and I estimate that, if all gave in the proportion of that family, foreign missions alone would receive from us upwards of five thousand dollars a year, instead of some three hundred as now. Not only so, but they make an unremitting campaign of giving in that home. Every month, Mr. Hope tells me, he has the family together; they confer about various benevolent exigencies, and what they can do to help to meet them; they make the matter the subject of earnest prayer; and then they determine how much money, the coming month, they will try to put into what he calls their 'Benevolent Bank.' They agree on a sum surprisingly

large for their circumstances; and, all the month, they strive, even to the baby, to reach it. They hardly ever, Mr. Hope says, fail to do so. Since they adopted this plan, he adds, the family never had such excellent health, nor otherwise so prospered."

The Hopes usually went to New York for their outing. All the family went. They took the boat on a Monday evening. Arriving early Tuesday morning, they would spend four days and three nights in the metropolis, and be back by daylight on Saturday morning. When the smaller children were weary, the mother would stay with them in some park; but, so far as was practicable, they went everywhere together.

First, the father would take the family on several ferry rides, to see the water front and the shipping. Then he would conduct them over the largest transatlantic liner in port. "That you may know," he would say, "that this is a big world. Thinking it little, shrivels lives."

William Hope had a friend, a captain of police, a man after Jacob A. Riis' own heart. William would correspond with him, and so

time the date of their arrival that the captain would be off duty. Under his escort they would next visit two or three of the worst tenement houses in New York. At what they saw, the children would sob piteously; Mary Hope's eyes would be full of tears; so, at times, would William's; but they would press relentlessly on. Then, in some little neighboring grass-plot,—for the multiplying, in recent years, of such places, God reward all that Mr. Riis has done!—they would sit under the trees and feed the birds. When all were cheerful again, William would say: "That you may know that the world is not only big, but that there is selfishness and badness in it; and in the hope that our boys and girls will lift hands to help it. 'T will be mother's and father's monument, should they do that."

Besides an afternoon down the harbor, with surf-bathing for all, and perhaps two hours of rollicking fun in Central Park on the other afternoons,—some noble music, the finer public buildings, the art galleries and the libraries would get the rest of their outing. "‘He hath made every thing beautiful in its time,’" William Hope would say, with bared

head and a voice hard to command, as they stood before the Metropolitan Art Museum. Then they would enter. And, in the Astor Library, "Books," he would say, "have made the world,—not their dust, but their life." When he stood over the glass case exhibiting some ancient manuscript, if no one saw, he would kiss it. When he looked upon some rare and famous edition the tears would start.

William Hope had a genius for devouring books. Four or five hours' sleep a night sufficed him, and this favored that diet. Hardly a professional man of his city was so well read as he. He made excursions into economics. His specialty was English and American history, with general history for background. When the principal of the Fall River High School read a paper before the National Teachers' Association on "The Teaching of History," and when his minister gave a course of lectures at Andover on "The English Reformation,"—both frankly acknowledged their large indebtedness to William Hope. When questioned why he confined himself so closely to the history of Great Britain and America, he replied: "Their race

will determine the destiny of this planet: is there a more important historical pursuit than to search out its beginnings and unfoldings?"

William Hope would join no trade-union. He admitted that his position was extreme; that force required sometimes to be met by force; but certain practices common to most unions troubled his conscience. This nearly cost his mill two or three strikes; but his straightforward honesty and his never-failing tact averted them. "When trade-union principles are better, I will gladly join," he said; "for organization has indeed a certain importance,—easily overestimated, though."

All the Hope children did well, morally, mentally, and in practical efficiency. This was more than could be said of the superintendent's children, or of those of the president of the mill. On a Thanksgiving evening, when the children and their friends would be playing blindman's buff, and the baby would be crowing in his father's arms, William would say to Mary: "Would we exchange with any?" and Mary, unable to speak, would kiss his forehead.

John Hope was the third child. The months

before he was born were the family's hardest. The mills were shut down. There was no work to be had. It was a winter of unusual severity. Food and fuel were scarce. All the family's money had been drawn from the savings-bank. How they lived, William and Mary Hope could only explain out of the Bible. In those terrible months, too, the father fought a fierce fight within himself over the causes of industrial and economic depressions; over, as he could not but conclude, their needlessness; and over some possible better industrial and economic order. Coincidentally, the mother went through a religious crisis, in which all faith left her, and in which she won it back on surer foundations. Had Bowers, the artist, known these facts, he might have understood better the physical phenomenon he loved to describe,—putting, for example, the eyes and the faith together. As the reader has now been made acquainted with them, they may throw their own light on certain things to be recorded in this history.

Like his father, John Hope was mechanical. In addition, he was very ingenious. Like all quick-witted boys of his time, he lost his heart

to electricity. The engineer at the city power-house was a friend of William Hope's. Thereby John, who was a pet of the engineer's, had the run of the shop connected with the power-house. The electrician of the plant liked the boy, too. One day the electrician, in referring to a certain desideratum, said: "Whoever will invent an instrument for that purpose will make the public lastingly his debtor."

That night John prayed long and fervently. "O God," he said a hundred times, with various associated pleadings, "show me this secret, and thereby find a way out for us all!"

He thought prodigiously. He read everything on electricity that he could lay his hands on. He experimented endlessly in his little shop at home. He kept on praying. One night he woke out of sleep, lighted a lamp, drew a rough sketch, kneeled down and thanked God.

He first confided in his father; then in an attorney who was a member of their church. The attorney was fond of the Hopes. Many were the evenings he and William Hope had spent together in study and discussion of certain law principles that obscurely rooted themselves in the early development of the

British constitution. "Your papers shall not cost you a cent," said the attorney; "I am glad to do a little toward repaying what I owe your father for what he has taught me in my own profession." But the patent was not sought until after John had made model after model during long months by way of perfecting his invention.

In due time he took the steamer Pilgrim for New York. The next morning he went to the headquarters of one of the great electrical companies, and, the moment the offices were open, he asked that he might see the proper person for considering an electrical invention. The clerk whom he approached sneered, and showed him the door. A half hour later he accosted a different clerk, and secured, not without taunts first, a grudging admission to the private office of the company's principal expert then in the city. John took his model from its wrappings, and placed it on the table. He caught the eager look that entered the expert's face, and took courage.

"This sort of thing comes to us every day," said the expert, gruffly, coughing, and making his face look hard; "not one in twenty that

offers is worth the metal the model is made of. The country has gone crazy on electricity"; and he waved his hand toward the door.

"But, sir," replied John, "I have studied the subject, and the model works."

"Oh, well, taking our chances, we might give you twenty-five dollars for it,—the money most likely thrown away," conceded the expert.

John picked up his model, and was leaving.

"Wait, boy," called the great man, "let me see. I'll risk a hundred on it, out of my own pocket; a pure gamble, however."

John's hand was on the door-knob.

"Put it down on the table," the man continued; "I did n't half see it."

John did so, and observed the expert making rapid pencilings on the large sheet of blotting paper that lay on the table in front of him. Suspecting what was up, "Perhaps you would like to see my papers," John said, and produced his letters patent.

The expert seized the document, ran swiftly through it, bit his lip, and, in the tone of one greatly vexed, demanded: "Who drew up these specifications?"

"Mr. L——, of Fall River," quietly replied John.

"Mr. L——!" the expert exclaimed; and recalled, but did not mention, a case their company had had with him in the United States Supreme Court, which Mr. L—— won. He thought, too, but did not say: "Any papers Mr. L—— draws will hold. No use sketching the model to absorb the idea." Thereupon, seizing a blue pencil, he blurred over the part of the blotting paper he had marked on, and asked: "Boy, what do you want for that patent?"

"I think it worth more," John answered, "but I greatly need money, and I hoped I might get fifteen thousand dollars for it."

The ridicule, the scoffing and the unreportable words that ensued turned John almost purple, but he uttered not a syllable, took up his belongings, and made for the elevator.

"Shall lose my place for doing it," shouted the expert from the door, "but I'll give you five."

John looked at a slip of paper, obviously for another address, said nothing, and pressed the elevator button.

"What will you take?" asked the expert, this time in his blindest tones.

"Ten, for I need the money," replied John.

"Done," concluded the expert.

When they reentered the office he placed a chair very courteously for John, and touched one button for a stenographer, and another for their legal man. The papers were quickly prepared.

"How would you like the money?" inquired the expert, still most courteously.

John, without indicating his reason, had prepared himself for this question by sundry inquiries of Mr. L—— about money transactions, and quietly answered: "Half in currency, please; certified check for the balance."

"Sudden?" asked the president, to whom the expert took the papers for approval.

"Boy had the other company's address; blood was up; is a corker; they'd have had it in half an hour," said the expert, who knew that the president prized brevity of speech.

"Worth it?" continued the president.

"Ten times over," replied the expert. "Dis-

charge me if it does not prove one of our best paying instruments."

The steamer Pilgrim made Watch Hill with her usual celerity, not long after the next midnight. Then she ran into fog, breasted rollers, and had to feel her way around Point Judith and up Narragansett Bay as best she might. Not until six in the morning, two hours late, did she make her dock. The first person to cross her gangplank was a boy who had been up since three, to whom the delay had been torture, but who now sped ashore like a greyhound, and who did not once pause till he broke in on the Hope family, just sitting down to breakfast. He said not one word. He took from an inner pocket five crisp one-thousand dollar bills, and a cashier's check on the bank of largest assets in New York City for five thousand more. These he laid down in front of his mother's plate, and hid his face in her bosom.

Had you heard William Hope pray at family worship that morning, before he started for the looms, you would have understood some things. Not in vain had that boy been longed for, expected and prayed for,

that terrible winter so long ago. Through him was beginning to come that which John had spoken of, in his prayer about the invention, as "a way out for us all."

III

HE REGISTERS A VOW, AND CHOOSES HIS WEAPON



WITH four thousand dollars, after school, the afternoon following his return from New York, John Hope bought the home he long had selected for his mother and father. He expected it would have cost five thousand, but, for cash, the owner was glad to take four. The six thousand remaining from the sale of his invention, he judiciously invested under Mr. L——'s direction.

The next week, though amidst terms, he entered Phillips Academy, Andover; and Dr. Bancroft, who loved him from first sight, began doing for him what, for eight and twenty years, he ceased not to do for boys by scores and by hundreds until he fell on sleep. May some Thomas Hughes arise to paint his portrait, as Arnold of Rugby's was painted!

Two years later, in the winter before he

entered college, John Hope spent a night in Boston. He did so in order to visit the Prospect Union of Cambridge, Harvard University's college for workingmen. Under the inspiring direction of Mr. Ely, its founder, he looked it carefully over; heard Colonel Higginson tell the men of the union about the attempted release of Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, in Boston's darkest hour; sat with the men through the discussion that occupied the remainder of their smoke-talk evening, and, as he left, assured Mr. Ely,—who took his pay, as he went along, in hundreds of such testimonies,—that he knew a workingman who, had such opportunities been his in youth, might have broken free, and, instead of tending looms that day, might have been teaching history, perhaps even at Harvard.

John Hope walked to Boston that night, across the West Boston Bridge. He wished to be alone under the stars. Something had happened. The evening's touch with a prophet of the past, the story of an old struggle, the sight of those eager workingmen and of the young man, their leader, who was

bringing them into larger life, gave it background and setting. What was it that had happened?

He had entered the office of a large electrical concern late that afternoon, he knew not why. Pointing to a certain instrument, he said: "Would you pardon my asking—for I have always been interested in electricity—what that device is probably worth to its owners?" "Our company," was the reply, "pays an annual royalty on it of fifteen thousand dollars to the —— company, and that cannot be half what it earns them, not to speak of their own free use of it."

This was why he wished to be alone under the stars now. Bunker Hill Monument, to the left, stood, a pale specter, reflecting the city's light. The State House dome, to the right, rose silent over all. Silhouetted against the southern sky, loomed the towers of Phillips Brooks' Trinity Church and her sisters. Behind him—for he often turned and looked back—lay the ancient university, the height and meaning of Memorial Hall its crown. Orion, too, was setting over Mt. Auburn, the Westminster Abbey of the

North American continent. He drank it all in. He reached his hotel. In his room he sat, with closed eyes, buried in tumultuous and deep thought until the city clocks, striking two, aroused him. Then he kneeled, and said these words: "O God, give me poise and calm; give me wisdom and strength; and cause that I do not die until I shall have made the economic system that could so rob a poor weaver's boy pay dearly therefor. Not vindictively, O God; thou knowest my heart; but justly, and for everybody's good. Amen."

In the strength of that prayer John Hope went many days. It had for him all the solemnity and binding force of a vow, and at the same time all the sweetness and preciousness of a tryst with his heavenly Father at a supreme moment of his life.

John Hope was a son of Massachusetts. As such he should have gone to Harvard. He was proud of the most ancient of American universities, almost to the point of mortal sin. He had gloried in it from a child. His admiration for its president took him to Boston or to Cambridge many a time to hear him speak. "There is a man," he would

say,—for this son of the weaver scholar divined what the problem of modern education is,—“There is a man, with every power at perfect command, bent on doing one great and emergent thing, and doing it in such wise that the debt to him of America, of the world, and of this age, can never be discharged.” This his hero worship, to tell the truth, became one of the large impulses in his own valiant fight. He liked, too, the quiet dignity of Harvard, contrasting it with what, in those days, he called the “Yale bumptiousness.” He liked its high standards of scholarship; its even, cheerful mood; its strong, ethical bent; its touch with the larger movements of citizenship and of human thought. Its pulpit and its board of preachers,—Brooks, Hale, Gordon, Abbott,—moved him immensely. “Mornings in the College Chapel,” by the chairman of the board, when it appeared later, became at once a companion of his devotions. As we have seen, the Prospect Union especially appealed to him. But he went to Yale.

It came about in this way. In the March before he was graduated from Phillips, he got

from Dr. Bancroft a three days' leave of absence, and went to New Haven. Dwight L. Moody was there for a day, and found him. Dwight Hall and the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association laid hold upon him. He caught the temper of the great camp of students, and got wings from their tempest of song. He went into the Battell Chapel, and heard a thousand men say, "Our Father." "If I turn my back on Harvard, I shall regret it all my life," he exclaimed. "Oh, that each university might learn from the other! But I am nearer here to the great academic heart of America, and I must not be without it if I am to win my battle." His vow was working in him. He was making a preliminary choice of weapons.

At Yale, as at Phillips, he worked his way. At Phillips he ran a students' eating-house; at Yale, the cooperative store. His aptitude for business was so great that neither of these undertakings was so much a burden to him as a pastime, and, from both, he not only paid his way, but added considerably to his capital.

In both of these institutions he was one of

the better scholars. Without technique enough for distinction, he always, his instructors felt, did excellent work, and laid a grip on his subjects second to that of no student in them.

He utilized his vacations, too. Some representative journey was generally taken each summer, besides two or three happy weeks spent in his old home. In 1893, at Northfield, he met Henry Drummond. Drummond, like a loadstone, drew him to Scotland. That made him and Duncan McLeod acquainted, and bosom friends.

John Hope was a social genius. He knew everybody. He sized things up. He sensed movement and spirit, and moulded them mightily. Several student reforms of his time at Yale were due to his silent initiative and to his modest leadership. He was business manager of the Yale football team. At the end of his junior year he put on the Skull and Crossbones, with their implied authentications of power. When he sang his last song with his class, dismantled his room, and, with his heart in his throat, started for New York, what he had done at New Haven was of itself

a noble monument to William and Mary Hope.

By means like these he laid deep and strong his social foundations. He had a very wide acquaintance. It was among the best. Everybody liked him. Everybody had confidence in him. Unto him that had was given. Also, he had learned to handle men, to measure movements, to organize and to impel. These things, as he planned and hoped, were to be facile instruments, ready to his hand, in the great, bloodless war that waited.

But why did he go to New York? What was to be his life-weapon, his calling? Let us glance back. The choice was rooted in the past.

John Hope was an earnest Christian. He was such from early childhood. All the Hope children were. They could not help it. It had been longed for, and prayed for, before they began to be. The longing and praying ceased not until their fulfilment. But William and Mary Hope helped to answer their prayers. They impersonated Jesus Christ.

With William Hope the whole subject was a great deep. His words about Christ and about Christianity were few. Family worship

constituted, almost exclusively, his vent. In his comments on Scripture, simple, apt, profound, moving, and in his prayers, as if in the immediate presence of God, you divined a little of what the gospel was to him.

"Higher Criticism?" he once said to Mr. L——; "thank God for it! I read all of it I can lay my hands on. I was a higher critic myself, before I knew there was such a thing. Every one to whom history is more than words, has to be. But if more of those who write on the subject, had the Bible like iron in their blood, it would be a very different writing they would give us. It is their sin, almost their blasphemy, that, without having it in their blood, they attempt tasks that otherwise no one can fulfil. What we require is, not less exhaustive research, not less candor and fearlessness in treating the facts, but more insight, less that is rash and destructive, more that builds. The Bible is surcharged with divine life. It cares very little about the conductor it employs. It throws its current along poetry, parable, fiction, sinful men, peoples and ages; even popular error it does not disdain. All of them become live wires."

Mary Hope, on the contrary, was a mystic. She was a Highland lass, a Menzies, brought to Massachusetts in her tenth year. She had a singular poise, balance, comprehensiveness and fairness of mind; was intensely practical; and yet lived daily as in a higher world, and walked with God.

To William Hope the gospel was a philosophy, the profoundest, the simplest. It under-ran history, and was its key. The new science, rightly taken, emancipated it for its world work. Caught up into the third heaven, in this sense, he had heard unspeakable words, and his own words were correspondingly few. A perpetual calm, a cheerful trust, a daily helpfulness, a simple gladness of life, were his. To Mary Hope the gospel was a daily presence with her of Him who drew nigh to the Emmaus-going disciples. It was light, life, vision. She, too, was reticent about religion, but a sentence from her, now and then, changed her children's lives.

Out of a religious environment like this, so deep, so real, so cheerful, so comprehensive, John Hope very early began pondering, carefully and prayerfully, the question, how he

might sell his life dearest. To be a foreign missionary, to bring Christ where he had never been heard of, would have been his supreme delight. To be a minister would have been his second choice. To be a Christian worker, among young men, for example, or in the slums, would have been his third. His notion of what might be accomplished by minister, or Christian worker, completely devoted to his work, was very high. This was one of the things that drew him to Henry Drummond.

But John Hope did not feel at liberty so to indulge himself. He had not visited the New York tenement houses yearly for nothing. Not in vain had he heard his father tell, after such visits, the kind of monument that his mother and father coveted. He knew, too, where the center of the battle, in his time, lay; namely, in the industrial-economic situation. He felt great powers therefor, already stirring within him; and even before his electrical invention he was beginning to be conscious, like young David of old, of the divine summons to go down into the small and faltering camp that was gathering against the Philistines.

He had as little faith, ultimately, in labor organizations, as in the great combinations of capital. He appreciated the arguments for them; he repeatedly sided with them; but he failed to discern, amid their so different attitudes and points of view, any intrinsic difference of principle. "When the Carpenter of Nazareth gets a Union on its feet," he would say, "capitalists will be in it; and artisans will be in it; and which is which will be hardly discernible; and one great, good victory, it may be in some isolated place, will become a contagion, like Bannockburn, where the armored knights went down before the pikemen, and the solid squares could not be broken. But with the pikemen were the best blood and strongest estates of Scotland, the twain at one in a common love of country and of God. No large emancipation ever came otherwise."

For like reasons John Hope steered clear of civics organizations, and good government clubs. "They are a sign of the times," he would say; "I am glad for them; but I would give more for liquor put out of a city of considerable size, and partisanship put out of its

politics, and idealism seizing on all classes of its people, and a chance for workingmen, such as Cambridge and its Prospect Union afford an example of,—by no means an isolated example, either,—than for the whole roster of them. Not, of course,” he would add, “that organization and agitation have not their place; but a proposition put into flesh and blood, into a clean city, and into a city hall fit to be a sanctuary, is worth a thousand of them.”

Among business possibilities, electricity was his chief attraction. The gross wrong that had been done him in the matter of his invention did not deter him. It never ceased, indeed, to hurt. The hurt neither embittered him, nor made him vindictive. Ever present with him, however, was that prayer on Beacon Hill, in his Phillips Academy days, that he might make a system that was capable of such an act, pay dearly for it, though in righteousness and for the good of all. No; he wanted to go into electricity because he loved it; because he had power in it; because its possibilities were only beginning to be developed; and because it would be sweet to get his holy venge-

ance within, and not outside, its citadel. But he knew how it was organized. He knew about the telephone girls, and the tramway employees. He knew its hold on legislatures and city councils, and its seductions of courts. He did not despair even of it; but he knew that it was good strategy to engage the enemy in the open, not intrenched and fortified as electricity was.

This matter of "the open" led him to the Rocky Mountains and to mining. Theodore Roosevelt's ranch and hunting life first drew his attention to the general area. He visited it during a summer vacation in his college days. He lost his heart to it, like the Semites to Arabia and to Sinai. After a seemingly interminable ocean of prairie, growing more and more arid and brown, to behold the far-off peaks, like flecks of cloud along the horizon; to enter their presence, a north-and-south running line of turrets and battlements, discernible, in the dry, clear air, a hundred miles to the north and as far to the south; to ascend the cañons, and find one's self amid a sea of eroded and snowy peaks, with their diversified colors, their grimness, their austerity, their

scant vegetation, their wonder of cliffs, cañon walls and mineral outcroppings; and to come under the spell of a remote, heroic, unrecorded past, suggested only by the fortified eyries of the cliff dwellers, and under the spell of the future, as at the Divide of the World, set betwixt the Orient and the Occident, and potent for the weal or woe of both,—all this drew him with a fascination that was almost weird.

When, in his Scottish journey, he came to know and to love Duncan McLeod, and learned from him, as an expert, the possibilities of the region, and, above all, found in him a kindred spirit, eager to join him in exploiting them,—the die was cast. He had chosen his weapon.

IV

TWO WOMEN OF STIRLING



MAN may undertake to follow Jesus Christ, and fail him. Judas did.

A man may undertake to follow him, and fall into a routine of good living, in itself admirable but lacking that distinctive daily initiative and renewal of life which go with the truest discipleship. Such a one, however excellent, abides but too scantily in the Vine.

A man may, on the other hand, strenuously follow him, and fall into morbidness or eccentricity. Such a one—who may, or who may not, develop into large things—forgets the saying about the greatest of the prophets who was little in the kingdom, and the saying, “My peace I give unto you.”

At the time when this history encounters Duncan McLeod and John Hope, it was im-

possible that either of them should fail Jesus Christ. They were men of large capacity, a noble record thus far, and that record only begun. It was inconceivable that either of them should prove false or disloyal, or should fail, according to their lights, to come to the most, and to do the most. But the other two perils, like Scylla and Charybdis, were before them; and one of them had long been searched, and the other of them was being searched, by that Spirit which alone adequately knows the things of spirit.

For the wonderful thing about following Jesus Christ is, that this relation, while it fully suffices moment by moment, runs ahead of one ever, like a horizon; and the farther one goes the larger it becomes, and the more absolute and yet glad become its imperatives upon the soul. This, its expansive power, or its infinitude, meets the problem of immortality. Without this, to live always were a doom; with it, to live always were bliss just of itself.

There is at Stirling, in Scotland, a retired street, full of modest, trim houses, with immaculate window glass, spotless curtains, very bright door-knobs and door-plates, and

flowers in the window seats that seem perennially blooming. Like Wordsworth coveting Dove Cottage when he first saw Grasmere, you can hardly resist leasing one of them, and beginning to live. From this street you look upward one way to the castle, and the other way toward the Wallace Monument crowning Abbey Craig.

In that house which you would specially choose to lease, because everything about it is so fresh, and its flowers are so bright, and its firelight at dusk is so inviting, flickering on the half-drawn curtains—in that house a woman, a bit past middle life, but erect, tall, her hair still dark, her eyes, eyes that hold you, her face a benediction, moves toward the windows, draws the curtains, lights a lamp, and sits down before a large open Bible. Over it she bows her head some moments, as in prayer; then she turns to the Ninety-first Psalm, and reads it aloud. Her face, as she reads, Raphael should have seen. Peace, as after storm, is there, calm, trust, hope, expectation, holy confidence. It seems almost aflame, as from an altar, when she concludes:

“Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him :

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him ;

I will be with him in trouble :

I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him,

And show him my salvation.”

Then she takes from her bosom a letter, carefully unfolds it, spreads it out on the open page of the Bible in the full light, and reads it, seeming to devour every word, though this is its seventh perusal since it came that morning. This is what she reads :

“*Annie Laurie Mine*, October 20.

“This, mother dear, will be a long letter.

“I have been meaning to tell you of Douglas Campbell. He is so reserved and modest I fear the wife gets little notion from him how well he is doing. May I trouble you to slip out to St. Ninian and tell her? He surprises me. No man in the levels equals him. He had it all to learn, too, but there is no old-timer that cannot now learn from him. All, moreover, is with such intelligence. Not an emergency arises but Douglas knows how to meet

it. Every one likes him. He is the subject of frequent favorable remark in the management. His lack of early training is against him, but he is studying very hard, not only mining engineering, but literature and history. He fairly nips them up. Tell his Margaret that I expect ere many months a promotion for him which will mean good prospects for her and the bairns, removal to Colorado, and, perhaps, a holiday for him at Stirling, he coming himself to fetch them across.

"Since he is as likely as myself to be a fixture at the Annie Laurie Mine, let me refresh your memory and add some new facts about it. Margaret will prize them, though a part of what I say may be familiar to you.

"Our ore, as it runs, is of a high grade. It is refractory, and is therefore crushed here, and submitted to chemical treatment for getting out the gold and silver. The vein is very thick; increases in richness as we go down; from the lay of the rock, and the way we have engineered, the ore is gotten out with exceptional readiness; though refractory, it yields to treatment surprisingly well; and, best of all, as we know from conclusive tests, the sup-

ply is practically inexhaustible. Moreover, there are occasional pockets of very rich ore, which we ship to the smelters for treatment; and the indications are that such deposits will be found more abundant as development work advances.

“The mine’s equipment is perfect. Electric lighting only is wanting. That, both above and below ground, has been contracted for, and will be installed in January. Mr. Hope, who keeps abreast of electricity,—alas, already ancient history to me!—says he is glad we have waited for it, such improvements have, even within this year, been made in it. And this reminds me to say, that our management is as keen on every mechanical and chemical improvement, as in this matter of the lighting. Everything is kept up. Expense is not spared. It pays, too. Its effect on every worker is like wine.

“As for our force, there is not a better at any mine in the world; and you will remember that I have seen the best mines in Australia and South Africa. You would think the men were all stockholders in the company, such is their pride in the works, and their zest

at their tasks. Our product goes away from us in composite bars; that is to say, the gold is left to be separated from the silver by the refiners, who also remove slight impurities; but the bars, as they leave us, are almost pure gold and silver. I am myself surprised at how nearly the total ounces we get credit for tally with the total weight of the bars as we ship them; also, at the accuracy with which we are able to gauge the relative amounts of gold and silver in the bars. Between my mother and me, we have not only the costliest and most accurate instruments, but a certain metallurgist at the works has modified the chemical process of extracting, on which we pay a very considerable royalty, to an advantage which more than offsets the royalty bills.

“But I was speaking of the men. Our bars accumulate to a high value between shipments, but we take scarcely any precautions against the theft of them or of our rich ore. Some householders are as careful of their coal-bins as we are of our ore and bar storage. Why so little caution? It is tonic to the men. They see that they are trusted, and you can get anything from men you trust. Moreover, we

know all our men, and they are not only honest, but are themselves a detective force and guards for us.

“Best of all, mother, one after another they are coming to the Light. Douglas is our Barnabas for that. He is so slow of speech, as you know, that one rarely gets two consecutive sentences from him; but Drummond himself had hardly a truer genius for saving men. More than half our force are Christians already, but we have not held a public service yet. ‘Not with observation, but within you,’ is our motto. By and by we shall have a church here, and every man in it, and you and I know who will be its minister.

“To end this summary: Our stock is not listed for the stock market. None of it is for sale. Only a half dozen men own it. They have the name of being honorable men. Mr. Hope,—no, let us have done with ‘handles,’ for we call each other by our first names,—John Hope organized the company; and you know, from what you will recall of his visit at our house when I was on my holiday, what kind of men John would get around him. One may, indeed, mistake a man. A storm

may, perhaps, brew. They have as yet unlimited confidence in him, and are more than glad to second his every suggestion. Why not? Dividends are large, and increase quarterly. Will they, however, follow him into a larger success than dividends can register? For, nothing short of that, my mother, is his ambition for the Annie Laurie Mine.

“Ye’ll be verra patient, I ken, wi’ a’ the speech I was makin’ aboot the mine, like the gude mither ye always were; but I doot ye’ll be muckle weary wi’ it, and so, without a moment’s further delay, here is a sugar-plum as reward. A letter received from John, one of the days I was in bed, written from New York, said that the stockholders had just unanimously voted the last ten shares of the stock to the metallurgist aforesaid, ‘for services rendered.’ That metallurgist has, as you know, an excellent salary now, but the dividends on that block of stock—for there are only one hundred shares in all—will make his salary look small. So, mother dear, you are coming, you know, to Colorado next summer, and will see your laddie, and our mountains, which I can never trust myself to write about, they so

move me. Then you will be able to say, without loving Ben Lomond less :

“ ‘ I have seen you in the morning,
Sixty leagues of crimson towers ;
I have seen you in your purple
And gold of the evening hours.

“ ‘ I have seen your peaks clear-cut,
'Gainst the terrible deep blue
Of skies without a cloud,
That God seemed looking through.

“ ‘ I have seen you when the lightnings
Clove your granite and your pine,
And the thunder shook the cañons,
And shook this soul of mine.

“ ‘ I have seen you, billow on billow,
In the mists that disclose you each,
Divide, and mountain, and foothill,
As an ocean looks from the beach.’ ”

Here the woman takes off her glasses, clears them, sings,

“ I to the hills will lift mine eyes,”

and resumes :

“ I was in bed when the news came, as I said, and I fear that the Lady Stirling will be thinking, ‘ In bed, laddie, an’ in ye’r workin’ ’oors? Min’ ye no what the Wise Man will be sayin’, “ So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed

man"? But, mother dear, there was cause. It got into the newspapers, else neither Margaret Campbell nor Janet McLeod had ever known. For some Scot will send marked copies to the Stirling papers, and Bruce had better chance to hold the town against Edward, than any man to guard his privacy against the press. So Duncan shall himself tell you both.

"It was in the afternoon, at the four o'clock shift. All the men were up save Douglas,—the man will always be doing overwork,—and none had descended. He was in the top level, which is only thirty feet down the shaft. That level is a short one. He wanted to finish a bore he was making at its end, which required but a few moments longer. A large amount of giant powder was near the mouth of his level, waiting there to be taken down for charging bores in several lower levels early in the next shift. In some way or other it went off. The hoisting windlass was blown out, but some one instantly thrust a ladder down to the edge of Douglas' level. A hundred men would have descended, but they thought they would suffocate, because the

level, being short, would be filled with poisonous gases.

“At the shaft’s mouth, when I reached it five minutes later,—for I supposed not a man would be down, and so I finished the test I was on, which could not be interrupted without loss to the company,—’t was a fight to have my way, but I had it. Do you mind your chiding me for my feats in under-water swimming at the Forth Bridge? They saved Douglas. You have but to aerate your blood enough, and you may play whale. But you should first pump your lungs slowly for ten minutes at the least. I so feared for Douglas that I took only two, and did it rapidly, and this nearly finished us both.

“The day before, as God mercifully ordered it, I had spent a half hour with Douglas in the level, and somehow or other had noted everything about it. Well was it that I did so, for when, my head swathed in wet blankets, I reached the end of the level where Douglas should be, he was not there. Then I remembered a crevice a bit back, ran to it, found him wedged into it,—for he was on his way to the shaft when the explosion came,—had him to

the ladder, that leaned across six hundred sheer feet of shaft, and there lost all strength. Prayer. Climbed half the ladder. Tottered. Prayer. Was up. Got my breath. He lived.

"We are both well now, mother. He that was with Duncan McLeod at the Battle of the Nile, and with his son Duncan at Lucknow, was that day with the third Duncan over the yawning abyss. Tell Margaret that her man put the hammer beyond any at the sports last Saturday; and tell her not, but tell yourself, for ye'r ain comfort, that the metallurgist stood off two men with the gloves the same day."

Here Janet McLeod bows over her Bible, and, in passing her windows, you might hear the cadences though not the words of her thanksgiving. Then she reads the letter's trenchant ending, liker Duncan, with his weird Highland temper, than any of the rest:

"My mother, think me not eerie; but, when I lost strength at the ladder's foot, I saw Margaret and her bairns, in the wee cottage at St. Ninian, clear as I ever saw you before our grate by the lamp in the gloaming.

"But the days I was in bed I saw more than

that. Much work has been mine these years, but little thinking. In those days of lying still, I made up for it. Better was this to me than the ten shares of the Annie Laurie Mine.

"I had two thoughts. One was of a woman. I found out a thing I did not know. If a young person, fair and tall, and comparable to none I know but Janet McLeod, shall look into our small house, God will have sent her, and all will be well. Grant her, I pray you, my mother, aught she shall ask. But, if she come not, God means otherwise.

"The other thought was of Duncan McLeod's life. Conscientious, clean, effective, doing. Aught more? Fruits of the Spirit? Mind of Christ? No. Emptiness all! This is not like Henry Drummond (who, forget not, was a lone man, as I have thought to be), nor like that Life which is the Light of men.

"Could Janet McLeod, in this sair matter, help in any wise the laddie she bore?

"Ever adoringly hers,

"DUNCAN MCLEOD."

Just as the mother concludes the reading, she hears a voice of singular depth and sweet-

ness saying, "James, call for me a half hour later, please," followed by the departing of wheels, and a step on the porch. To her devout mind it is as God's angel, in answer to her instant prayer since she first read her son's letter.

She opens the door, and welcomes her visitor with a dignity, a reserve, a gentleness and a warmth that no one but Duncan's "Lady Stirling" could command.

The two women sit then in silence. Neither is embarrassed. They understand. As you look from one to the other, you cannot keep the Sistine Madonna and Murillo's masterpiece at the Louvre out of mind.

"God be with you, Kathleen!" at length says Dresden.

"Thank you, Mrs. McLeod, more than I can tell," answers the Louvre.

Then, after a stillness that speaks more than words, the long lashes lift, the eyes look frankly out, face and throat glow, the lips part, and they say, "Mrs. McLeod, will you kiss me?"

The women rise. They are in each other's arms. Then they sit with shining faces.

There is nothing more, and yet everything, until the rumbling of wheels. Then Kathleen says:

“Would it be wrong, Mrs. McLeod, do you think, if we exchanged letters?”

The letters change places, hands tightly clasp, neither can speak, the wheels ascend the heights of Stirling, and Janet McLeod is on her knees.

V

THE MAKING OF A SCOT



JANET McLEOD was too wise a woman to infer from the tender moments in her little parlor that the battle was won. She greatly feared, on the contrary, that it was lost. Therefore the importunity of her prayer when Kathleen Gordon had gone. It was with strong crying and tears. Had you heard it, you would have known more about Duncan McLeod and his spiritual inheritance than this history can tell.

Now she is sitting before her open Bible again. Her face has in it the look at once of solicitude and triumph. She has laid Duncan's letter to Kathleen upon the pages, which are open at the story of Isaac and Rebekah. But

she will not read it until she has cleared her thinking after the tumult of the day, and especially of the evening.

Neither Duncan nor his mother was superstitious. They both had, nevertheless, a certain second-sight. Janet dated it, more especially in her own case and in her son's, from Duncan's reaching the age of twelve. They had, in that year, studied together the childhood of Jesus. The mother wanted her boy to be as like as possible to the Boy of twelve in the temple. She was working out in her own mind, too, and sharing it with her child, a way for the natural boy Jesus to become the Jesus of the ministry. She was too keen to accept, as the study went on, any "double personality" theory. Mary's son, she knew, was as really a boy as Duncan, and as really a man as her hero of the Indian Mutiny. But, as she assuredly believed, and as her profoundest insight taught her, he was also God. How, then, came the transition between Jesus at twelve in the temple, and Jesus some twenty years later on the Mount of Transfiguration, and as sought by the Greeks?

Using child's language, and reasoning as

a well endowed child might, they meditated this subject for weeks, coming by slow stages to an inference. Janet's Scripture for the inference—for this Scotch woman had a habit of tying every serious thing to her Bible—was the words: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Whatever more there was in Jesus, they said to themselves, a boy and a man were in him. To that which he became, the boy's and the man's behavior was the key. God himself could not have made the Jesus of the transfiguration, and the Jesus whom the Greeks sought, except the boy and the man had done their part. Nor was it an easy thing for the boy and the man to attain to such behavior. It was a boy's and a man's fight. Might not every boy and man approximate such a fight?

To this principle mother and son thenceforth shaped their lives. Both set themselves to be always about their Father's business. Both set themselves to supply the simple but profound conditions of character and of spiritual life. They were, as they deemed, to be simple-hearted, human, joyous. Had not Jesus

known children's games? But they were to work, nevertheless, the works of Him that sent them. As they were much in prayer, would not God also speak to them? This was their belief; and they believed, from time to time, in no overwrought way, that God did so speak. What he said to them, or seemed to say, was mainly in the range of duties made clear and sweet to them, of inner comfort and of inspiration for living. But not always. To these true, earnest, God-acquainted persons, the veil of the future, at times, seemed also to lift.

They were both certain, for example, during Duncan's getting ready for Edinburgh, that the way which looked a blank wall would open thither, though neither divined how. Similarly, during his undergraduate years, both came to know that the Christian ministry, for which he had been intended, would not be his, though they hardly knew why. As little did they know what other work was for him. Janet knew, too, and presently Duncan knew, that his work would lie largely in foreign lands, and his reading thenceforth included many volumes of travels. The value, both to

mother and son, of these foreknowings,—which had not a tinge of superstition or of fatalism in them, but which were as simple and natural and joyous as the praying of the two,—no one could measure. Their purpose, their preparation,—as in this reading of travels,—and their faith, focused at these as yet unverified certainties of the future with a love and passion tonic and inspiring. Faith was, indeed, for them, the “assurance of things hoped for.”

What were the keys to this secret of the Lord? Blameless living, absolute sincerity, high purpose, steeping themselves in the life and spirit of patriarchs, lawgivers, psalmists, prophets, apostles; above all, a constant resting in God. Janet still treasured the letter of John Gordon, banker and ironmaster, saying that, as he had no son to speak in the evangel, he begged her that a lad so rugged and joyous and devout as hers, and who, in the Stirling high school, was making such an honorable record, might, at his charges, attend the university. Also, a letter from Prof. Archibald Geikie, about midway of the Edinburgh course, saying he was sure that her son was

predestined to read God's thoughts in the rocks even more than in ancient Hebrew and Greek.

When, therefore, Janet read the words in Duncan's letter: "If a young person, fair and tall, and comparable to none I know but Janet McLeod, shall look into our small house, God will have sent her, and all will be well. Grant her, I pray you, my mother, aught she shall ask. But, if she come not, God means otherwise,"—she felt that another meaning of the future was about to be disclosed. And between her thankfulness for Duncan's and Douglas Campbell's spared lives, for the prosperity of both of them, for Duncan's promise that she should visit Colorado the next summer, and her solicitude about the "young person, fair and tall," her entire day was a prayer. She walked to St. Ninian in the early afternoon and read to Margaret Campbell the less confidential parts of Duncan's letter, and the two women commingled their tears and songs of thanksgiving. Janet could ill spare the time that day to go to Margaret, but the news was too good to keep. She reminded herself, also, of the Scripture's disapproval of

holding back good tidings. She worked all the harder when she got back.

Throughout the day, and even when praying, Janet would from time to time find herself wondering whom Duncan had in mind. His acquaintance was large in Edinburgh and elsewhere in Scotland. Would some young woman, passing through Stirling, call upon her out of respect for her son? Or could it be some one she herself knew in her native town? Among these last she thought of several, but most of Kathleen; and yet, from Duncan's never having seemed to think of her, from the very distinct set of Kathleen's life in scholarly and altruistic directions, and from their wide difference in means and social position, Janet tried to dismiss the thought of her, lest she be disappointed.

Do, however, what she would, over and over again throughout the day the face of the child Kathleen, in her Bible-class, before Kathleen's college days, would intrude itself. Once Janet found herself in a reverie, her work fallen to the floor, and the fire burnt low,—she never could tell how long it lasted,—recalling the child's mobile and strangely winning face, her

unselfish ways, her rare insight into Scripture, her fondness for her humble teacher, and the renown she had since won at Girton College, Cambridge, and in philanthropic work in several British cities. She remembered, too, with quickened pulse, how Kathleen had not forgotten her, though their lives had grown apart; but how, on the contrary, once a year, at the Christmas season, if not oftener, she had called; and how, on Janet's birthday, which the child had been wont to make much of, there never failed still to arrive some remembrance,—a book by Professor Bruce, or a volume of Professor Robertson Smith's, or something of Henry Drummond's, with such words on the fly leaf as only Kathleen could write. Now she thought of it, too, was not Duncan's having maintained absolute silence about her significant? "O God!" Janet was roused from her reverie by hearing herself say;—"O God! if such a woman, so winsome, so tender, so good, so able, might be for Duncan!"—but she did not let herself finish the prayer, so shamefaced was she.

All this rushed back on her afresh when she heard Kathleen dismiss her carriage, and

hastened to open for her the door. Her heart and her hope beat high. Had not Duncan said, "God will have sent her, and all will be well"? But when she saw that fine creature, dressed so perfectly, sitting opposite her, and looked into the open, frank eyes, and saw her so self-possessed, so tender, and yet so strong,—her heart sank. And though Janet had held her self-possession, too, and though they both had been greatly moved during the half hour,—as Janet thought it all over, she despaired. Standing thus, inside the closed door, with the carriage wheels receding, she found herself saying: "She will be good to Duncan. She will carefully ascertain the facts, and think them through. That is why she asked for the letter. But her heart will either have gone to another, or to God's work. Oh, ma puir laddie, God help ye!"

But that was before her prayer. She has wrestled since. She has read, moreover: "The Lord God of heaven, which took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, . . . he shall send his angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my

son from thence." She has read of the sign asked by Abraham's servant to be fulfilled. She has heard him exultingly tell: "And before I had done speaking in mine heart, behold, Rebekah came forth with her pitcher on her shoulder." She has heard the question: "Wilt thou go with this man?" and Rebekah's swift, womanly reply: "I will go." She has, in short, found wings again. So, with a face bespeaking at once solicitude and triumph, she opens Duncan's letter, spreads it out over the love story of so long ago, and reads:

"*Annie Laurie Mine*, October 20.

"MY DEAR MISS GORDON:

"This letter will surprise you.

"It surprises me, so stupid and so blind have I been.

"Moreover, as I see it now, I have been rude to you. Not in anything done,—God forbid!—but in things undone. Such kindness as you have shown my mother should have received some acknowledgment from me. Will you please forgive me?

"In a letter to my mother, going by the

same mail as this, I have told her of seeing, when it was necessary for him and for me, Douglas Campbell's Margaret and her bairns at St. Ninian, as if I were there. I saw more, which I did not tell my mother.

"I saw a small girl's face bending with my mother's over an open Bible. I saw the love between them, and how the small girl helped my mother perhaps more than my mother helped her.

"Miss Gordon, I loved that girl. I told no one. I did not tell myself. She is not, I said, for me. Hence the fury of my work and my honors in the high school. It was the only way I could banish that girl's face. But, with all my work, it would come back to me. I saw it in Stirling. I saw it at Edinburgh. It followed me in my walks on the Calton Hill, around Arthur's Seat, on the Braid Hills, and by the Forth. It looked out at me from Latin, Greek, Hebrew, from calculus, from biology, from the rocks Professor Geikie unsealed for us.

"Then I struck Drummond. He was a lone man. We men talked much of that. When we had put everything together we concluded

that he had turned his face from that life of love for which he was better fitted than any other living man, to do Christ's work. Then I had my escape, walking, as I fancied, in Drummond's steps. It turns out, I am glad to say, to have been no escape, but I only so discovered the other day when I almost died for Douglas Campbell, and when I saw, for his sake, his Margaret as if present, and also saw that girl.

"Think me not eerie. It never happened but once. Then two lives depended on it. Also, an emancipation from a great blindness required it, and God was good, as when he sent the ladder to misguided Jacob.

"Miss Gordon, do you think that, after a while, you could love me?

"I have written my mother, as I said. The letter is very full. Douglas Campbell's affairs as well as mine required it. In it I have neither mentioned nor implicated you. But the letter is so written that, should you look in on her, she will understand enough, I think, to let you see it. But, if you do not go, she will never know, nor connect you with it. So please be quite free, Miss Gordon, not

to go. But, if you see the letter, it will tell you things about me that you ought to know ; if, that is to say, you can think seriously of this matter at all.

“What shall I say more ?

“In character, in attainments, in deeds, I hope I could merit your respect. I have been fortunate in this mine ; and I believe that your father, if he looked up my affairs, would feel it not imprudent, as regards my ability suitably to care for you, to approve my suit.

“But, Miss Gordon, there is no man living that is worthy of you. I think, too, of your renown, of your place among the best forces of our British life, and I almost reproach myself for speaking.

“Yet I cannot but speak. It is my right, and yours,—the right of loving, and of being loved. If you can say me, Yes, no man on earth will be so blessed. I hope, too, that it will bless you. If you cannot, a horror of great darkness will fall ; but it can never shut out, thank God, that girl’s face bending over my mother’s Bible. To have only that will be better than if I had all other faces.

“My dear Kathleen,—forgive my calling you so just once,—I love you. God bless you!

“Always yours,

“DUNCAN McLEOD.”

“But for the learning,” cries Janet McLeod, “it’s the same letter his father wrote me after the Relief of Lucknow. Starvation opened my Duncan’s een, and the peril in the shaft opened oor bairn’s. Ay, and when my Duncan was back from the Mutiny, and told how the hunger wrought in him, he added that his father, though but a lad then, saw, when hard pressed amidst the battle of the Nile, the child face of her that, ten years after, became his wife,—saw, and by the sight overcame. O God, that the same blessed outcome may be to oor Duncan and Kathleen!”

Thereupon, with streaming face, she seeks her chamber, after a day so eventful, there to wrestle through the night watches for the twain.

Oh, scoffers at prayer! oh, respecters but neglecters of it! in a world in which men are appointed to be coworkers with God, and in which the supreme forces are psychic,—little

do you know how much you yourselves owe of blessing to intercessory prayer, or how much of all that is strongest and sweetest in life has that for its initial !

But God alone knows the true answer, when prayers conflict as they seemed to that night.

For it is ten o'clock at Stirling House, Liverpool. The settlement's day's work is done. The residents of the house have been along the docks all day, bringing sunshine and hope into the wretched homes of the dockers, and conducting the kindergarten teaching, the mother's meeting work, the night school instruction, and the boys' and girls' club campaigns. It has been a day of successes. The successes have proved their genuineness by the dissatisfied feeling they have left in the workers. "What are these among so many?" and, "Who is sufficient for these things?" they ask one another as they assemble for the devotions which end each day, but which, this night, are turned into a vigil of prayer for a special object.

The leader reads, out of the Acts, the account of Barnabas' leaving the great work begun at

Antioch to seek Saul. "It was Miss Gordon," she says, as she lays down the Bible, "who suggested this settlement; for whose town it is named; who has brought each one of us into the work; and whose supervision of it, with frequent bits of actual residence, seems indispensable to its continued success. And now Melbourne, where Henry Drummond made so profound an impression, summons her to begin a Social Settlement there, and to organize the entire Australian work. The matter before this vigil of prayer is, Can Stirling House give her up? Can England spare her? Submissive to God's will, we believe it right, nevertheless, to lay on him our burden, pleading that she may remain to do the work that lieth next. Until that is stronger,—as, for the large but still infant work at Antioch, Barnabas went to seek Saul,—shall we not intercede that we may retain Miss Gordon? The time is now yours."

Some one thereupon gently starts,—

"Work, for the night is coming";

and some one else,—

"Rescue the perishing";

and yet another,—

“Saviour, I follow on, guided by thee”;

and then the depths are broken up, and prayer after prayer, almost agonizing in quality, ascends. Young women from Chester and Lincoln, from Salisbury and Carlisle, from York and Birmingham and London, follow one another. One tells her heavenly Father of a life of luxury, another of a life of doubt, another of a life nearing a great sin, left, each, for this saving work in the vast seaport. They thank God that ever he led their steps to Girton College; that Miss Gordon was there; that she gave learning a new meaning for them; that she lifted it higher than they had ever esteemed it, and yet subordinated it to character, to spiritual living, and to daily service.

“O God,” pleads she that has spoken of a life nearing a great sin—“O God, ships dropped down the Mersey this day for India, for China, for Japan, for Africa, for South America, for Canada, for the United States, for the Mediterranean, for Spain, for France, for the Baltic. We go to all. All come to us. Is there, O God, any work beneath the South-

ern Cross so pivotal and needy as Liverpool's ? And, O blessed Lord, do not we, too, need Miss Gordon ? Consider Girton. Consider us girls. Let not our feet slip. But who, after Jesus, can so hold us as she ?"—and the prayer is dissolved in a sobbing as if heart would break.

There, then, we leave them, past midnight, pleading ; and, returning to the small house in Stirling, just as there is the faintest flush in the eastern sky, we find Janet McLeod still wrestling that Kathleen may go to Colorado, as Stirling House is wrestling that she may stay in Great Britain. Janet is very weary, and seems, in her weariness, to hear a Voice, saying, "Let me go, for the day breaketh"; to which, with all the might of her nature, she makes reply, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And now, prescient of victory, she adds: "O my God, who grantedst the face to Nelson's hard pressed gunner; who grantedst the face to the man starving at Lucknow ; and who, now, hast yet again granted the face for the rescue o' Douglas an' Duncan,—mercifully do for oor ain laddie as thou didst for them that feared

thy name afore him, and whose bluid is his!
O oor Saviour, be that gude to gie Duncan
Kathleen!"

An hour later the rising sun, thrusting its
bar of gold between curtain and window-
casing, lays it across a sleeping face, as it had
been the face of an angel.

VI

A CALEDONIAN CAPTAIN OF FINANCE



OUR last two chapters have concerned themselves with a day and a night far down beneath the Castle Rock at Stirling. Its glad surprises, its solitudes, its wrestlings and agonizings, have passed before us. What of that day and that night on the Heights? Did stately mansion differ greatly from lowly cottage?

Just at the stroke of seven, on the morning of that day, John Gordon sits down to breakfast. His saintly Annie, a chronic invalid, is generally able to lunch with him, and sometimes even to dine with him; but he is alone at this meal, except when Kathleen is at home. Then, as on this morning, she punctiliously takes her place opposite him, but not without a fervent greeting from her father first.

The quiet elegance of the room, and, in fact,

of the entire house, is impressive. There is no ostentation; nothing is overdone. Even in such a man's home there are evidences of prudence and economy. A very wealthy person is not necessarily a spendthrift. Yet there is a richness about everything and a faultless taste that captivate the imagination. Kathleen from tender girlhood has aided in effecting these results, but they were already well in progress at her earliest remembrance.

How is it, let us pause to ask, that John and Annie Gordon, born in the far north, toilers always, who have come up from poverty, have such a sense of the fitness of things, even to forms, fabrics, colors, furnishings? How is it, particularly, that not one of the many choice canvases and marbles which surprise you all over the house, is out of taste, or, a rarer thing, inharmonious? The answer is, Janet McLeod's "secret of the Lord." It is the inner eye, to be had in larger or smaller degree by everybody that will walk in the Light. Their simplicity, their trueness, their quick and keen powers, not only of observation but of appreciation and joy in things, and, above all, the beautiful

souls which they had even in cottage and fisher's hut, are in evidence all over this House Beautiful, from the windows of which one looks out on the ancient and massive Greyfriars' Church, on the castle, and on the mountains that, like sentinels, guard Stirling round about.

It is a bright, chatty breakfast, with some bits of fun, some gentle raillery, and some really extraordinary repartee. John Gordon's eyes are ever drinking Kathleen in, and setting her as in an aureole.

Then the great Bible, in its rich binding, is spread open, the servants come in, and Kathleen, as is her custom when at home, reads. Their reading is in course. They are in the Song of Songs. Her mellow voice seems to interpret the mystic words, and with passionate earnestness she concludes :

"My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand ; . . .
Yea, he is altogether lovely."

"Oh, what a Saviour!" John Gordon devoutly exclaims.

"Yes, indeed," answers Kathleen ; "though that is not the primary meaning ;" and, in the

most artless manner possible, she tells of the piece of dramatic poetry, designed to be set to music, which the Song of Songs is, in celebration of a deep, pure and holy love, and of loyalty to it amidst great contrary allurements. By way of making her point clearer, she opens and passes around for inspection, Griffis' "Lily among Thorns," with the text printed as a drama. "That is it, father," she adds; "the Shulamite, whose beauty and character have attracted Solomon and his court, is praising her own true lover, a plain man of the mountains, and will on no account break their betrothal."

John Gordon shakes his head.

"But, father," Kathleen urges, "is there anything greater, after one's relation to God himself, than that one should thus love and be loved, and prove true to love at whatever cost? Take you and mother. I do not know a more beautiful thing than the way you are bound up in each other. It is one of the chief inspirations of my life. Out of that grows, indeed, the derived and even higher thought of the supreme Lover, Jesus, and his Bride, the Church."

"Perhaps you are right, Kathleen," replies John Gordon, whose heart is touched.

Then all kneel, and this priest in his own house prays. Such a prayer! Not one in the home circle is left out. Then his intercessions broaden. He pleads for Stirling, for Scotland, for the United Kingdom, for the Empire, for Our Sovereign Lady, for "the whole world, which is thy footstool, for all the children of men." This last, my friend,—and there was a grip about it,—included and affected you and me.

All rise from their knees, the servants withdraw, there is a good-bye kiss, the carriage door closes, James touches the reins, Kathleen stands on the porch waving yet further adieus, and John Gordon, looking back, murmurs: "Except for her financial heresy, from which I am hoping her good sense will convert her, the child grows more and more wonderful to me day by day."

Kathleen's economic views were a sore trial to her father. He considered them not only ill-grounded, but dangerous. He prayed about them much. At times he argued and pleaded with her to forsake them. And she, though

she never yielded an inch, was so thoughtful and tactful that he fondly dreamed that the day was not remote when she would be converted from them, and when his cup of joy in her, now level with the brim, would overflow.

Had Kathleen been thus converted, two people and a mine in Colorado would have had a very different history. It is not unimportant what a young woman thinks, especially if she thinks about things that undergird life. On the contrary, what she thus thinks, as in this plain narrative, will largely determine the days that are to be. Oh, that, by the shore, on the ocean, and in the mountains, in fashionable drawing-rooms, and among the Four Hundred, God might touch her heart, as he touched Kathleen's, and as fruitfully !

But let us look a little more closely at John Gordon. As we have seen, he was up betimes. The impulses of his poverty and struggle remained with him. He liked the early start. He liked a quiet time in his private office before business began.

The reader will perhaps be interested to know how this captain of industry and of finance spent this quiet time. The morning

that Kathleen read from the Song of Songs may serve as an illustration.

He turned the key on the inside of the door. He raised the shade of that one of the windows of his office—broad, with a deep window-seat—which looked toward the north. He raised it to the top of the casing. He remembered Daniel, with his windows open toward Jerusalem. The shade at the top was his approximation. But was Jerusalem to the north of Stirling? No; not Jerusalem of old, but John Gordon's Jerusalem, to wit, the Scottish Highlands. There stood the fisher's hut where he was born. There was the cottage where his Annie grew up. There, by the kirk, slept his mother and his father. Within that kirk he had been married. In it he had found eternal life. The impulse and sustaining power of that life, and nothing less, had made him one —

“Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.”

When John Gordon prayed in the session, or at family worship,—though there were ex-

ceptions at the latter,—he scrupulously regarded certain rubrics of prayer,—adoration, thanksgiving, confession, petition, intercession, and the rest. But, kneeling at precisely three minutes past eight,—he arrived at eight and there were people who set their watches by his arrival;—kneeling at precisely three minutes past eight, before that uncurtained window which looked toward the Highlands, he attended, as with everything else done in that office, strictly to business. Without preliminaries, he asked for just what he wanted, and only what he wanted, and in the fewest possible words. He asked, too, with great fervor; argued and pressed the case; and, all alone there, grappled psychic forces in a more positive and dynamic way, even, than in any of the celebrated combats of logic, wit and will which he carried on with the manufacturers and the financiers who were closeted with him in that same room from day to day.

The foundry, the furnaces, the shops, are all gone over; the contracts for steel ribs, girders and plates for ships building along the Clyde and at Belfast; his banking-house at Glasgow; its branches at Inverness, Aberdeen, Edin-

burgh, Dundee and Stirling. Shall he bear longer with that superintendent, or displace him? If the latter, with whom? "Sandie," he cries, "honest, faithful Sandie, too easy with the men—will discharge none of them—shall he not go? By whom shall he be succeeded?" And, after a moment, apparently getting no encouragement from the Oracle to displace that merciful man, he adds, "God bless Sandie!" Shall he sign a certain contract, insist on its modification, or decline it? There is a pause here; intense thought; then he says, "Remember Hiram's and Solomon's contract, and show me the modification that will make it right for both." Shall his house negotiate that issue of bonds? Shall it buy such a block of stock? Then he grows personal: "Sustain Mr. MacDonald,"—Mr. MacDonald is head of the banking, his most valued and loved helper, but nearing a breakdown, for few can keep John Gordon's pace. "Bless Mr. Blackie,"—Mr. Blackie is head of the iron and steel,—"give him more backbone." From these he passes to other of his more important helpers, a score of them at least. "And Annie," he adds, with voice a bit shaky, "bet-

ter, to me, sick, thou knowest, than all other women well, thy best gift; and her ain lassie, oor Kathleen; gie her soonder views o' matters pecuniary, I humbly beseech thee, aboot pittin' the money into the bank, as the Maister said; an' didna even he—an' weel toward his last 'oors too—sit ower again' the treasury? Amen."

There is no bridge, be it observed, to get to the "Amen."

Then he rises from his knees, draws the shade half down the window, reads a chapter from the Proverbs,—to the sagacity of the Proverbs he attributes in no small degree his business success,—turns the key of his office-door, opens his desk, and tackles his correspondence.

He is secretive about his business affairs. Sometimes he refers, with a devoutness that people take for mysteriousness, to the Silent Partner he must consult. Thus it comes about that many persons—all unwittingly to him—suppose that some great but anonymous financier is his associate. They all mistake. His Silent Partner is God. Not the Duke of Westminster, nor the Rothschilds, nor his per-

sonal friend, Andrew Carnegie, could serve him so well.

Nevertheless,—for so does God bear with men!—when his eyes shall be opened, he will shed bitter tears of repentance over sundry items on his side of the copartnership; items rightly enough intended, but the devil's own, fresh out of hell. Ah, the misery of it is that not the devil's men only, but Christ's men often, with their blinded eyes, are goading the world on toward economic perdition!

VII

KATHLEEN GORDON'S CORONATION DAY



WHEN her father's carriage has disappeared from sight, on the morning of the Song of Songs, and the morning of Janet McLeod's memorable day, Kathleen Gordon tends some plants; serves her mother's breakfast in the same radiant way she has had with her father; tells, among other things, of the discussion about the Song of Songs,—to which Annie Gordon rejoins, "I have long so believed" (of course you have, dear saint of God!); and has just closed the door of her own room for her Quiet Hour,—for she is a "Comrade of the Morning Watch,"—when a maid brings up her mail. Among several letters is one postmarked Melbourne and another

from America bearing the mark, Colorado. One might have noted just the slightest start as she observes the latter, but only for a moment. The entire mail, unopened, is laid on her desk, and she goes on with Scripture, meditation and prayer as she had intended; for Kathleen is not a person to turn back. For Scripture she reads entirely and aloud that book of the Old Testament which the family worship has drawn her mind toward, together with very considerable extracts from "The Lily among Thorns," concluding with the words:

"This name of God, ['Jah-Jehovah'; that is, 'Very Flame of Jehovah,'] used only in poetry, is here set at the culmination of the Poem of Poems most felicitously and appropriately. This is the divine side of Love; it has also a human side. The image and superscription are of Jehovah, the worth of stamp and legend must be tested by human experience. As she remembers the deep waters of trial and the bribes of a king she adds:

"Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man were to give all the substance of
his house in place of love,
It would utterly be contemned.'"

Kathleen falls into deep thought. Then she

prays, long and fervently. "This is a truth for men and women," she pleads; "mercifully order it aright for all, but especially for our residents of Stirling House." She is dwelling in the secret place of the Most High now; has forgotten all about the foreign letters on her desk; is laying the truth of her reading most confidently and suitably on God for the young women who are dearest to her; forgets, in her beautiful self-effacement, to lay it on God for herself also. But God is caring for her, as she asks that he will care for them.

She rises from prayer. She sits down at her desk. She lays Melbourne and Colorado aside. She reads the other letters, and files them, making certain memoranda for reference when her stenographer shall come. She opens Melbourne; reads with amazement its contents, already known to us; carries the letter to her mother, who, looking up with shining face, says: "Beautiful, Kathleen, to be so wanted, is it not, darling? But you will hardly leave us?"

Kathleen writes, seals and sends to the post-office by James, this telegram, addressed, "Stirling House, Liverpool":

"Urgent proposal from Melbourne to start Social Settlement there, and to organize Australia for such work. Residents, all, pray I may know the right answer. Meantime, no publicity."

At this point Kathleen's stenographer arrives. "A matter of such moment for our work has come up," says Kathleen, "in this morning's mail, for consideration and settlement, that I must ask you to let me excuse you to-day. Please come to-morrow night."

Then Kathleen, to whom a day that opened so peacefully is fast becoming a day of destiny, turns the key in her door, and, with trembling fingers and a strange, suffocating feeling, opens her Colorado letter. Instantly it flashes upon her why her God has led her, that very morning, to study the Song of Songs, and she draws a long breath, and straightens herself up to still the tumult of her heart. Then she reads. The color mounts her face. She holds the letter unsteadily. Her eyes fill. The letter becomes a blur. She dashes away her tears. She reads to the end. Then, the letter thrust within her dress, she throws herself upon a couch, and buries her face in a pillow. There she lies, perfectly still, for a

long time. When she uncovers her face, it is far more beautiful than it has ever been before. In her simplicity she looks into a mirror, but turns from it startled, as if it were deceiving her. Then she opens a secret drawer of her desk, which is of old mahogany and very quaint, and takes from it a small, cheap photograph of a boy not too well dressed,—Janet McLeod's Christmas remembrance for her, one year, while the boy and Kathleen were still children,—and gazes on it until, as with the letter, she cannot see it. Then she falls on her knees.

"O Father in heaven!" she begins, but cannot go on for a glad sobbing. "O Father in heaven!" she resumes, when she has steadied herself, "I thank thee that ever thou wast so good. How couldst thou have been! But, O God, clear my vision. Show me the issues involved. As Jesus pleased not himself, make me brave not to please myself, if I ought not to. Whatever comes, O God, bless Duncan, and comfort his heart forever!"

She rises. She goes to the mirror again. This time she is not afraid, for it dawns on her what has happened. She looks at the

reflection intently. "Dear Lord," she softly whispers, "does it change a face like that?" She gazes as if upon another woman, until her eyes are full again, and her breath comes quickly. Then she sings, with voice very low, lest she be overheard :

"Only one May a year,
One mystery
Of bloom, by mount and mere,
Coming to be.

"Only one youth a life,
One passionate spring,
Tender, and warm, and rife
With blossoming.

"Only one dawn of love,
Apocalypse,
Lifting the soul above
Its self-eclipse.

"And May and youth may fly :
If love remain,
Joy will be always by,
And frost be gain."

She dries her face. A wonderful smile steals over it. She lifts herself to her utmost height. She poises her head like a queen. "O God!" she slowly says, "and Kathleen thought she was living before! She was, but it was in the starlight. Now the sun is up.

I can never thank thee enough. O my dear Lord, bless Duncan McLeod !”

Would that we might leave her thus, deep calling unto deep, and the wonderful leadings of God confirming all ; but we must tell the truth.

There be those who trifle with love. There be those who sin with it. There be others, great multitudes, and true-hearted, who miss love, and who go all their lives hungry for lack of it, because, though it is an exceedingly simple matter, they know not how to be such as to win love, nor how to treat it when it arrives. The Bible might tell them, but they heed it not ; or they are so much more occupied with questions of criticism than with it, that they do not learn its secret. The higher criticism is good, yes, indispensable ; so is an arc-light. The sun is better ; so is the Bible itself. The letter killeth ; the spirit giveth life.

Furthermore, we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, with the highest things in ourselves, in our civilization and in our Christianity. There are, that is to say, not only vices,—we know them, and we read the riot act on them,—but there are

the excesses of our virtues, the excesses and the idiosyncrasies. To hold an even mind, to maintain the simplicity that is in Christ, though it were easy if we were focused rightly, is harder than to effect ten reforms. But all reforms would swiftly come, were that simplicity widely diffused and vitally.

While Kathleen is standing thus like a queen,—for it is, if only she knew it, her Coronation Day,—she suddenly summons the Lord Chief Marshal. That is what she really does, but what she says is: “It will not do to be carried off my feet in this way. Where is my self-mastery?”

“Self-mastery,” was a great phrase with Kathleen. To do her justice, it was generally almost or quite the equivalent of Christ-mastery, and a glory with her.

She straightway removes the letter from her dress, as if she had sinned a sin ever to have placed it there, and lays it on her desk. She thrusts a handkerchief where it had been, and then quickly removes it. She bathes her face, and extinguishes the light out of it all she can. She puts on her golf suit—which is a very bewitching thing. She seizes the letter.

She takes it to her mother's room, and in the most commonplace manner hands it to her. Annie Gordon can read only the first lines for glad tears. Kathleen, who cannot bear to prolong the interview, gently takes it from her mother's hand, but grimly reads it aloud, every word, as if it were a social settlement report.

"Kathleen, there is not a nobler man living!" says Annie Gordon, with a strange strength and enthusiasm; and adds, with something very like admonition in her voice, "Does not the letter move you?"

"Should one be too much moved, mother dear?"

"I should be proud of such a son, Kathleen, and I am sure your father would be."

"But not if I did not so choose, mother?"

"May we not choose too much, darling? Are there not leadings in our lives,—Providence, the heart's voice, the Spirit's suggestion?"

Kathleen's face is instantly suffused with color, and the light she has tried to extinguish, shines; but she has so placed herself that these are unobserved.

"Providence, mother? What about Melbourne?" she rejoins.

"Do duties conflict, Kathleen?" Annie Gordon answers; but she is wiser than to press the matter, and only adds: "It is, darling, your question. May God make your way clear!"

"That is a dear, and like my mother," says Kathleen; and, so swiftly that her look cannot be observed, kisses the pale, sweet face, and is gone.

From the landing she returns conscience-smitten to her room; fervently kisses the little, cheap photograph by way of atonement; is tempted to get from her mother Duncan's letter,—left for her father's perusal,—and, in still further expiation, to take it with her; hears the gruff tones of the Lord Chief Marshal; hurries down-stairs, instead; and walks swiftly toward the golf links. As she goes along she extinguishes the light in her face all she can. When she has reached Ruth Cameron's, she seems only radiant from her walk. Ruth is a Girton classmate. They are rivals at golf. Ruth is glad to go with her. The game is soon on. It is close from start to finish.

Near the end Ruth has the advantage. On a sudden Duncan's letter takes hold on Kathleen. She excels herself. She wins.

"What happened to you?" asks Ruth.
"You were more than yourself."

"Don't we have to be more than ourselves if we are to do our work?" replies Kathleen.

On the way back there fall upon them a dozen girls of ten or twelve years, just out of school. They idolize Kathleen and are fond of Ruth, and our *alumnæ* have a great romp with them.

At luncheon John Gordon shines. He is all gaiety. Annie Gordon does her quiet part. The good stories are tossed back and forth. The repartee is brilliant. Not a word about Melbourne or Colorado. But, when James announces the carriage for his master's return to the office, and John Gordon kisses his wife and Kathleen good-bye, there is a tear, not her own, on Kathleen's cheek.

The golf and the romp with the children have been to recover her poise. Kathleen does even a better thing, for which she has planned that golf and romp shall have prepared her ;

she sleeps like a child all the afternoon. She dresses for dinner. She is as much herself there as she was at breakfast. It is a cheerful meal. Kathleen gets her father to tell stories of the north and of his life as a fisher boy. She begs for dialect, and he gives it to her, put into the mouths of the wits of the little haven, until all laugh till the tears come. She likes best stories about the girlhood of her mother, Annie Murray that was, and of the old love-making time, but both instinctively avoid those to-night.

Before they rise from the table, John Gordon, in the simplest, most natural way, says, "Let us look up." This means that he and the women reverently bow their heads. "Our Father," says John Gordon,—and there are no rubrics of prayer now,—“Our Father, we thank thee for bringing the wee Kathie to us; and for all the comfort she has been to us these years; that she never gave us a moment’s anxiety, but only ground for daily thanksgivings on her behalf. Our Father, we thank thee for the great door and effectual, this day opened unto her. We thank thee for the glorious apocalypse that has broken upon her life.

Steady her. Give her a clear lead. She will be ours always, and we hers always, and all of us thine always, in oor Father's house, here, or far awa', or in the mansions oor Saviour is preparin' for us each. Amen."

James here announces the carriage for Kathleen, who has arranged with her mother to make the call on Mrs. McLeod, of which a glimpse has already been afforded us, but her father will not let her go until he has escorted the two women to the drawing-room, where Annie Gordon, at the piano, plays a favorite Scotch air, and John Gordon and Kathleen, all up and down the spacious apartment, dance to it right merrily. Such is his life, that neither Annie nor Kathleen notes any incongruity between this act and the prayer. Then John Gordon puts his daughter into the carriage, she is driven to Janet McLeod's, and the two have that memorable half hour together which has already been described.

Is it surprising that Kathleen, who, for the time, has banished the Lord Chief Marshal, and who does not even try to extinguish the light in her face, reminds one of the Murillo? But is it not surprising that when Kathleen is

thinking she will say, Yes, to Duncan, Janet should be thinking the precise opposite?

The Lord Chief Marshal grumbles, however, as her returning carriage climbs the Heights of Stirling. With a simple "Good-night" for mother and father she goes to her room. There she reads Duncan's letter to his mother, which, at his suggestion, has come to her by the exchange with Mrs. McLeod at their parting.

"How the mining success and the shares voted him would appeal to father's pride!" she whispers to herself as she devours the letter. "Oh! oh!" she goes on tremblingly, for she has reached the account of the explosion; "but the hero! the hero!" When, however, she comes to the heart-revealings at the end she cannot speak, and has again and again to clear her eyes.

Then she kneels. She joins the praying ones, Janet McLeod, the residents of Stirling House, Liverpool,—yes, and John and Annie Gordon, for they are interceding too. But the Lord Chief Marshal has been growling outside her door. She has said to herself, "Self-mastery!" again. She cannot pray. "Light!

light!" she cries, but there is only darkness, for she is herself extinguishing the light.

So she retires. All night it is a troubled sleep. She dreams of mountains and mines, of Liverpool docks and the Southern Cross; now her mother is chiding her; now her father is kissing her approvingly, but for what, she cannot guess. At last she is a little girl again, at Janet's for Bible study, and sees there a boy bending over his Greek, who will not deign her so much as a look. And Janet seems out of patience with her, too; but the boy is so honest and sturdy and strong, and knows so much, that she steals up behind his chair, curls herself into a heap on the floor, makes a pillow of the hard back round of the chair, finds it soft as down, and so falls into a peaceful sleep.

When she wakes, the sun is an hour high. She breakfasts in bed. Then, in a wrapper, seated beside her desk, she reaches down, from a shelf of French authors, "*Les Misérables*." She reads of the good bishop; of how he saves the convict, Jean Valjean; of that saved man as manufacturer, mayor, philanthropist; of his surrendering himself to be galley slave

again, to save an innocent man convicted of two petty thefts which he himself committed before the light broke. She comes to the words, before the crowded court,—for M. le Maire has been sorely tempted to let the innocent man suffer, and to save himself :

“ You all, all who are here, think me worthy of pity, do you not? Great God ! when I think of what I have been on the point of doing, I think myself worthy of envy.”

“ That is it,” says Kathleen ; “ the sacredness and joy of duty, however much it costs ! ”

But she is suspicious of the fervor even of Victor Hugo. This time she reaches to a shelf of Greek classics. She takes down her Plato. She is fond of Jowett, and of his incomparable translation, but prefers the original. She reads the last paragraphs of the “ Apology.” Then she opens at the “ Phædo.” Homer is her rest and song ; Plato is her calm and triumph. When the moving end is reached, she turns back to reread these words of Socrates :

“ But then, O my friends, he said, if the soul is really immortal, what care should be taken of her, not only in respect of the portion of time which is called life, but of eternity ! And the danger of neglecting her from this point of view does indeed appear to be awful.”

John Gordon is in Glasgow to-day. His wife will lunch in her room. They have decided, after careful deliberation, to take no hand in Kathleen's problem, especially as they find themselves shrinking greatly from a transatlantic residence for their daughter. But, if she asks them, they have agreed to espouse Duncan McLeod's cause.

Stirred to the depths by the "Phædo," Kathleen dresses, lunches, has tender, silent moments with her mother, and, in taking leave, says:

"Pray for me, mother dear."

"I am praying every moment, Kathleen," answers Annie Gordon.

And now, this glorious afternoon, first Abbey Craig, with its Wallace Monument; then the ruin of Cambuskenneth Abbey; then St. Ninian, with a brief call there on Margaret Campbell and her children; and, finally, Bannockburn, are the objectives of this sorely perplexed young woman in her walk. She wishes to be alone. She wishes vigorous, heartening exercise. She wishes to stir her soul with noble scenery, and with the great memories of her country. She is trying hard to decide

aright. She is praying, moment by moment, not to be warped in her judgment.

She is at the Bore Stone now. In this perforated rock, on the crest of the great battle-field, Bruce fixed the standard of Scotland on that fateful day. She knows its story by heart. Every knoll, every turn in the little burn, has its meaning for her. She sees Bruce's small army. She sees that of Edward II, thrice its size. On the one side are poverty, hunger, the yeomen with their pikes; on the other are wealth, prestige, mailed knights with their splendid horses and gleaming lances, the finest army of Europe. On one side is freedom; on the other, tyranny. On one side is the old order of chivalry; on the other are the rising ranks of the plain people. She sees the proud onset. She hears the first terrible crash. What? It is the horsemen that go down! It is the solid squares that cannot be broken! Bruce, and the few, and the hungry, triumph. Edward, and the many, and the well-conditioned, are vanquished. Scotland is free. A new day, with these yeomen, their squares and their pikes, breaks for the world.

Kathleen looks all about. No one is in



"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JOAN OF ARC PASSING ON HER WAY"

sight. She reaches her slender hand through the iron grating that guards the rock, and pats it caressingly. She lifts herself. She sings Burns' Hymn of the Battle, beginning with that bugle summons :

“ Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie ! ”

Oh, could you have seen her then, you would have understood what it is that has made Scotland great ! You would have known why its race conquers everywhere.

She turns. “ I know my answer,” she says. She bends her steps toward Stirling. The westering sun, dipping toward Ben Lomond, lights her face, and is a splendor in her hair. It might have been Joan of Arc passing on her way.

VIII

"THIS DO" RECOILS ON DUNCAN McLEOD



PERHAPS the reader will comprehend Duncan McLeod. To the writer he is, in certain respects, an enigma.

Doubtless the first impression he made upon you, was that of a man doing things. But a hundred men doing things would not impress you as Duncan did.

As a child, or as a maturer person, did you chance to see the Corliss engine, at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia? That was before the days of the magic transference of power by electricity. Shafts, gearing, belts, transferred it then. The Corliss engine, by such cumbrous connections, was the man Friday, doing the bulk of the work of the great Centennial Show. But when you came upon it, in

the high, sunny room that, like a glass case, surrounded it, and looked up at it, gleaming there like burnished silver, and moving so silently that you might hear your watch tick in its presence, your credulity was taxed. It couldn't possibly be doing all that! Why, it was but as a boy at play, or as a girl skipping rope!

That was the way Duncan McLeod did things, as if for the grace and joy of doing them. He had realized, whether he ever read the essay or not, Horace Bushnell's "Work and Play."

Moral purpose was the next thing about Duncan that struck you. Everything, to his mind, even the huge ore crushers, existed for character. He had experienced some crushing himself, for that matter.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, you wondered whether this did not a little weary you. Could n't Duncan interject, possibly, something non-moral, to relieve the tension? Just then, most likely, you heard him laugh; and, after that, you could bear twelve hours, or twelve years, of his moral strenuousness.

Similarly, Colonel Higginson says that he

never understood Thomas Carlyle until he took his first walk with him. After a terrible, scathing and pulverizing remark, during the walk, Carlyle burst into a loud laugh. The laugh was a sort of foot-note to the remark. It indicated that what had been said might be diluted with thirty-three and one-third parts humor. Colonel Higginson thenceforth read the sarcasm and vitriol of the great essayist so diluted.

Take two instances of Duncan McLeod's humor, mainly repressed, but breaking out reassuringly now and then :

Patrick Sullivan chewed more tobacco than any three men in the camp. He bore, prior to the mutiny, a nickname that implied this pre-eminence. When, then, notwithstanding that it was a moment of extreme peril, Duncan quenched in Sullivan's saliva the lighted punk that was to have exploded the Annie Laurie Mine, only the darkness hid the twitching mirth-lines in his face.

When, again, Duncan had persuaded Simpkins, the newspaper man from Salt Lake City, that the mutiny was only a Drummond jollification, he contained himself until the stage

that bore Simpkins away had disappeared around a point of rocks. Then he sought out a dark place behind the ore crushers, where the noise was deafening, and there, detected by no one, laughed his fill for the space of ten minutes. Thereupon he reappeared wearing the solemnity of a pall-bearer.

Duncan most baffled you, however, in his character. Notwithstanding his devoutness, he had a temper. At a supreme moment of his life, that with which this history closes, he was, not ten minutes earlier, in a mood to overturn gravestones, but restrained himself.

He adhered tenaciously, also, to a curious heresy of his about what persons have a right to the truth. His throwing Simpkins on a false trail, illustrated it. His course toward one a hundred times keener than Simpkins will illustrate it, as these chapters succeed one another. This heresy the more puzzled you, because you often said to yourself, “ Duncan McLeod has the truest soul I ever knew.”

Duncan, once more, was subject to fierce temptations, and, little though you would

think it, might easily have been a bad man. After the crisis with which the present chapter ends, for example, a battle of Titans ensued within him. First, he was strongly impelled to plunge into rank sin; next, to contract a marriage of convenience; next, to turn ascetic, with all the vengefulness that his hard lines suggested, and with all the abandon that went with his prodigious will. These were, successively, actual and terrible temptations to him. The beaded sweat poured from him as he wrestled with them. He despised all of them; he fairly loathed the first; the power which they nevertheless exercised over his mind made him reckon himself the chief of sinners; and yet he actually found his hand, more than once, on the door-knob, to go forth in an evil way, so was he in those dreadful hours sifted as wheat. Only the Lamb of God took away from him these impulses, and gave back to the men of the Annie Laurie Mine him whose words so moved them the next Sunday. "In all points tempted like as we are," was Scripture often on his lips.

Duncan McLeod, to conclude, was several men in one. It might suffice to call him a

“Celt,” and to leave it there, but for the fact that that would say quite too little. But those several men in one were a glory. When Duncan’s letter, thrust within her dress, transfigured Kathleen Gordon’s face, it was with adequate and ennobling cause.

Now that the writer has made his peace with the reader concerning certain enigmatic elements in Duncan McLeod,—or, rather, has proffered a flag of truce,—he has an easier mind. He has henceforth only to depict the man faithfully, without fear of being interrogated about him, or of being presumed entirely to have fathomed him.

What with our friends in Fall River and in Scotland, it must be confessed that we have left the two men of our first chapter, by the oil lamp in the mill of the Annie Laurie Mine, far too long.

Duncan McLeod seemed to be, as the reader will recall, under some peculiar pressure. In point of fact, as the sequel will show, he had reason to be. He repeatedly interrupted John Hope in his argument. He spoke without his wonted deliberation. His vehemence almost

overbore John, who, as he remembered all that Duncan had done for the mine and for its men, felt strangely abashed. "Deeds, John, my man, are the things," Duncan was saying. His voice suddenly sank almost to a whisper, yet you could hear it, for the quality in it, above the roar of the machinery, and it said "THIS DO."

But John Hope was not one to be put down. "Duncan," he said, "suffer me a few words without interruption, please."

"Pardon me," answered Duncan ; and, realizing that his side of their debate had been hardly courteous, he gave John his hand as if to make amends, offered him a chair, and the two sat down to finish the talk.

"I admire Charles M. Sheldon, whom you adduce," John proceeded, "and that very different man, Henry Drummond, whom you connect with him, more than I can tell. It is a complicated question, because of the mystery that there always was about Drummond, but I do not understand, as you seem to, that their propositions are identical. That, however, is immaterial at this point.

"Sheldon has confronted Protestant Chris-

tendom with the question, Will it live its religion? To have successfully done that,—and Sheldon has successfully done it,—were worth many lifetimes of service. ‘This do,’ as you put it, is, thus, his proposition. Most probably he has another, but this is mainly in evidence.

“Now I make bold to say, that ‘This do’ will not do it. I do not think, either, that Sheldon supposes that it will, by itself alone, or wishes his readers to infer that it will. Such a position is that of John the Fore-runner, not of Jesus. It is a part of Jesus’ position, but it is the minor premise of it. ‘He appointed twelve, that they might be with him,’—that is the major premise. ‘And that he might send them forth,’—that is the minor premise.

“I can suggest my reasons for this conclusion in a very few words :

“The major premise underruns Paul—‘That I may know him.’ It is the glow of Peter—‘Who . . . begat us again unto a living hope.’ That it is the heart of John, who outweighs them all, requires but to be stated. It is the supreme note of that early and great Greek Christianity, which the impulse of

Rome toward organization smothered. It marks the most vital of the Reformers. Maurice, Phillips Brooks, and, if I understand him, Drummond, center there. It is what made my mother the Christian she is, and, as I doubt not, your mother.

“My father, if I may illustrate, sleeps on a hillside overlooking Narragansett Bay. I would go to the world’s end for an hour with him. Why? For what he did? That was great. For what he insisted that we children should do? That was much. No, no; for what he was, the rather. To be with him, to be in his atmosphere, was of itself a liberal education to us, and to many others. Do you suppose that Jesus would disuse the corresponding force?

“Moreover, I have tried ‘This do.’ It is a stress, a self-consciousness, a narrowing. You judge yourself, and you judge others. Action as the correlate of volition is, indeed, indispensable; but volition, or, rather, personality, is primary, and must be given the supreme place.

“This subject has been with me for months; in fact, tentatively, for a much longer time. I

think I touch bottom at length. I propose to build now. ‘Abide in me, and I in you.’ ‘In him was life; and the life was the light of men.’ Our gospel, in short, Duncan, unless I mistake, is the gospel of a living, present, *now* Saviour, all authority given unto him, and he with us always.”

John Hope’s eyes, as he ended, shone like stars.

Duncan McLeod shook his head doubtfully. “Good-night,” said both the men.

The transcontinental mail had been delayed six hours by snow along the Divide. The stage was correspondingly late, arriving at midnight; and both the men’s packages of letters had been thrown into their rooms while they were talking. Duncan ran over the addresses on his with feverish anxiety. The letter he had expected for six days, and because of the delay of which he had grown nervous,—though no one knew it, but only that he was abrupt and tense, as in the dialogue with John Hope,—was at the bottom of the pile, marked, “Missent to Alameda, California.”

He opened it, with a heart that almost stopped beating, and read as follows:

"Stirling, November 5.

"MY DEAR MR. MCLEOD :

"I thank you, more than I can tell, for your beautiful and noble letter. I should not like you to know how deeply it has moved me.

"I have seen your mother. She was like an angel to me. She gave me your letter to her. The heroism of your rescue of Douglas Campbell! The goodness of God in sparing you both! I called on Margaret Campbell and her children this afternoon. They can hardly speak of you without glad tears.

"My mother and father are on the favoring hand. I knew they would be, the moment I opened your letter.

"Mr. McLeod, God only knows the pain it is to write you what I must now write. You will be brave, I know, to bear the sorrow, and to consider, and, as I hope, to respect my reasons for inflicting it. Remember, please, that it hurts me, too.

"I must say, No.

"For another? No.

"For aught lacking in you? Far otherwise. Your reference to my 'renown' I fail to comprehend. I have, however, one honor. It is

the highest I could wish. None other, so great, will ever come to me. Duncan McLeod has asked me to be his wife!

“Not, either, because I disbelieve in, or shrink from, marriage. How could I, with the perpetual romance between my father and my mother always going on in this house? No. Pure and deep loving is God’s way. The Bible is full of it. I have lately been making a study of the Song of Songs. I doubt not you are familiar with its large meanings, as devout modern scholarship interprets them.

“My reason, the rather, is duty. It is our Saviour’s, ‘This do.’ You are several years older than I. You have lived nobly. I am thinking that you have found, as I am coming to find, that there is no joy like that.

“But duty, wherein?

“First, Scotland. I was at the Bore Stone to-day. I lived over again that mighty heroism. Is there anything we ought not to be willing to sacrifice for Scotland? But it is the people like you that leave her. Dr. Watson, whom I hear when in Liverpool, says that he finds them all over the United States. Not

that there are not good and strong people left at home, but oh, her need is so great, so pressing! For her sake I would not expatriate myself.

“Next, economics. You are a prosperous man. Judging from present indications, you are likely to be very rich before you die. It is in you. You can hardly help it. My father also has wealth. I know that that has not influenced you. You would take me, perhaps, all the quicker from a cottage, as my father took my mother. But people have little idea how much my father has, he is so secretive. Double up riches, then, by marriage, even by a holy marriage? How does that look? How does it strike poor people, those, for instance, among whom I work? Does it not dishearten them, and justly? Is it, Mr. McLeod, looking largely at it, a right thing?

“Once more, economics, but in a sense which I must ask you to hold in strict confidence. My father is a great admirer of Mr. Carnegie. They sometimes meet. Some of the great steel man’s plans are known to my father,—libraries, universities, the ‘crime of

dying rich’! My father seeks to emulate him. In his secretive way,—with the best of intentions, too,—he is silently laying his hand on this branch of his two specialties, and on that. He designs, if possible, to control both of them in this country, and so to pile up additional millions. Then, as he thinks, he will build libraries, and endow universities.

“Meantime, the small concerns crushed! the wages kept low! the honest and industrious people in the workhouses in old age! the hunger, the cold, the despair, the crime! Because combination is good,—and it doubtless has merits,—is that sort of combination good? Ought not brotherhood, and love, and a chance for everybody, to be in it, instead of power only, and a chance for a few? ‘Poverty is good,’ my father says; ‘it made me.’ It did not make him, begging his pardon. Other things made him, in spite of his poverty, rather than because of it. Why, too, if it is good, does he not try it on Kathleen?

“Mr. McLeod, this sort of thing darkens my days. It is the same in principle as Edward II. It is the new tyranny. Bannockburn is needed again, bloodless, but not

less heroic. My influence is great with my father. I have sometimes dissuaded him. I must stay by, and do what I can in such directions.

"I have not spoken of my social settlement work. Melbourne is calling me. The need of settlements, both in Australia and at home, is appalling. But this work has touched the popular heart. Workers are in training for it. Perhaps it, of itself, would not detain me.

"May I ask two favors?

"You will not, *please*, try to reopen this matter? Kindly spare me the pain.

"Also, you will not think hard of me? I could not bear that. You will respect me, and breathe a prayer for me sometimes?

"Mr. McLeod, God fill your life with light and love! God help us both to fulfil our Saviour's word, 'THIS DO'!

"Sincerely yours,

"KATHLEEN GORDON."

Duncan McLeod bowed his head. He was hard hit. The shaft had entered between the joints of the harness. The dearest hope of his life was slain. Not only so, but the arrow



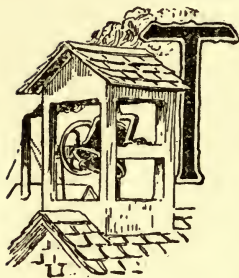
"THIS DO" RECOILS



that slew it was feathered with that principle in religion which he had, within an hour, been stoutly upholding against John Hope's contention, and around which he had builded all his maturer life. His thinking swiftly grew impersonal. His mind seemed to reel. His whole being was shaken. Within a half hour's brief space, the ground beneath his feet and the sky above him seemed to have been rolled together as a scroll, and to have vanished, leaving him but as a shade flitting through Erebus.

IX

A RIGHTEOUS MAN'S REPENTANCE



THE occurrences at the end of the last chapter belonged to a Monday night. On the morning of the following Saturday there appeared on the bulletin-board, in front of the Annie Laurie Mining Company's office, a notice to the effect that there would be a religious service in the hall of the Miners' Club at half past ten o'clock the next morning. When the notice was read by the men, many a heart leaped. It would be the first time at the Annie Laurie Mine.

"Who will preach?" was asked on every hand. "Some friend of the management, visiting the mine, no doubt," was the general reply; and all who could do so, planned to meet the stage when it should arrive at six o'clock that afternoon, and to give the minis-

ter a rousing welcome. But the stage was an hour later that night than it had been on Monday, and, at one o'clock in the morning, the men were in bed.

At precisely nine o'clock the next day, the mine bell began ringing. "A fire, an accident," thought everybody; but it rang so deliberately and so cheerfully for the space of exactly five minutes, that Lemuel Higgins, from Connecticut, at the end of the second minute drawled out in his queer way, "Why, ef it ain't the nine o'clock bell a-ringin', same as in Rocky Hill! I declare fer it, ef the Sabbath ain't moved clar out West!" "It is the church bell, the church bell!" shouted some one else, and his cry was caught up all over the camp, while many an eye moistened. Sunday was always quiet, in those days, at the Annie Laurie, but a hush now fell on the camp like the peace of God. The notes of that bell, awakening a thousand memories, of the British Isles, of New England, of the Atlantic seaboard, and of the Interior, healed men's souls like a sacrament.

At just quarter past ten, for precisely five minutes more, the bell rang again in the same

manner. Then, for five minutes before the half hour, it tolled, winding up, on the second, with three quick strokes.

On the quarter hour, more than a hundred and fifty men, in their best attire, and, though their appearance was rugged, looking gentlemen, all of them, stood before the Miners' Club. On the first stroke of the bell, the doors swung open, and the men began filing in. As the solemn but cheerful tones of the bell hovered over them, "Is n't it good?" "It is the first time I've felt at home!" "Bless God!" and similar hushed ejaculations burst from the throng; and one, a Scottish Highlander, said, as if out of a trance:

"Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
And of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar!"

When, on the half hour, the triple stroke came, not a man in the camp who could be out of bed, and who was not detained by the few necessary duties of the mine, had failed to enter the hall.

Fresh surprises awaited them. There, on the platform, stood a high-grade portable organ. Under each chair was a book-rack.

In each rack were a Bible, a hymn book, and a small volume containing responsive readings, the Apostles' Creed, a few collects, etc. The books were all of good print, well bound, and stamped with the words:

*THE PROPERTY
of
THE CHRISTIAN MEN
of the
ANNIE LAURIE MINE.*

On the back cover ran, in the same clear gold letters, the legend:

FROM A FRIEND—HUMBLY MAKING AMENDS.

The man—he was the Highlander just mentioned—who, on request for a volunteer, came forward to play the organ, observed both of the above inscriptions, on a small silver plate, let into the woodwork of the instrument.

As the men read the words, "The Property of the Christian Men of the Annie Laurie Mine," an exulting look came into the faces of scores. Many of them leaned toward one another, as if to touch shoulders. They felt, for the first time, that they were members of a brotherhood more sacred and lasting than that of the Club, or than that of the mine they were all so

proud of, or than those indicated by the fraternity badges which some of them wore. And while the Highlander buried his face in his hands, there on his organ stool, awaiting the first hymn, he whispered: "O God, I thank thee for hallowing the Annie Laurie bell. When it summons us to the midnight shift, it will be as thy voice speaking. I thank thee for hallowing this hall. When we debate within its walls, it will be as if the Assembly debated at Westminster."

When the bell began tolling, and no minister appeared, an anxious look came over the company, as if the men had said, "But will there be a service after all?" A few of them had by this time come to know, moreover, through the night watchman, that no such person had arrived by the belated stage. The men sat, however, perfectly silent. As the triple stroke of the bell died away, the ticking of the clock seemed almost painfully loud.

Then Duncan McLeod entered the door, walked straight to the platform, and said, in his swift, inspiring way: "Shall we not bow our heads, all of us, in silent prayer; and then, on a signal, rise, and say together the Lord's

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Prayer? Let us use, in doing so, the word 'debtors.' "

Like one man the heads went down. The stillness was profound.

"Now!" said Duncan after a little; and, like one man again, the men stood, bent reverently forward, and offered together, as if with one voice, but thunderous from its volume, the most comprehensive of all prayers.

When the men were again seated, and the volunteer organist had been secured, Duncan stated that the company, through Mr. Hope, had now granted the free use of the hall for religious services, as it had all along done for other meetings. "In view of this fact," he added, "it seems proper, before we have done anything at this service but pray, that Mr. Hope should be heard from."

John Hope, who sat with Douglas Campbell half way down the hall, accordingly came forward, and, without ascending the platform, said:

"Will Mr. McLeod and this congregation let me speak from the floor, where I belong? For I count myself one of you in every sense. The only difference which I desire should mark

me is, that, as I hold the highest official position at the mine, so I should most serve it and you all.

“A chain of circumstances, still mysterious to me,” he continued, “but clear to God, has, to my amazement, made this service possible. It all came very suddenly. Only in the night of Tuesday was it decided upon. A very long telegram leaving here before daylight Wednesday morning, and all Wednesday devoted—by a warm friend of this mine residing in Denver—to carrying out its details, have alone made it possible that organ, books and fittings are here in perfect order for our use at this time. Only Mr. McLeod and I knew that there was to be a service, until the notice was posted yesterday morning. We then took into our confidence three of your number, Messrs. Campbell, McDuff and Sullivan. They at once volunteered to fit the racks, and to put the hall in order; and they have done their work with such silence and reserve that, as I think, what you found here this morning was a surprise to every one except the five persons I have mentioned. Am I not right in this supposition?”

"You are, sir," said George Wilkinson, president of the Miners' Club, rising in his place; "and, while I am on my feet, permit me to say, that I think I express the sentiment of every man present, when I thank those three men, as well as yourself, Mr. McLeod, the Annie Laurie Mining Company, and the unknown donor of these splendid appliances, for what has happened. It, I am sure, particularly touches our hearts, that three of our most esteemed men, holding no official position among us of any sort, were chosen by you to share your confidence, and to render service in preparing this beautiful surprise. This was entirely in keeping with that democratic and considerate spirit which never fails to mark the management of this mine. All who agree with what I have said will please rise," he added; and the whole company rose.

"Thank you, Mr. President and men of the Annie Laurie Mine, one and all," said John Hope, when all were seated again. "I have but two additional points, which will take only a moment.

"Mr. McLeod, as may not be known to you, entered the University of Edinburgh with the

purpose of becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland. While at the university, by extraordinary diligence in taking extra courses of study, he covered not only much scientific and general work, but also most of the ground usual in preparing students for the ministry. He was never licensed to preach, or ordained, because God made clear to him the duty of a different work. I have reason to believe that he turned to the alternate work not without deep regret. He has been very diffident about it, but I have insisted that he should act as minister on this occasion, leaving it for you to determine the course of procedure in the future."

The look of surprise, pride and joy that crept over the men's faces, as he said these words, John Hope will never forget. It constituted as loud a "call to the ministry," from the human side, as ever a man had. Duncan's head was buried in his hands, so he missed it.

"I see, from your lighted faces, that you approve," added John Hope; "but, as I said, arrangements for the time to come will be in your hands. One other point:

"This is the first great step toward realizing

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what has been my chief ambition for this mine. I want this mine to succeed. I want, if I can bring it about, that every faithful worker at this mine, from lowest to highest, shall share in its prosperity, over and beyond wages. But, most of all, I want this to be a Christian mine, belonging to the Lord Jesus Christ as truly as the boats of the fisher apostles belonged to him. Men, I am hoping that you will stand with me for all these ends.

"Mr. McLeod,"—and here John Hope turned toward the platform,—“by its unvoiced and unrecorded but unmistakable choice, as testified by shining faces, you are the minister of this congregation, subject to its continued approval; and, on its behalf, I hereby declare you to be such.”

“Amen!” “Amen!” “Amen!” rose from all sides of the house; and a fervent voice rang out the words: “And would God that every mining company in Colorado had such a president!” To this sentiment the “Amens” were equally as vociferous and unanimous as they had been to that about the minister.

John Hope returned to his seat by Douglas Campbell. Duncan McLeod rose, and said:

"I thank you, Mr. Hope and men of the mine. May God add his blessing! As we have begun with speaking to him, let us listen while he speaks to us. Shall we read, responsively, the Eighty-fourth Psalm?"

The place is found without much difficulty. A motion of Duncan's hand brings the audience to its feet. The words,—

"How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for
the courts of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the
living God,"—

and the rest, concluding with,—

"O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee,"—

are read with deepest feeling, and the men are seated again.

"Since Mr. McPherson has kindly volunteered for the organ," Duncan proceeds, "it has occurred to me that possibly the double quartet of the Miners' Club may be willing to come forward and lead our singing. They should have been consulted before the service, for they may have reasons why they would

prefer not to do so,—reasons that we should all respect. The circumstances have prevented such consultation. I therefore take the liberty of asking them in public, and will read a hymn while they think it over. If they are willing, it will be greatly appreciated; but they must feel entirely free to remain in their places.”

Duncan begins to read. Before he has finished the first line, eight burly men, book in hand, are on their way to the organ, where they form a double semicircle around Angus McPherson. So, with a “Thank you, gentlemen,” Duncan only reads the first stanza of the hymn, as follows :

“Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.”

Angus McPherson is a fine player. He improvises a moment, in the very spirit of devotion and of the hymn, while the men, who now hear their organ for the first time, note with delight its superb musical quality. Then he runs through the tune ; the audience rises ; the eight men seize the notes with great, swelling,

and yet rich and deeply musical voices; and the entire congregation joins. Not since the morning stars sang together has a hymn to God's praise ascended, until now, from an area more than a hundred miles square, along those mountain sides and over those mountain tops. To many of the men, too, it is the first time that they have ever joined in, and, in some cases, that they have ever heard, adequate Christian praise. The effect is like a miracle. Heads are thrown back, faces are transfigured, living is glorified.

Duncan, when all are seated, reads the Twenty-third Psalm, and the Beatitudes. "Let us pray," he adds, and every head goes down.

"O Lord," he pleads, "make us indeed 'to lie down.' We do not want to. We want always to be bustling about, and doing. We deem our clatter dearer to thee than the love and devotion of our hearts. Forgive us that it is so. May it cease altogether to be so. Make us poor in spirit, and so the kingdom ours. Make us meek, that we may inherit all best things. Make us pure in heart, that we may see God. Forgive us our sins, so many,

so dark; perhaps the darker, the better we seem, because much has been given unto such. Be with all whom we love,"—at this point his voice breaks for a moment, and sobbings are heard here and there through the house,—“be with all whom we love, over land and sea. Comfort the sorrowing. Succor the tempted. Strengthen the weak. Bring light out of darkness,”—here he stops for an instant. “Help us to do right. What counts far more, help us to be right. To our rightness—and even that is alone from thee—add thy rightness, even the precious and incomparable fruits of the Holy Spirit. Bless this mine. Make it truly to belong to Jesus Christ. Help Mr. Hope in the fight that cannot but come. May we be a wall of prayer and of fire round about him then. Above all, may we abide in the Lord Jesus, and he in us. In his name we humbly beseech all. Amen.”

The men have never heard such praying. Their faces, as they lift their heads, are as if they had seen a vision. “Let us sing,—

‘How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,’”

says Duncan, and that great consolatory hymn

risers heavenward like the voice of many waters.

"All who would like to do so, are invited to remain for three-quarters of an hour of Bible study at eleven forty-five," he announces. "Mr. Hope will lead our study. At seven thirty to-night there will be a meeting for song, conference and prayer. Also, at seven thirty Wednesday evening."

Though absorbed in the service, the men are more and more centering their attention on Duncan. No one saw him on Tuesday, but John Hope, and he only for a moment, three or four times, as he entered Duncan's room to do him some service. From Wednesday on, Duncan carried every duty, but avoided people, so that not a dozen of the men had seen him until he appeared in the hall Sunday morning. Others were at the fore early in the service, and Duncan, meantime, kept behind the desk all he could, his face in his hands much of the time. At the hymns, the men had their first chance to study his face. It was drawn, as with suffering. It was spare, as with fasting. It had a pallor; as if body were growing less, and spirit more. His whole

aspect emphasized this last. His voice kept its swift, inspirational quality, but it was gentle, tender, pleading, now. It had been kindly authoritative before, but seldom tender. A look, too, was in his face which was never there before, and which the men could not well make out.

"Didna ye mind," said Angus McPherson, after the service, "that something will have been laid upon Duncan, and that he will have borne it, as in atonement, into the Presence Chamber?"

Whatever it was, the men knew that they still had the same old, true, intrepid, inspiring Duncan as of yore, together with a new, and even mightier and more winsome Duncan, though in what respects they could not as yet divine. Their hearts, however, now went out to him as never before. They would have died for him. They bordered on worshiping him.

"I propose making you two short talks, this morning," says Duncan; "and, for the first, if I were taking a text, it would be the words in a part of James 5: 16: 'Confess your faults one to another.'

"You remember how things were when this mine began. We were gathering, from everywhere, the nucleus of our own force. Contractors were also here, some erecting buildings; others setting up machinery; others grading. You remember the great immorality. At that stage, on my advice, the management did not insist even on the suspension of Sunday labor. While it had the authority to do so, to exercise that authority would have been like speaking in an unknown tongue; and, by some, would have been deemed an unwarrantable invasion of private rights. Probably, too, God would be better pleased with those crews working than spending the day as they would have spent it if idle.

"But you recall the company's order the first week that we were by ourselves: That no labor should be performed at the works on Sunday, except the very little that was absolutely necessary; that the pay should be the same for six days as for seven; that the few men required for the necessary Sunday work should not do such work continuously, but alternately with others, either by weeks or by

months; and that every man working on Sunday, should have Saturday free in exchange. You remember, too, the memorandum that went with this order, to the effect, that the company desired to interfere with no man's conscience about Sabbath keeping; that it took no stand for ultra Sabbath observance; and that it simply requested, in view of the considerate course outlined in the order, and out of regard, also, for the religious significance of the day, that there be on Sunday a reasonable quiet on the lands of the company, and that games involving groups of people be omitted. To our surprise, in the then moral state of the camp, the men met us more than half way; and our quiet Sundays ever since have been to us an earnest of the vast moral possibilities of our force,—an earnest, I am glad to say, which has been steadily materializing in practical directions more and more. The management, I may add,—as a testimony to the wisdom of the Fourth Commandment,—believes, as a mere matter of pecuniary advantage, that it has been a great gainer by this course, not to speak of several higher considerations.

“So far, so good. The management felt, however, that the matter of religious services belonged with the men. What Mr. Hope has said this morning indicates his sense that autonomy should be yours as regards them. To-day’s and this week’s services are, indeed, called by a member of the management. The reason for this will appear in a moment. After this week, however, all will be in your hands. At the Wednesday night meeting—and it escaped me to say so in giving the notice of it—you will be asked your wish about religious services in the future; and, if you so desire, will have opportunity to appoint a provisional committee to act for you in such matters,—always, in that case, be it said, with the committee responsible to you, and to you only, except as it is responsible to God.

“But regarding religious services,—to be undertaken on the initiative of Christian men, among you and in the management (not, in the latter case, however, as managers, but as individual Christians),—I have steadily advised against holding them; and my opposition has been the cause why, except at funerals, there has never been, until to-day, a religious

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service at the Annie Laurie Mine. I may add, that the fact that I have been the cause, has been the reason why, as a concrete way of confessing what I deem to have been my grave error, I have myself announced to-day's and this week's services, instead of merely withdrawing my opposition, and leaving the initiative to those desirous of starting services.

"The grounds of my opposition were two: first, that, in the immoral conditions when we began, the effect of such services would be, almost inevitably, to draw lines among us, in the 'holier than thou' sense, though not with that intention; whereas we needed, the rather, to fraternize, grow together, and let light, by its own mysterious power, drive out darkness. I believe that this position was sound, both before the contractors left, and for a considerable time afterwards. But for a long period now,—nearly two years, I should say,—our men have maintained a moral tone so excellent, and have so well understood one another, that this position has had neither force nor applicability.

"The second ground of my opposition has been a certain passion for reality, for being

rather than seeming, for the kingdom within, as our Saviour said, rather than for the kingdom coming with observation. This principle, in itself, is, of course, correct. It had special applicability when there were here a large number of men prejudiced against religion. To live Christianity rather than to proclaim it, was, under such circumstances and for the time, as I think, the wise course. But that condition has long ceased.

“To have pressed on, then, in adhesion to this principle of silent witnessing for Christ, when the reason for silence no longer existed; and to have neglected its associated principle of public worship, of gospel proclamation, and of uniting and organizing for Christian fellowship, growth and service,—has been contrary to the Bible, to Christ’s precept and example, to common sense, and to the longings of the human heart. Think, for instance, of our joy this day! Think how, for nearly two years, there has been no sufficient reason why we should not have had the like joy week by week! Think of the men who, during this period, have died,—in each instance, by God’s mercy, such, indeed, in character, that their

faces were heavenward,—who went up into a fellowship of the skies, which they had never known through its counterpart on earth; and this for the sole reason that Duncan McLeod, who had studied for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, blocked the way ! ”

Duncan's voice had been tremulous for several sentences. Here he hid his face in his hands, and bowed it upon the desk. You could feel the convulsive shaking of his frame. Then, with a mighty effort, he commanded himself, dashed away the tears, and said :

“Men, I ask your forgiveness. Now that I have confessed this sin as publicly as it has been committed, and have forsaken it, I feel that God forgives it.”

Then the men knew why the legend on the backs of the books, and on the organ, read :

FROM A FRIEND—HUMBLY MAKING AMENDS.

X

PENTECOST AGAIN



TO study the faces of the men during the progress of this, the first general religious service at the Annie Laurie Mine, was wonderful. First, there had been the joy of religious fellowship and united worship, so long hungered for, though the hunger in many instances had not been realized as such. Next, there had come the glad surprise contained in the authentic announcement that they had among them, in effect, a minister amply prepared for his work, loved and admired by everybody, and a man after their own hearts. Thirdly, within the compass of two brief sentences, John Hope had laid the axe at the root of the industrial-economic situation, and of the religious situation as well; and this, not as theory, but as a

preliminary announcement of the definite betterment, materially at least, of every employee of the Annie Laurie Mine who should have proved himself a "faithful worker." To crown all, Duncan McLeod's lucid résumé of the religious history of the mine, and his clear statement of the principles which had wrought within that history, had been to the men little short of an apocalypse. At this point it was with them as when the hearers of Demosthenes were ready to cry, "Let us rise and go against Philip."

But when Duncan's voice grew low; when he confessed his sin against them, and against God; and when, amidst unmistakable signs of the deepest contrition, he craved their forgiveness,—lips quivered, tears streamed down faces, hearts were being searched by God's Spirit, and a crisis drew on. Well did Duncan meet it.

"We must be wise about our emotions, yours and mine," he said. "When God's Spirit takes hold on us we must show our reverence for his workings by being thorough. I read in your faces that you forgive me, and"—

“Amen!” “Amen!” “We do indeed, a thousand times over!” “God and Mr. McLeod forgive us, the rather!”—and like ejaculations here filled the house.

“I thank you all,” continued Duncan, silencing the men by a wave of his hand; “and I feel in my heart that God, too, forgives me, even as the Psalmist sublimely puts it,—

‘As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.’

But let us fix our thoughts, which have now become so tender, on a saying of Jesus, in the hope that the duty it makes plain may give our emotions worthy exercise, and so may, like a dynamo, at once conserve them, and turn them into power.”

Faces lifted and lighted as he spoke. Tears were dashed away. All were expectant.

“In Revelation 3:20, a part of the verse,” he said, “are these words of the Saviour: ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.’ Since we are friends here together, and for the sake of making my point clearer, let me bring you to these words out of personal experience.

"I have been a Christian from a child. Christ was to me, at first, he that saved me from the penalty of my sins, and, incidentally, though indispensably, from their power. The realization of this changed my life. I was grateful to him, and tried to do as he would wish.

"When a university student I came under the power of the Christliest life I ever knew. In that person's living, and, as I thought, in his teaching,—though I doubt that now,—I got a new doctrine of Christ. According to that doctrine, Christ, though divine, was the surpassingly manly, noble, heroic person, going about doing good. As such, though he did much besides, he was preeminently the Leader and Saviour of men. Thenceforth I gave myself to walking, so far as I might, in his steps, and to emulating his great life. To do, to serve, were, with me, everything.

"These two views of Christ, the one following upon the other, have ruled my life until very lately. One of these views is expiatory; the other is exemplary and inspirational. There is much Scripture for both of them, and large truth at bottom of both of them; though they

are both frequently misstated and misconceived.

“Within a short time God has laid hold on me in ways dark and strange. How, I shall not tell you. Even Mr. Hope does not know, and probably never will. The way God laid hold on me disclosed to me, besides yawning chasms of evil within myself, a yet larger truth about Christ, to which I had been strangely blind; and I thank him for rough usage, like clay on the blind man’s eyes, if only I may see Jesus, and not merely some things about Jesus, as heretofore. It is only just that I should add that Mr. Hope, by his faithful testimony, and gentle, Christly living, has been of the greatest help in bringing me to this changed view.

“Jesus, as I now apprehend him, is, indeed, a Saviour from the guilt and power of sin; not outwardly and formally, however, but vitally and by spiritual forces. He is also exemplary and inspirational, beyond any possibility of measuring. But these, it is growing clearer and clearer to me, are only some of the many things he does for us, though eminent among them; whereas the great and central

thing he does for us is the personal gift of himself.

“Of Christ as thus a personal and present and living Saviour, the New Testament is full. He did great things for men, but himself was far greater. And is there not the profoundest reason in this great reality?

“Perhaps your mother did everything for you; mine did for me. But were any or all of the things she did for you, for one moment to be compared with what she was to you? They were not, in my home.

“Which, too, is the greater, the gift, or the person back of the gift? Is not the gift bare, as Lowell says, without the giver?

“What, moreover, makes the world go, life go, things go? Forces, you say. Yes. But do you know any supreme force that is not more than a force, that is not personal?

“In your country, in the Civil War, there was a slouched hat at Winchester on a day, that was better than a whole army corps, because Sheridan was under it. In my country there would not have been any Bannockburn if there had not been a Bruce.

“Such is the New Testament thought of

Christ. Careful and troubled about many things is man ; but one thing is needful—to sit at his feet. Worlds of things he does for man ; the supreme thing he does, including and transcending all the others, is that he gives himself to man ; to you, to me, to every one.

“ And this is what the words in the Revelation tell us. He stands at the door and knocks. He wants to come in. If we open the door, he will enter, and will sup with us, and be an ever-present, familiar guest.

“ Now I could go through the floor, or the earth, for shame of it, but I have to confess that I never let him in, in any such sense as he means, until very recently. Being grateful and trying to do as he would wish is not letting him in. To do, to serve, are not letting him in. I did similar things for my mother ; had I stopped there I had not let her in. My mother and I had our trysts, the rather ; we dwelt in each other’s hearts, and always shall. Nor are the results of the contrary course satisfactory. You knew me before. You liked me, as I did you. But I was not simple, and Christlike, and tenderly loving. I let a notion of mine,

for example, keep you out of such a service as this that we are having here to-day, for nearly two years beyond the time when there was any good reason for doing so. Had Christ been let in, such a thing would have been impossible, even as it has been impossible since I let him in. I was doing a lot of things,—good enough things, too,—but I was keeping the latch-string inside.

“Men, will you do that? Do you not see him there, with the pierced hands, knocking, knocking? Will you bar the door to such a one?”

“This is all I have to say at this time, except to extend some invitations, namely:

“Between three and six, this afternoon, at your convenience,—and not all at one time, please,—in this room, Mr. Campbell will be glad to have any meet him, who have given their hearts to Jesus, and who are willing to unite, in some simple way, for Christian fellowship, growth and service.

“At four o’clock, at the company’s office, Mr. Hope will be glad to meet any, not Christians, who would like to become such.

“At five o’clock, in the assayers’ room, I

shall be glad to meet any, not Christians, nor particularly desirous to become such, who would like, nevertheless, man-fashion, to talk about the Christian life.

“ Shall we sing,—

‘ Behold, a stranger at the door ! ’ —

and, while still standing, be dismissed with a word of prayer ? It will then still lack several minutes of eleven forty-five, when Mr. Hope will lead the Bible study with those who care to stay. Will not such open the windows in order to change the air, and rest themselves by moving about a little, before Mr. Hope calls them to order ? ”

The singing, and Duncan’s three or four sentences of prayer in closing, were, if possible, more moving than anything that had gone before.

The windows were at once thrown up, and, very silently, the men, as Duncan had suggested, moved about by way of changing position ; but when, on the minute, the windows were closed, and John Hope came forward, not a man had left.

He asked them to find in their Bibles, at

John 1: 35-49, what he called "The Beginnings of the Gospel," and soon had the men freely reading verses, answering questions, and offering pointed suggestions and inquiries. He was a born teacher. It was his inheritance from that weaver-scholar, William Hope. Soon, just as he intended, the men were at the fore, and he in the background; but, with brilliant bits of word-painting now and then, and with skilful guidance of the discussion, he got in his work marvelously nevertheless.

"What, friends," John began by asking, "is the metal of the gospel? Should not the first strike show? Assayed, should it not afford sure indications? You are to be the assayers this morning."

Thereupon he drew out of them, how Andrew, John, Simon, probably James, Philip and Nathanael, were won: not by words, theories, programs, but by "Come and see," "Follow me"; and by that mighty loadstone which Jesus, on being so tested, proved himself to be. His seeing the rock in sand-like Simon, and the Israelite indeed in bitterly prejudiced Nathanael, came out in splendor.

"We infer, then," John summarized, "as

the gold of this assay of yours, that Jesus is the one person in the world who wholly sees the best in us; who sees it all the time; who is not blind to our faults (how, for example, he scored Simon, upon occasion!), but who takes lavish stock in our excellences; who, in short, is the discoverer of men."

You should have seen the men look at one another, and their faces kindle. "Just as Mr. McLeod did b' me!" cried Patrick Sullivan.

When, near the close, they had done with the fig-tree, and with Nathanael's prejudice and unbelief turned to enthusiastic faith by the fact that Jesus had seen him even in that crisis,—“Bigger and better buttons¹ yet,” John said; “Jesus present in every darkest hour; Jesus passing with us, undismayed, through our gloomiest doubt; Jesus the chief mourner at every funeral; Jesus proving himself the Friend in need; Jesus, on such authentication, the Son of God and King of life. May we not well, then, center our lives at him, well respond with all our souls to these his pri-

¹ The smaller or larger globules of gold or silver that test assays yield, are, in mining parlance, “buttons.”

mary and all-inclusive invitations, 'Come and see,' and 'Follow me'?"

Then, by a transition scarcely perceptible, he began talking with Jesus, in the most simple fashion, about himself and all there present, and about how they, too, each wanted to come, to see, to follow, to be discovered, to have a living, present Saviour,—words of sympathetic, winged, moving prayer.

"Can't he question?" "How he draws you out!" "Never saw the apostles alive before!" "What a teacher!" "May God answer that prayer in my life!"—and the like, were the ejaculations, when, at twelve-thirty, to the second, John Hope said, "Amen," and dismissed them. He had taken the men by storm. No one was more surprised and proud than Duncan. He wrung both of John's hands, and exclaimed: "Archibald Geikie never taught more effectively!"

Of the one hundred and seventy-seven men then on the works, Douglas Campbell's private list showed ninety-six Christians; but eleven of these were so conservative and reticent that he did not expect them to come to him. These men all came, however, and the eighty-five he

had counted on, and nine more who, they said, had unlatched the door because of Duncan McLeod's plea, and of John Hope's assay. Douglas spent some time with each of these nine. "Genuine cases," he reported to Duncan and John. Thus one hundred and five stood "willing to unite, in some simple way, for Christian fellowship, growth and service."

At four o'clock, twenty-nine, not Christians, but wanting to be, met John; and at five, seventeen, not Christians, nor much caring to be, met Duncan, "man-fashion, to talk about the Christian life." At the evening service, of John's twenty-nine, twenty-one; and of Duncan's seventeen, nine,—testified that they had come, seen, and would follow. These all gave their names to Douglas Campbell, who personally dealt with and approved each,—it took him until the midnight shift began to do it,—so that he had one hundred and thirty-five on the provisional roll of that Christian band which was to count for so much at the Annie Laurie Mine in the days to come.

The evening service was a Pentecost. On Wednesday night this was repeated. By this time eleven more were added to Douglas

Campbell's list, one hundred and forty-six in all, leaving but thirty-one persons at the mine not thus enrolled. It was voted to hold religious services regularly thenceforth, and a provisional committee, with power to make arrangements, was chosen, consisting of Messrs. Campbell, McDuff, Sullivan, McPherson, and—against his stout protest—McLeod. John Hope was also chosen, but declined to serve because he had frequently, for considerable intervals, to be in New York.

And better things than these were yet to be.

XI

BISHOP GREATHEART ORDAINS UNCANONICALLY



“PATRICK SULLIVAN, a communicant of the Church of Rome, chosen a member of the Provisional Committee of the ‘Union for Christian Fellowship, Growth and Service’ at the Annie Laurie Mine!”

Precisely, my friend; but possess your soul in patience long enough to learn how it came about.

On the Sunday of the first public service, and as soon as he had swallowed his dinner, Sullivan went to Duncan McLeod.

“I’m a Catholic,” said Sullivan.

“I would not have you otherwise,” rejoined Duncan.

"Nor I, ye," continued Sullivan. "Can I be o' the meetin'?"

"Yes, as I think," answered Duncan. "I know devout Catholics,—some of them are among my best friends,—who, upon occasion, meet with Protestants where prayer is offered, and for practical work; and I know Protestants who so meet with Catholics; in fact, I myself am one of them. That is just the situation here."

"I will do it," Sullivan went on. "Ye'll tell nobody, Mr. McLeod, but I knows a praste in Colorado,—and sure there's no better praste than he,—who is to that extint a Christian, that, as I'm a-thinkin', he'd give me the like advice himsilf. Leastways, I'll shtake me soul that he'll confess and absolve me. Will ye shake hands wid me on it, Mr. McLeod?"

"With the proviso, Patrick, that when I am among Catholics I may do, as nearly as I can, the same thing."

"Sure, sir. I niver set me eyes on so good a Catholic as ye, barrin' the mass; ye confessed and got absolution this very mornin',"—and they shook until, Sunday though it was, it became almost an athletic contest

which of them could squeeze until the other cried, "Enough!"

"God bless you, Patrick!" said Duncan; "you are my joy and crown."

"And, Mr. McLeod," answered Sullivan, "b' the Lord's grace, and the Holy Mother's, ye are me saviour," and, with his rough hand dashing away a tear, he made the sign of the cross, and was gone.

The nominating committee insisted on presenting his name for the provisional committee; it was received with applause; no "ayes" were so emphatic when the names were voted on separately; and Patrick Sullivan proved second in value to almost no member, either of the provisional committee, or of the Union for Christian Fellowship, Growth and Service that followed.

But he was rarely without his joke. "Would ye ha' thought it," he would exclaim, "that he that led the mutiny would ha' been created a cardinal? Me red hat I keeps under me bed though, lest, wearin' it, and some day forgettin', I misbeseem it, and so make light o' the Holy Father's app'intment."

Duncan was away the next Sunday. John

took the service. The third Sunday Duncan was back. There were water, bread and the cup on the table before the platform. Duncan spoke on the meanings of baptism and of the communion. He did this so simply, with such apt illustration, so tenderly, and in such a direct and practical way, that even mature Christians, like Douglas Campbell, said that the sacraments never meant so much to them before. The men got him to write out the substance of what he said, and had it printed as part of a manual which they soon issued for the use of their Union. "Why I administer these sacraments," Duncan said, "I will make clear on Wednesday evening." Then he put the water of baptism on the foreheads of forty-seven men. After that he invited all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ to commune, and one hundred and sixty-four did so. He broke the bread, poured the wine, blessed both, and gave them to the provisional committee, who, the cardinal included, distributed them to the congregation. Then Duncan served the provisional committee, and its son of Rome partook "in both kinds" for the first time. It was a day of heaven,

beyond even the first Sunday of their services.

Wednesday night Duncan made this speech:

"There are," he said, "many Protestant denominations; so many that we ought not to start another at the Annie Laurie Mine. Though so many, they are of but three types, Episcopal, ruled by bishops; Presbyterian, ruled by leading men, elders; and Congregational, ruled by the congregation. Politically speaking, monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, are, respectively, their key words. Forget not, however, that the true monarch is servant of all; and that aristocracy means the 'rule of the best.' Each type claims the authority of the New Testament; and rightly, for they all commingle there. The ultimate church will not be at some one of these three sides of the field, but at its center, utilizing to the full all of these divinely suggested forces in church life.

"Meantime, each man chooses his type. I, for example, choose the Presbyterian, with its elders and general assembly; and Mr. Sullivan—God bless him!—chooses the Episcopal, with its bishops, archbishops and supreme pontiff.

“Probably we could all come together with the least sacrifice of individual convictions, and most conveniently, in some Congregational way,—which, in some respects, is what we are doing. But that, if carried out fully, would cause men of all three types to become make-weights for one of them; would involve, in short, denominationalism, councils, and the rest,—conditions not conducive, as I am thinking, and as I know many of you think, to the straight, simple work we want to do here for Christ. Shall we not keep even nearer than that to the New Testament? Shall we not utilize all the forces it suggests: the congregation governing; the provisional and other committees, as if they were elders, governing; and your minister, whoever he may be, with a sort of bishop’s authority lodged in him, also governing, so long, that is to say, as, in wisdom and character, he shall deserve to do so?

“That was the way it looked to me; and, as time was precious, and as, also, what could be done was problematical, I went, on my own responsibility, to the Atlantic seaboard, partly, indeed, on business for the mine, but, to be

frank, mainly on Christ's business. Since I am Presbyterian, and our union is acting Congregationally, it seemed the fair thing to approach an eminent bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. That polity, it should be added, is much simpler in its workings in America than over sea, and also has within it, though not much developed, besides its conspicuous monarchical principle, the aristocratic and the democratic principles also.

"I sketched to the bishop our situation; also, my notion of church polity at the present time. It is that of many eminent Christian thinkers, and is likely to be accepted more and more. I told him that I was no Episcopalian, nor ever meant to be, in present conditions; though I added that I wished Episcopacy would so build out its undeveloped sides, that I, with all Protestants, might be included in it. I went so far, even, as to say that I believed any true Christian, on occasion, had, intrinsically, the right to administer the water of baptism and the bread and cup of the communion; but that, while so viewing the case, we of the Annie Laurie Mine were not anarchists in Christ's Church, but wished to

respect all suitable usages and precedents. I pointed out how the personal authority of Episcopacy, and its largely latent but mightily potential capacity on those two other sides of authority which I have mentioned, caused it, in certain respects, to be a partial asylum for us, as nothing else could be, in the peculiar conditions in which we found ourselves. 'In fact,' I said, for our talk was becoming solemn, and required enlivening, 'Bishop Greatheart, I desire, from you, admission to the Apostolic Succession.' The bishop smiled, said, 'Come at ten to-morrow morning,' and, as he bade me 'Good-afternoon,' brushed away a tear.

"The next day, when I went to him, he said: 'This is what I have prayed for, and longed for, many a year, but have not had the faith that I should live to see. Many are our faults and grievous; but, at least potentially, we have that which no other English-speaking Protestant body has for the varied needs of the flock of Christ. Oh, that we might build out, as you say! And oh, too, that the communions which you, in a way, represent, might see their needs, and our possibilities for meeting the needs! But to the point. What I am

about to do, you may tell anywhere, using my name freely; for, with your problem on hand, I should give a stone for bread if I refused you.' I shall not spread it much abroad, however, men of the Annie Laurie Mine, and I hope that you will not; for there are many ecclesiastical gunners loading and firing in these days. And, though I have told you how fearless that brave man was, I shall not even give his name, except that I shall call him, as I have begun to do with you, Bishop Greatheart. You might almost identify him by that appellation, such are his character and fame.

"'Duncan McLeod,' Dr. Greatheart continued, 'by what authority soever resides in me as a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, I do now,'—and he laid his hands on my head,—“in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, authorize you to administer the sacraments, to preach the Word, and to shepherd the flock scattered abroad on the mountains far away, not only those of granite and porphyry, but those of this world's schism and sin. Amen.' Thereupon, after a collect

or two, like an eagle that has broken from his cage, he soared away into the empyrean of free prayer, as St. Paul or St. John might have done. When he finished both of us were profoundly moved. I knew, then, that I was ordained. 'Mr. McLeod,' he said, 'you are in the Apostolic Succession, so as you prove worthy of it. I know you will. Christ's grace be with you! Good-bye.'

"So, men, not without some due regard to order and propriety, did the water, the bread and the cup leave my hands on our first sacramental day. As I stood thus, ministering in Christ's name, the vision came up before me, as if I were wafted far away, of Bishop Greatheart, standing on the steps of his house, and waving me adieu. A glory was in his face, and seemed an aureole about his head, as I have often at sunset seen it above the brow of the Mount of the Holy Cross. His words, too, tremulous with emotion, sounded still in my ears, 'You are in the Apostolic Succession, so as you prove worthy of it.'"

XII

FOR MORE THAN DIVIDENDS



HE remarkable religious life at the Annie Laurie Mine, which blossomed so suddenly into its summer after the crisis in Duncan McLeod's personal religious experience, would have been impossible except for the long and efficient subsoil processes which have been indicated in this history. Its summer, moreover, could not have arrived so swiftly, except for the mighty personal hold which certain very able men at the mine had long had on their fellows, and except for the virility and force and sagacity and zeal with which they bent their every energy toward results.

Large religious harvests follow much the same laws as large natural harvests. They can be had, or not, according to the tillage.

Try such living, such faith, such wisdom and such love as prevailed at the Annie Laurie Mine, anywhere, and see. Men are naturally religious. They want God. Give them a God, a real one, incarnate in great living all about them, and they will make him theirs too. Gold drives out inferior coinages. God supplants all else, and hallows all else, if only men give him the chance to do so, by bringing him, in warm flesh and blood and life, to men.

Furthermore, the large industrial-economic triumphs recorded in this chapter and the next, would never have been possible except from truly religious men. You cannot get the best results, even of a material sort, except through character, and through skill and energy sublimated by character, and through character itself lifted and glorified by a present and living Christ. Only when he is vitally present is the industrial-economic net adequately taut and ready to break with great fishes.

It now becomes our duty to glance at the more material side of the Annie Laurie life.

Said Duncan McLeod to John Hope, in his

enthusiastic way, when they were canvassing the question of entering mining together: "You will find men, in such an enterprise, at their worst and best: rough, adventurous characters; many of them hardened in sin; not greatly valuing human life; isolated, and long unused to the restraints of 'more civilized conditions'; but splendid stuff under the surface, like gold within the grim mountains; and virgin soil with which you can do anything."

The two friends had an inexpugnable faith in pure goodness, in "grit and grace," and flung themselves on the situation like Paton on the New Hebrides,—indeed, as we have seen, after a different method, but in the same spirit. They had, when this history encounters them, long been reaping. Liquor had gone from the camp nearly two years before; and, as has appeared, on the men's own initiative. The hard characters, with few exceptions, had become sturdy friends of law and order, and of religion, and their lives matched the friendship, which cannot always be said of such friends in "more civilized conditions."

Among results which had already been real-

ized, were several which should be specially mentioned.

The Annie Laurie Mine was in one of those Colorado counties that are big enough for a state. The county had but a few hundred inhabitants, living mainly in one corner of it. When John Hope sent in the mine's valuation to the county assessor, that functionary almost fainted. When he had recovered himself, he sent it back for correction. "Obvious error," was endorsed across the sheet. John Hope returned it, saying that it was exact, and that to deviate from it, in addition or diminution, would be to defraud either the mine or the county and state.

When the mine's valuation was added to the small other values of the county, the total was a large sum; the tax rate became thereby almost incredibly small; only a few dollars were assessed even on those ranchmen, cattlemen and storekeepers who were accounted well-to-do citizens; and a large check came from John Hope. One day he said to Duncan McLeod, in discussing the matter: "There are those who remove from cities to small country towns in order to avoid taxation. They

even go so far, at times, as to offer to pay the entire town expenses, if the assessors will let them alone. This offer they carry out in true Gradgrind fashion. We, on the contrary, have been strictly honest; we have paid a large, but only a just tax, our fair share; and with what result? The county is better looked after than ever; it has all the money it wants, and is prospering; we get no small share of the advantage of this, as, for example, in our fine road to the railway station; and, in addition, we are granted virtual autonomy. For, except in certain intrinsic county functions, like maintenance of highways, records of transfers of real estate, vital statistics, and probate matters, the county's gratitude to us is so great that it gives us self-government. Jamie McDuff is, indeed, a deputy sheriff, but he has never made an arrest. What have we not escaped, and what have we not gained, in being thus free from the average public officers politically appointed? It is Utopia, Duncan, in its possibilities!"

And he that tells the story, adds: O young men of America, those of you who long to make your lives count, why not get John

Hope's and Duncan McLeod's point of view? Why not acquire your Utopias, and realize them? So there went, in the late 'eighties, into a certain Rocky Mountain village, a young educator, to an institution with almost no assets, human or monetary, except a large debt and small credit. There he set himself to his task. Nothing could tempt him away. He declined offer after offer, far more flattering, of educational leadership in "more civilized conditions." To-day he has an institution, out of debt for a decade, admirably equipped, splendidly manned, and crowded with students, with a spirit and standards second to none in America, turning out men and women of a like type. He carved out his Utopia, for he could not have accomplished many things that he has accomplished, in a less flexible environment; and he is magnificently realizing its possibilities.

Go ye, O young men, and do likewise; and especially do likewise with the practical bent of our two friends of this history. Preaching and theorizing, the Philistines will laugh at. Before the shepherd boy, with holy purpose and a sure aim, some of them will fall.

The week after liquor went from the camp, by an almost inevitable economic law, the Annie Laurie Institution for Savings was organized. George Wilkinson, President of the Miners' Club, was made its president.

A word about George Wilkinson. He was a righteous, forceful, silent, disheartened miner. He saw Duncan McLeod, and the sight transformed him. He was never known to make but one speech, that already recorded, when public worship was begun at the mine. He read a paper sometimes, as we shall see. He was so reticent on religious subjects that even Douglas Campbell did not know where he stood, except that he always communed when Duncan McLeod gave the invitation. He had a head for business fit for Wall Street. He had an honesty and a power of self-effacement that would make Wall Street fitter. He never lost an hour in his miner's work; but he put his evenings into the Institution for Savings. He got two or three of the miners who were good accountants to assist him with the details. By special arrangement his and their miner's shifts were so adjusted that they had their evenings free for this work. In it he

exercised an insight and skill, both in organizing and conducting the institution and in making investments, which were already laying the foundations of modest competencies for some men of the mine, and which were helping all of them. He had this peculiarity also; he steadfastly refused to accept any compensation for his services, except pay by the hour, at the same rate as he earned in the levels. The men and he nearly came to blows about this. "Two thousand a year would be small pay for such service," their spokesman said. But George Wilkinson had his way notwithstanding. In a paper he once read before the Miners' Club, on an economic question, there occurred this sentence, which partly cleared up to the men the mystery of his course about his compensation: "God have mercy on the man with large gifts in industry or finance, whereby he might render high service to the human race, who prostitutes those gifts by impoverishing multitudes of men in pay therefor!"

The Institution for Savings had two departments. They were antithetical to two great departments of modern social life, the liquor

saloon and the pawnshop. It was a remark of George Wilkinson's worth recording, that "Instalment plans and chattel mortgages tend to be pawnshops under another name." By a unique by-law, it became the duty of the directors of the Institution for Savings to loan modest sums of money to persons in need at five per cent. interest, without security if their character justified, and with security only when there was a doubt. How many miners were tided over sicknesses and a hundred other exigencies thereby, without loss of self-respect and without pecuniary sacrifice, only the Judgment Day will reveal. "The well-to-do," said George Wilkinson, "can always borrow at reasonable rates; it is the poor whom the pawnshop and its congeners bleed." It was he, whose hate of that sort of thing amounted almost to a passion, that suggested and drafted the by-law creating this department.

The other department, that of savings and investment, was conducted as is usual in such institutions, except that expenses were only nominal, that each depositor reaped the advantage of this,—for the institution was

strictly mutual,—and that the returns in interest and dividends were almost phenomenal. What the saloon used to get, with all manner of extra costs, the Institution for Savings now got, to bless men and to help the economic world.

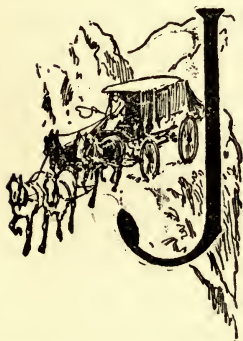
Of the reading room; the library; the evening school; the lecture courses; the instruction in mining engineering, freely given to large classes by Duncan McLeod, and by men he trained to assist him; the gymnasium; the swimming pool; the clean and bright local paper, without an advertisement in it, sustained partly by its sales, and partly by a small assessment on the men, which they voted and rejoiced in (“We would sustain the pulpit,” they said, “and our paper is one form of pulpit,—clean, moral, sparkling, uplifting”); and of the superbly managed cooperative store,—space suffices not to speak. It requires, however, to be added at this point, that the training of the men which these things afforded, but especially Duncan’s classes in mining engineering,—a training always associated with its application in daily work,—developed persons of such quality that Duncan

was repeatedly asked to name individuals from among them for responsible positions at other mines ; so that he and his men were becoming large forces in that general mining area. Such was a mine run for more than dividends.

But our two friends were far from satisfied with these achievements. They were not socialists. They believed in individualism ; but in individualism realizing itself fully, as it only can, by social development. Hence, as they shared in the direction and profits of the mine, they desired that, along principles of individualism, every humblest worker at the mine, who was faithful to it, should share likewise in its direction and profits. The entering wedge thereto, with some of its results, will appear in the next chapter.

XIII

PROFIT-SHARING AT THE ANNIE LAURIE



JOHN HOPE insisted on paying the men of the Annie Laurie Mine weekly, and on paying them weekly their entire wage, to a copper, without anything "held back on account." "It is a little more trouble," he said, "but the men have a right to the interest on their money, not we." In the pay envelopes, on the Saturday following the first Sunday of public worship, along with the money was a slip on which were printed these words :

"The management hopes that this company will presently admit all its faithful employees to a just share in the profits of its mine ; and, ultimately, to some real share in the mine's ownership and management. For the sake of experiment, pending the formulating of a plan for this, a certain sum has come into the control of the president, to be used for a few weeks as if the first item of the plan were already

in operation. The memorandum accompanying the cash in this envelope will indicate what part of the cash is wages, and what is a share of the profits."

The proportion, be it said, was ten per cent. of the estimated profits of the mine for the week, distributed to the entire pay roll, *pro rata* to each man's total earnings. Be it added, also, that the "certain sum" was personally contributed by John Hope and Duncan McLeod, and that no one besides themselves ever knew its source. Be it added, moreover, that George Wilkinson, who was like a wizard at figures, volunteered to apportion the bulk sum to each man, and did it with a zeal and accuracy that could not have been excelled. Be it added, once more, that such were John Hope's intelligence and perfection of management, that, at the middle of each week, the mine's net profits for the even week preceding were posted in a book prepared for the purpose, with a precision that, on its being tested through long periods, like a quarter or half year, surprised even himself. What came about, during the weeks that followed, was profit-sharing, with this qualification, that two men, who, however, owned nearly half the

mine, contributed the funds which the employees shared. This, moreover, was done as an experiment with a view to strict profit-sharing later.

An angel from heaven would not have been so effective as this slip in the pay envelopes on that Saturday. Hope had at length turned to sight. No faithful worker was longer a mere wage-earner. He was in the business. He shared its proceeds. He might accumulate beyond a pittance, and so provide for himself and for others. Furthermore, the mine was so profitable that the additional sum to each man for that week alone was surprisingly large. In the mail that departed from the Annie Laurie Mine on the following Monday morning there went seventeen letters asking wives to be ready to remove thither with their children upon the opening of the spring; eleven proposals of marriage from men who would not have asked the hand of the woman they loved for average mining conditions; and forty-nine letters containing remittances to persons dependent upon the writers.

Meantime Duncan McLeod began, as part of the program of the Wednesday night

meetings, a series of brief talks, pithy, full of illustration, and of the keenest interest, on practical duties, such as sincerity, industry, thrift, getting on in the world, social obligations, marriage, making a home, etc.

"B' the Holy Mother," cried Patrick Sullivan, after the first of these talks, as his eye ran down the winsome list of topics for the next few weeks, which Duncan had had printed on a neat card, "if Sullivan had heard talks like thim whin he was one and twenty, he'd ha' been a man!"

But the greatest change that came at the mine was in Duncan McLeod himself. It was everybody's talk. But for a chivalrous delicacy that, like the breath of a home, had begun to mark the men, Duncan would surely have overheard some of it. As it was, he was beautifully unconscious of it all, and of what had happened within himself, save as some words of his to his mother, about to be recorded, will indicate. John Hope did, indeed, one day, in his wise way, remark: "Duncan, you always reminded me of a Messianic psalm in this camp; but, since the services began, it has been more as if the Messiah himself had

come." Then John's lips quivered, and he turned away.

The services had begun the last Sunday in November. In a letter to his mother, written in the middle of February, Duncan said:

"My mother, my heart is broken. It seems as if it never would heal. In fact, I do not want it to. Something would be the matter with me if any but Kathleen could heal it.

"But, O my mother, the disclosures of God this sair hurt has brought me; the manifestation of Jesus Christ as a present Saviour of an infinite love; and the tenderness for everybody, even the vilest, that the twain have wrought in my heart,—I would have died a thousand deaths rather than to have missed.

"The Valley of Baea, my mother, is become a well."

Some glimpses of an evening at the Miners' Club, late in February, the night before John Hope started for New York to attend the meeting of the Annie Laurie stockholders, to be held March 1, will set forth how profit-sharing worked, and what the general tone of the mine had by this time become.

It was a special occasion. By an adjustment

in the mining work, it was possible for nearly every man to be present, and no one able to be there was absent. After some preliminary business, a paper by George Wilkinson was announced, with the statement that Mr. Hope would like to say a few words before the paper began. Mr. Hope rose in his place, but was called to the front, and, on coming forward, paused until the silence became almost oppressive. He then spoke as follows :

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I can hardly control myself to speak.” His chin twitched, his eyes filled, and only by the most resolute self-restraint did he, after a moment, command himself. Then he proceeded : “I will not dwell upon the religious side of the months since we began public worship here. The souls born into the kingdom, the Christian lives quickened, and the entirely new life that has become like a second nature to us now, cannot be suitably characterized. But when I think of the women and children that, perhaps before my return, will be reunited with husbands and fathers ; and when I think of the confidences that have been reposed in me by lovers who will shortly be slipping away to claim

their brides,—I am deeply moved. I am, as you know, a lone man, but I had a mother and father, and they were lovers until the father passed on,—yes, are lovers, I am sure, still. I thank God; and I thank the splendid bearing and temper of our men, which, so soon, will make possible a very considerable community of homes gathering around our plant. Pardon me, but I could not help referring to these matters. They mean better days yet for the Annie Laurie Mine.

“What I want specially to speak of is a somewhat fully matured plan which I am to lay before our stockholders next week, contemplating, out of the assets of the mine, a regular percentage, week by week, on its profits, to go to every approved worker from lowest to highest. This has been the case, experimentally, for a good many weeks, out of a fund in the president’s hands, but I desire it to become the established policy of this mine. Not only so, but, in some just way,—hard to be worked out, because it is an intricate subject, but which, if I can have my way, shall be worked out,—I am going to propose to the stockholders that the men of this mine shall

themselves presently have opportunity to own an appreciable part of it. That this plan be not one-sided, I am going, moreover, to suggest to the stockholders the appointment of one or more persons on their side, to confer with one or more persons on your side, in formulating the method. I suppose, since the shares are so few,—only one hundred,—and you are so many, that such ownership will have to be in bulk, the stock held, perhaps, by a board of trust on your part; but, whether in that way, or in some other, I want it to be a real ownership in this mine by the men who desire it. And, on the same principle, I want the men to be represented in the management, proportionally to their share of the ownership."

Prolonged and prodigious applause ensued, which John Hope silenced by a motion of his hand.

"Gentlemen," he proceeded, "I may not be able to effect these things; but I have some impressive facts to present to you, which you yourselves have brought about, and which will be the strongest possible argument to sustain my proposition. As you are perhaps aware, we have a system of accounting and estimat-

ing at this mine, so that, every Wednesday, we know, with an accuracy that is truly surprising, just what our profits were for the preceding even week. For the first full week after you began sharing in the profits, they increased four per cent.; the next week, seven per cent.; the next, nine. The fourth week was one of terrific cold. This so interferes, as you know, with our work, that, ordinarily, our profits would have dropped from ten to twenty-five per cent. below the notch they were at. On the contrary, they a little more than held their own. For the fifth week,—reckoning, as in all these instances, by comparison with the last week before the profit-sharing began,—which, by the way, was a very good week,—the increase became eleven per cent. From that time on, it has been steadily climbing, until, last week, our profits, with no appreciable change in conditions, but only in the spirit and efficiency of the men, were nineteen per cent. above that standard. In short, by your deepening interest and faithfulness, as the result of this experiment, you have more than earned the ten per cent. of profits which, week by week, have gone to you in your pay

envelopes. This, gentlemen, to say nothing of the righteousness in the case, demonstrates that the system pays for itself, which I have always contended that it would. For this superb result, men of the Annie Laurie Mine, I thank you with all my heart; and, God helping me, you shall have your reward."

Hereupon John Hope returned to his seat, but not for long. The applauding that began upon his last syllable went on until the men stood on their chairs, threw up their hats, and, as by a common impulse, rushed upon him, lifted him upon their shoulders, and, forming in procession, like college boys when they have won on gridiron or river, bore him around the hall, singing songs as they went, and cheering him to the echo. This he meekly bore, for he had a boy's heart, though he would gladly have prevented it, until, at a favorable moment, between the stanzas of a song, he leaped down, ran to the platform, and, in thunderous tones, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am astounded at such unparliamentary conduct! You will at once come to order." The laugh was then on them, the chairman assumed the gavel, and John Hope went back to his seat.

When George Wilkinson rose to read his paper, he prefaced it by these words: "Rarely have you heard a religious expression from my lips. What I want to say now, and especially after what we have just heard, is, that if heaven is more blessed than life at this mine has been since the profit-sharing began, I shall be afraid the blessedness will hurt us."

This speech—for, to the minds of the men, so many consecutive words not read from a paper, and proceeding from their president, seemed a speech—occasioned another tumult of applause.

"It is important, in considering the industrial-economic problem," George Wilkinson read from his manuscript, "to see the whole question, and not merely a part of it. Each side has a case. If each side would try to occupy the other's point of view, we should get on faster. We have often considered the side of the workingman, and of poverty. We have too often forgotten the side of the capitalist and of wealth. I am asking you briefly, to-night, to let me state the case on the side of capital and wealth. Answers to these positions will, in part, readily occur to us all; but

the point I am making is, that we tend to see our side, and not the other side. Will it not be best, on the contrary, to-night, for us to give our attention, not to answering these points, and making out a counter case, but to understanding and appreciating the points themselves? Consider, too, the means, the standing and the power, classifying as capitalist power, which belong to our president, to the stockholders in this mine, and to our head assayer. And yet consider that these persons are trying, nevertheless, to see our side of the question, and to meet it in the magnificent way in which they are meeting it. Is not the class which, however little they may sympathize with it, they, in a sense, represent, and are not they themselves, entitled to the treatment which I now propose?"

Here the entire audience applauded, not, indeed, in the nature of the case, with the abandon of the earlier demonstrations, but with a hearty good-will, and the applause was much prolonged.

"Thank you," said George Wilkinson; "and may I now ask your attention to the following ten points, which I venture to name—

“‘THE CASE ON THE SIDE OF WEALTH’?

“First.—Poverty is, in many instances, and to no small extent, the fault of the poor. Many of them drink. They have other vices. Or they are indolent, unenterprising, bad managers. Unthrift and poverty are next of kin.

“Second.—Poverty’s case is made worse by bad advisers. Instead of counsel looking to obviating it from within, by courage, industry, thrift and enterprise, all sorts of nostrums are offered for outward application. Particularly, in labor organizations, which have many excellences, there is, nevertheless, much cheap demagogism, and, in frequent instances, an absence of reason, of good judgment and even of common justice. In America this is far oftener the case than in Great Britain.

“Third.—Poverty has its advantages. If it occasions anxiety, so do riches. The rich man would often be glad to exchange his for that of the workingman. Poverty, also, is a great spur to endeavor. Most persons of wealth came up from poverty, either directly, or within two or three generations; and its pressure was largely the goad that occasioned

their escape. The struggles of poverty, moreover, induce strength, endurance, a valiant temper, and other highly serviceable traits.

“Fourth.—Wealth develops the country, undertakes large enterprises, organizes industry, and affords it employment. It is a public benefactor, even were it never benevolent.

“Fifth.—Wealth, in its very nature, requires wealth. The conditions which it involves necessitate vastly heavier expenditures than the conditions of labor necessitate. For this reason, wealthy men are often under as great pecuniary pressure, relatively speaking, as the person who knows not whence his next meal will come. Living, too, as its possessors feel themselves obliged to live, the plain conditions of many workingmen's lives would be injurious or fatal to them, and to those dependent on them. The great brain power, moreover, required in organizing industry, and in carrying on large enterprises, deserves large compensation. Such compensation is, though often extravagantly, the wage rate for it, as comparatively small pay is for the laborer.

“Sixth.—Wealth gives. It gives unceas-

ingly. The sum total of its benevolences, if that total could ever be ascertained, would be almost incredibly large.

“Seventh.—The ‘unearned increment,’ so called, in the value of real estate and other properties, has, closely paralleling it, an ‘undivided decrement.’ Values shrink from innumerable causes, and incessantly; there are losses, failures and disasters, all the harder to bear because of previous affluence. Any theory of profit-sharing, or of joint ownership with labor, must carefully take into account the ‘undivided decrement,’ and provide for it. It is this matter of the ‘undivided decrement’ that introduces almost the most perplexing element into any application of the theory of profit-sharing.

“Eighth.—In very many instances,—if not a majority, certainly a large minority,—employers would be glad to pay higher wages, and otherwise to do for their employees; but they cannot, because of the stress of competition, because of the arbitrary requirements of combinations of wealth, and, also, not infrequently, because of the arbitrariness of labor organizations. Such employers, speaking in

the large, are, very generally, doing the best they can, and deplore the fact that they cannot do better. One of them, for example, who was undergoing Herculean toils to keep a large factory from shutting down, and who was doing so, in the then circumstances, at a slight loss, and almost exclusively with the motive of preventing his employees from having nothing to do,—said on a certain occasion: ‘I would far rather take a dinner-pail, and go to the mill for my day’s work, than carry what I shall carry to-day.’ Because there are many shocking instances of the precise opposite, we should not be blinded to the fact that there are multitudes whose theory and practice are the best that conditions will permit.

“Ninth.—The hearts of many of the well-to-do, and even of the very rich, are right on this problem. They brood over the situation as painfully, often, as do wage-earners. This fact is very largely overlooked when motives are estimated, and harsh judgments passed.

“Tenth.—It follows, as a corollary,” George Wilkinson concluded, “that the way out is not in the opposition of class to class, of capital to labor, of wealth to poverty; but in their

getting together ; in their understanding one another ; in a large forbearance one toward another ; and in those profoundly rational principles of brotherhood and of cooperation, which shall not restrict individualism, initiative, the right of holding property, enterprise, ambition, and so forth ; but which shall conform the operation of these capacities, with love for others, with zeal for the common good, and with those large and comprehensive interests of mankind in which every individual's interests are inseparably bound up."

Applause ensued as George Wilkinson took his seat. It was of a quiet but sincere sort, and continued for a considerable time. A number of the members, in remarking upon the paper, emphasized its stronger points. A motion of thanks for it was carried by a unanimous rising vote, and the meeting adjourned. Before the men dispersed, they formed in line, and shook hands good-bye with the president of the mine, the handshaking being accompanied by many touching words of personal appreciation and gratitude.

Such was the spirit prevalent and regnant at the Annie Laurie Mine, when John Hope,

gladder than he had ever been in his life before, mounted the stage at three o'clock on the following morning, and, under the stars, rode down the valley, entered the cañon, and thence pressed on his way, in the tender breaking of the morning light, for the railway station, seventy miles distant, whence he was to take, at six o'clock the next evening, the transcontinental mail for New York, where he hoped to see the dream of his life begin to take lasting shape by a solid vote of his stockholders.

XIV

BONAPARTE SHARP, CAPTAIN OF FINANCE



R. B O N A P A R T E SHARP lived on Murray Hill. He had a large estate at Newport. His lodge in the Adirondacks was the admiration of his set. It was pronounced "truly baronial." On a height along the middle Hudson stood "The Retreat"; his "little place," he would remark, "to run to for a day, when you are tired and want to be alone." Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was never tired, never wanted to be alone, and rarely gave himself a day off from his captaincy of finance; so that the words, "when *you* are tired," and so forth, in this characterization, were more accurate than he intended. As it was but a "little place," he had economized, and had put only three-quarters of a million into it.

It was admitted that Mr. Nicholas Stone's

yacht was fifty feet longer than his, and that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more had been spent on it; but Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's set regarded its magnificence as coarse, if not vulgar, and was entirely certain that Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's yacht, for perfection of design, ease at sea, speed, richness and elegance in every appointment, quiet, well-bred luxury, chef, table, and brands of drinkables, was the one yacht worth speaking of in New York waters. It was, it should be added, like Mr. Nicholas Stone's, a "yacht" only by courtesy, being in point of fact a sea-going steamship of considerable size, which Mr. Bonaparte Sharp would have enjoyed himself, if he could ever get away from business, but which was always at the service of his friends, cruising now toward Labrador in summer, to the Bahamas or the Mediterranean ports in winter, and performing countless lesser journeys, like a run to Old Point Comfort and up the Potomac to Mount Vernon, or around Cape Ann to the Isles of Shoals, or setting down some nervous invalid at Fayal.

To be exact, there were voyagers on this

yacht, some of whom took the longest and most charming cruises, who failed to look back on the experience with unqualified satisfaction. Something would happen while they were absent, in stocks, or in real estate, or in some comprehensive corporation chartered under the laws of the State of New Jersey, which would cause them to stay at home the rest of their lives. "We must always," Mr. Bonaparte Sharp would say to his confidential man, "see to it that the yacht pays its way." With rare exceptions, whatever Mr. Bonaparte Sharp said must be done was done; and, as a consequence, painful though it is to record, as time went on, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's yacht was not considered a whit less elegant, nor its cuisine less to be desired, but it grew more and more difficult to make up cruising parties for it.

Besides the four residences already mentioned, and this his floating palace, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp had intended a domicil in the Rocky Mountains. True, he could never spare the time to go there; but an architect and expert in landscape, of really extraordinary talent, but bankrupt and helpless pecuniarily,—

to whom, as one of his "bargains," he paid a pittance for being always at his beck and call, and whom he had sent to exploit those highlands of America,—assured him that certain eyries near Colorado Springs were exactly his location; and he had already gone so far as to have this gifted servant of his invite a conference of several foremost New York architects about designs and probable cost. "I intend," said Mr. Bonaparte Sharp to them, "that no private establishment between the Alleghanies and the Pacific coast shall equal it for extent, startling and yet tasteful effect, and richness and magnificence of appointment. I shall, myself, rarely, if ever, occupy it; but I have purposes in that area, and it is important there, as everywhere else, to make an impression." "We'll figure to get the money back," he added to his confidential man.

Now it chanced that there was in Colorado a captain of finance of another feather. He got wind of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's design, and, somehow, it became impossible for Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's representatives to acquire any of the desired freeholds. It was like the Connecticut story, much tasted in its day,

tradition assures us, concerning an old-time minister of East Hartford. A certain great man from one of the Hartford churches began to attend the East Hartford ministrations. He always remained after service to thank the minister for his sermon, and, incidentally, to complain that he never got "fed" on the west side of the river. Presently he interviewed the minister about transferring his church membership, and, of course, his benefactions, to East Hartford. The minister listened with rapt attention to the tale, which was very long and affecting, and the great man supposed he was getting on famously, when, suddenly, the minister closed the interview with the following unexampled words: "It is very kind of you, Brother ——, I am sure, to be drawn toward us of East Hartford, in our humble place, and with our small ministerial gifts; but, to tell the truth, Brother ——, the church in East Hartford is *full*."

When, however, some years later, the Colorado captain of finance before mentioned had disposed of a very large corporate property which he had built up by just methods and great energy, foresight and sagacity; and

when, after the sale, he divided a million of the proceeds among the men who had helped him to make the enterprise a success,—Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was furious. “Great luck,” he said, “that kept me out of Colorado! Such neighbors would drive me wild. They are pulling down the whole fabric of modern society over our heads!”

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp rented the costliest pew in a fashionable New York church. When its minister preached straight, which he generally did, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp slept. But that minister had imagination, genius, and the mystic power of eloquence, and there would always be five minutes, somewhere in the sermon, when Mr. Bonaparte Sharp would wake up, rub his hands, and get ready to say, when going out, “Our minister can preach all around any man in Greater New York.” There came a crisis, as was inevitable, between Mr. Bonaparte Sharp and that minister, in which Mr. Bonaparte Sharp undertook, as he expressed it, to “discharge” him. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp’s grievance was “heresy”; not, however, let any one imagine, the plain, ordinary brand, but “economic heresy.” The up-

shot of this attempt was, that Mr. Bonaparte Sharp himself came very near being "discharged." Then, for several months, he undertook, at a number of other fashionable churches, the East Hartford scheme, with precisely the same result, except that it lacked the element of humor. After these various attempts, he re-leased his old costliest pew, lengthened his naps, and felicitated himself that, "For pure and downright pulpit eloquence, though I often find myself disagreeing with it, our church has cornered the entire preaching market."

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's favorite Scripture character was Jacob. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, however, never read farther in the patriarch's biography than the stock-raising period. "Jacob is my ideal," he would say, with reassuring frankness; "everything against him; got there notwithstanding; contracted with Laban; kept contract to the letter; courts could n't interfere; fixed it, though; got the sheep. A little 'near'? Of course; had a right to be; man with business in him's got a right to realize. Good thing for Laban, too; never prospered so much as after Jacob came.

The leavings of a man that has business in him are better than the entire assets of a man that has n't. So, too, some of my specialties have, perhaps, squeezed; hard lines for some folks; but the goods were never put on the market so cheap; the general public dividends, anyhow."

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp acquired Annie Laurie stock through Peter Wainwright, a millionaire college classmate of John Hope, who was engaged to marry Miss Eugenie, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's daughter. A multi-millionaire appeared; Mr. Bonaparte Sharp commanded Miss Eugenie to break the engagement; and the multi-millionaire was the second of the two central figures at the great wedding, at the "truly baronial" lodge in the Adirondacks, which, candor compels us to state, had been largely arranged for while it had been still expected that Peter Wainwright would have said the responses along with Miss Eugenie.

The great wedding filled the papers for a fortnight. It was the social event of the summer. A few days before it came off, a special steamer up the Hudson and a special train into the woods took to the "truly baronial" lodge

a small army of newspaper artists and correspondents. "Nothing like making an impression," said Mr. Bonaparte Sharp to his confidential man; "the money will all come back." What the bride-to-be did, and did not do; how she spent her time, morning, afternoon and evening; her toilet on all of these occasions; whether she looked pleased, abstracted, or anxious; her exact remarks to her footman on her drives, and to her waiting-maid in her walks; all this, with much besides,—not without a certain delicacy, either, be it said to the credit of artists and correspondents; for poor Miss Eugenie was a sweet girl, who deserved to have had a different father, and to have married the man she loved, and whose look in those tragic days was mainly "abstracted," and, to be entirely truthful, very sad,—all this, with much besides, was photographed, crayoned, polychromed, scare-head-lined, double-leaded, editorial-noted, editorial-leadered, four-columned, four-paged, and Sunday-editioned, to the satisfaction, if possible, even of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

Since he enjoyed print so much, this modest history would be derelict to duty if it did not

set down faithfully a few additional points of his "highly instructive" (so a biographical dictionary man characterized it to him, as he took copious notes)—obituary?—far otherwise!—biography, having, alas! according to all appearances, yet many years to run.

There was a man—Smith, let us call him—in a certain section of this great country which we also call free. He had built up a large and prosperous business by industry, thrift, enterprise, square dealing, paying the best wages possible, treating his employees considerately, and serving his thousands of patrons well. One of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's specialties entered his section. It got small foothold because its methods were diametrically opposite to those the section had been used to. About this time Smith received from several mysterious sources proposal after proposal to sell out. Smith said, No: he had put a lifetime into the business; it was remunerative; it benefited the public; he was proud of it; he wanted to leave it to his children.

"But why not leave them the money?" he would be asked.

“Money?” Smith would scornfully answer; “what is money, compared with an occupation that you like, that you are fitted for, that you can serve the community by, that you are prosperous in, that you are proud of, and that you expect your sons to inherit?”

Smith, as the reader will have perceived, was the kind of person that looks straight into the barrel of a hold-up’s revolver, withholds his purse, expostulates, and, if necessary, grapples with him. A considerable number of such men, widely distributed, would make the hold-up business unpopular. He did not know that it was different with the Bonaparte Sharp specialties.

They cut the price in two.

He met the cut, and corresponded, and visited New York, in expostulation.

They cut the price in two again.

So did he.

When he had little left, he offered to sell.

They laughed at him.

He is a poor man now; lives in a small tenement; earns monthly wages by clerking in the only line he knows; bears his successive reductions of wages with the best grace he

can command; is apprehensive of losing his job; fears the poor-farm.

"I know a railroad, near the Atlantic seaboard," he once said, "that has the shortest route between two great cities, and that was built largely by poor people, with expectations which the geography justified. The circuitous lines already constructed, however, discriminated against it, impoverished it, themselves consolidated, had therefore completer power, starved it out, and then bought it for a song. I knew they would do that sort of thing to a railroad; I did n't suppose they would do it to a man."

While Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was rehearsing to himself his favorite theorem, that "the leavings of a man that has business in him are better than the entire assets of a man that has n't," and was boasting that the section he had invaded bought his goods ten per cent. cheaper than it ever bought the corresponding goods before,—he cut his pay-roll in that section, first fifteen per cent., then twenty-five, and eventually fifty; paid less than one-fourth the taxes that were paid by the man whom he had ruined; loaned money (never on

security less than twice the face of his loan, and "gilt-edged") to fight every just strike that occurred in that section; and, speaking generally, was a malign and pestilent influence in a part of the United States that, before his advent, had had an enviable industrial-economic record. These were his "leavings." This was the manner in which, to use his characteristic expression, "the general public dividends, anyhow."

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp never cornered. He was too knowing. There were few great corners in his time, however, that he did not indirectly, if not directly, instigate, and that he did not largely profit by. "I have the stuff," he would say within his set; "I put it up; risky business; big interest; see?" Mr. Bonaparte Sharp never risked twenty-five cents, however, in any of them. He merely used "risky" to crowd up his interest charges, and only loaned where he could not possibly lose.

Item the last: When the big —— strike was on, a just one, with public sentiment behind it; and when the recommendations of the mutually acceptable arbitration commit-

tee, in the strikers' favor, were about to be acceded to, it was Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's secret threat so to work the stock-market as to ruin the concerns involved, in case they granted the recommendations, which caused that sudden and mysterious suspension of negotiations, and occasioned those painful and resultless months of the strike's continuance, which had no satisfactory outcome for anybody.

"Sharp, why did you do it?" asked one of his set. "Strike was just; people were with it; concerns might just as well have acceded as not; 't would have done them good, like trimming an apple-tree; besides, their product did not affect your specialties in the least."

"I did it on principle," Mr. Bonaparte Sharp angrily retorted. "That sort of course, though it was no direct concern of mine, would have been one way of helping to pull down the whole fabric of modern society over our heads."

But Mr. Bonaparte Sharp gave. When he had schemed in a million, by effecting some consolidation, by stock watering, by adding to the price of this or that staple and indispensable

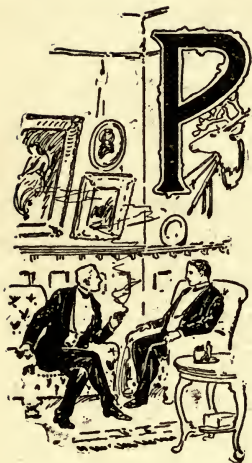
commodity, or by some similar stroke of economic "sagacity,"—he would donate ten thousand to a hospital. When it was three million, and a transaction liable to be sharply criticized, he would put fifty thousand into a new town hall for his native village in Maine. Ten million "absorbed" sometimes meant a hundred thousand for one or two technical schools. All this attracted attention. It operated like what the old Hebrew patriots plainly called a gift to blind the ruler's eyes. For only that side of his life, by reason of his benefactions, caught the public gaze. His donations occasioned his being interviewed, written up, depicted in the magazines; and, by degrees, caused him to think himself, as other people thought him, a benefactor of the human race.

Such was Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, a conspicuous and typical product of civilization and of religion down to date. To render possible such as he, martyrs had bled; patriots had fallen on crimson fields the names of which are the synonyms of liberty; and the whole heroic and much-suffering army of discoverers, explorers, pioneers, inventors, educators, artists, statesmen, poets and seers,—not to speak

of the other measurelessly larger and equally heroic and much-suffering army, that of the plain toilers of all times,—had endured and died.

XV

HIS BLANK WALL



PETER WAINWRIGHT did not marry Miss Eugenie Sharp, but Mr. Bonaparte Sharp got his thirty shares of the Annie Laurie stock. Peter deemed it a mere incident, not thought of by his prospective father-in-law twice. Peter did not know his man. Mr. Bonaparte

Sharp never did business that way. Before he invested, he looked up John Hope, and learned of his electrical invention, and the sale of its patent. So far from thinking that any wrong had been done to John in the transaction, he thought that the electrical company had been very liberal with him, and that the boy John's getting ten thousand

dollars from it betokened business precocity. He searched out, too, his academy and college record, and his notable business career since. "There," he said, "is a young man among a thousand; the sort of young blood that I must absorb." "Absorb" was one of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's talismanic words.

He also looked up Duncan McLeod, in Scotland, Australia, South Africa and Colorado. He was equally pleased with Duncan. "If I can yoke in those two young fellows," he said, as if he had discovered the Kohinur diamond,—"John Hope for combines, and Duncan McLeod for mining,—I'll 'do' the Rocky Mountains. Good thing for the young men, too; give them twenty-five thousand a year; make three hundred millions before we're through."

When the Annie Laurie Mine got well running, and large dividends were coming in, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp had John Hope to dinner. Mrs. Eugenie, his daughter, chanced to be visiting at home. Beside her sat a little, sad-eyed, but beautiful girl of perhaps three years. John and the mother looked across the table full into each other's eyes once, and were loth to do so again. It was too painful for them

both. For John was Peter Wainwright's college chum, who knew his heart's history; and Mrs. Eugenie had another patronymic than Peter's, and a wound that never would heal.

After dinner, in his den, while he blew circles of cigar smoke up toward the ceiling, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp said :

"Now I want you, Mr. Hope, to put in some good, cheap man in Mr. McLeod's place, and send Mr. McLeod out in search of choice mining locations. He'll find them, as a witch-hazel stick finds water. Be very particular to have him keep shady; instruct him to get options where necessary; but make it, as far as possible, a still hunt. Meantime, I want you to put in some good, cheap man in your place to look after details, especially those at the mine; and I want you to spend the bulk of your time in New York, and to exploit the whole subject of Colorado mining among certain men, a list of whom I can give you, and also among others, whom this acquaintance will bring you to know. A still hunt, as I said, in all this, too. When we are ready to spring our plan, I can easily find a hundred millions, or two hundred if necessary, or what-

ever amount we may need ; we can corral all the desirable mining locations not already spoken for ; and, managing right, we can hold the balance of power as regards the precious metals in all that country.

“ And now, a point I want you specially to think of. I’ll give you both large salaries. I’m not so young as I was once. If you and Mr. McLeod pan out, as I think you will, I’ll do very handsomely by you, and increasingly so, from year to year ; and I’ll do even better things as I begin to let go.”

All this was, if possible, a harder thing for John Hope than the look into Mrs. Eugenie’s eyes. That was a tragedy already in its fifth act ; here were countless tragedies beginning to be plotted.

But not a muscle of John Hope’s face changed. He sat serenely calm. He was too wise to reveal his thought. After a moment’s silence, fixing his eyes steadily on Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, and thanking him for his generous thought for himself and his friend, he began a detailed, admirably illustrated and intensely interesting argument, which, by slow degrees, brought out the point conclusively,

that the mine could not, at present, without heavy sacrifice, dispense either with Duncan McLeod's constant presence, or with his own for much of the time.

This persuasion of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp did not last over night. A heated interview occurred the next day. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp assailed, and largely overthrew, to his own mind, John Hope's objections, and maintained that the one sensible thing for him and Duncan McLeod to do, was to fall immediately in with his plan, and begin, what seemed to Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, the very small contract of corraling, by the use of from one to two hundred millions, all the choice obtainable gold and silver properties in Colorado; of erecting them into a vast mining combination; of themselves becoming the chief magnates therein, on huge salaries, with Mr. Bonaparte Sharp the power behind the throne, and with these two young men the persons who might hope eventually to be the continuators of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's mighty captaincy of finance, not only in this new field, but in many another. "I tell you," he concluded, rubbing his hands, "follow me, and you'll absorb a

billion betwixt you before you're my age. Steel ain't in it, mark my word."

John Hope never appeared to better advantage. He was reserved, gentle, modest, and indicated, so far as he sincerely could, his appreciation, on his own and on his friend's behalf, of the flattering proposition. He planted himself, however, inflexibly upon the difficulties in the case, including the smallness of the areas of mineral land that could, under mining laws, be acquired, although admitting that these might be indefinitely multiplied under successive claims; and, with singular clearness, comprehensiveness of knowledge and point of view, and depth of insight, demonstrated the disadvantages of a vast combination for such work. When, however, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, almost maddened by the very force of John's reasoning, still insisted, and assumed a threatening attitude, John drew himself calmly up, gazed unflinchingly into his eyes, and courteously but flatly refused to be a party to any such proposition.

It was two days later that the meeting of stockholders was held, after the explosion at the Annie Laurie Mine, when the last ten

shares of its stock were voted Duncan McLeod for services rendered.

While this proposal was under debate, John Hope was subjected to a speech that tried him more, perhaps, than any words he had ever heard in his life.

"I am," Mr. Bonaparte Sharp said, "in favor of the proposition of voting these shares to Mr. McLeod. But I am in favor of it for altogether different reasons from those which seem to actuate you gentlemen. I am not in favor of concessions of this sort to employees, or of coddling, in any manner, the employed class. It is only beginning to pull down the whole fabric of modern society over our heads. Nevertheless, I think these shares should be voted purely as a matter of business good sense. I believe that something of this sort must be done or we shall lose Mr. McLeod. Advices which I have received from Cripple Creek indicate that Mr. John Hays Hammond, the South African expert, who knew Mr. McLeod there, has advised one of the heaviest mines at Cripple Creek to employ him on a very large salary. If the proposition is made in that shape to Mr. McLeod, we

shall surely lose him, and, for the sake of retaining him, I believe that we are putting money into our pockets by giving him these shares, and in this way binding him to us.

“Permit me to add, Mr. Chairman, my judgment, that if we should lose Mr. McLeod we should lose almost the whole thing. I cannot figure it any other way than that our president is of little more value to us than an errand boy. I had great hopes of him for enlarging our business in many respects: but he stoutly refuses to entertain certain most advantageous suggestions, looking in this direction, which I have offered him; and, as I have pondered the whole subject, I am inclined to think him hardly more than a supernumerary. The president of a mine such as ours, of the record of the gentleman in the chair, who can let the local interests of the business so engross his mind that he cannot see its larger bearings is fast bordering on degeneration.

“Mr. Chairman, as a means of retaining our only highly valuable man, whom we are in danger of losing, I hope the motion will pass, and believe that, by its passing, we shall—though in itself it is an absurdly generous act,

and very bad as a precedent—put money into our own pockets.”

John Hope, who was in the chair, listened to this insulting speech without changing color, or altering the position of a line in his face. He immediately put the motion. It was unanimously carried. In fact, he so bore himself that Mr. Bonaparte Sharp deemed that his judgment that John Hope was beginning to degenerate, had received substantial confirmation. In mentioning the incident later to his confidential man, he said: “A man on whom a studied insult falls without effect is either a fool or a knave. Hope never could be a knave; but I believe he is fast going to pieces mentally.”

As bearing on future developments of this history, it should here be added, that, when, on returning to Colorado, John Hope told Duncan McLeod of the suggested Cripple Creek offer,—which was strictly true, and which, though its compensation was enormous, Duncan had instantly declined, in favor of his Annie Laurie work, and, characteristically, had never told anybody of it,—Duncan looked John straight in the eye, and said: “Might

not a stenographer's notes have misled Mr. Sharp? Should not the name have been, Dunbar McLean? He had a great metallurgist's record at Johannesburg in my time, and was anxious to go to America." This statement of a fact completely threw John off the scent. "I shudder to think, however, of having mentioned Dunbar McLean," Duncan at once thought, but did not say; "I would as soon have the bubonic plague appear in any Rocky Mountain mining camp as Dunbar McLean."

The singular interpretation of John Hope's self-command, above recorded, doubtless had much to do with bringing about, after that meeting of the stockholders, a comparatively unstrained relation between him and his antagonist. In fact, when, several months later, John reached New York for the March meeting, and the two met, no one would have dreamed that their relations had ever been otherwise than satisfactory. It facilitated this outward good-will that a winter of extraordinary prosperity had marked the mine, and that Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was in particularly good spirits over the results.

When the stockholders met, a large amount of routine business, much of which was very interesting, was transacted in the smoothest possible manner. John Hope then reported on the experimental profit-sharing; exhibited, by means of a chart drawn to scale, the increasing profits of the mine under it; and, because Mr. Bonaparte Sharp for the time being controlled himself, seemed to be carrying all the stockholders with him.

When the subject had thus been laid before the meeting, every man present, except the president and Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, one after another, in ringing speeches, advocated the profit-sharing proposal, and the appointment of a committee from the stockholders to confer with a committee from the miners about formulating a plan by which a portion of the ownership and direction of the mine might be vested in the men. When all but himself and the president had spoken, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, who had maintained entire reticence, rose to speak to the question.

"Gentlemen," he began, "it has been very hard for me to listen to the president's account of the absurd experiment which has been tried

at the Annie Laurie Mine, and to your hot-headed advocacy of the most foolish scheme that I ever heard rational men propose. The president's own showing is ridiculous. He and the head assayer have been getting up one of those exciting religious revivals in the camp. Somehow they have hypnotized the men. They have coddled and hobnobbed with them, and then, suddenly, from somebody's pocket that must be very full, they have been making them handsome cash presents week by week. You know, and everybody knows, how this sort of thing could not but affect men, especially in the peculiar conditions of isolation which mark our camp. The statistics of the president, the chart he has exhibited, and the poetry he has been giving us about the men, cut no figure whatever.

“Going into the merits of the case, such a proposition is inimical to the whole fabric of modern society. There always has been, and there always will be, a small, wealthy, ruling class. There always has been, and there always will be, a large majority of the human race, toilers, ruled, dependent. Their ignorance, their indolence, their vices, and their

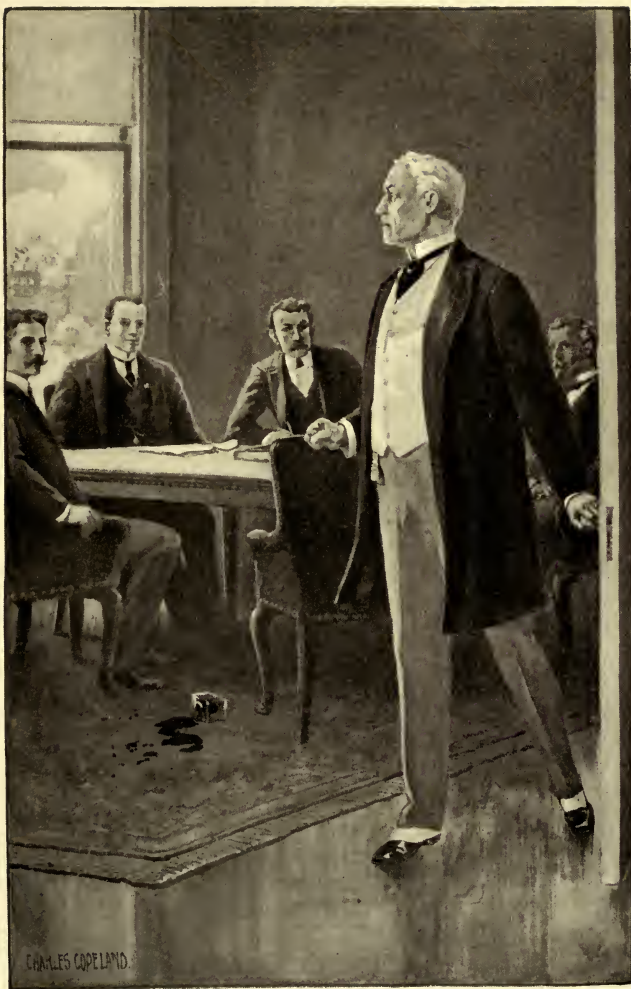
more or less depraved tastes, will always keep them at such a point. The idea of anything different! Such a book, for example, as Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward,' is, of course, pure moonshine; but even the more restrained programs which many preachers are now giving us—Dr. Gladden, of Columbus, for instance, or my own minister—are the rankest idiocy. I can hardly contain myself seriously to consider this proposal. Why, d—n it! gentle"——

John Hope was instantly on his feet. "We are gentlemen," he said, "and language of that"——

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was not in the habit of being called down. He had a tremendous eye, and he simply glared at the chairman. The chairman, however, also had an eye, and he fixed it with equal concentration on Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. Silence that could be felt ensued. The stockholders held on to their chairs. Neither man winked for the space of two minutes. Then the eyes of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp fell, for he was a wise enough man to know when he was beaten, and he continued:

“Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I just came from an interview with a hog man whose conversation was interspersed with oaths almost as incessantly as hogs squeal at a packing-house.” Mr. Bonaparte Sharp then resumed his argument, but he was so much shaken that any one impartially watching him might have supposed that the process of degeneration had begun in him. As, thus, he made no headway in argument, he grew very angry, carefully confined himself to parliamentary language, but spoke with the utmost violence. He uttered heavy threats, and at length took his seat with a face so flushed as to suggest impending apoplexy, and with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks.

“Question!” was immediately called; the chair inquired whether there were any further remarks; and, there being none, the motion was passed. Another motion was also immediately offered, and voted, appointing John Hope and Duncan McLeod a committee of two, on the side of the stockholders, to confer with a committee, of such size as might be deemed best, from the miners, about some plan of joint ownership and direction. When this



BONAPARTE SHARP'S DEFEAT

motion was carried, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp brought his fist down on the table with such violence that a large ink-well, full to the brim, and standing near the edge of the table, was thrown to the floor, with its inevitable bespattering of men and things. This accident induced a general laugh, in which Mr. Bonaparte Sharp could not help joining ; but, as he left the meeting, which he at once did, he uttered a threatening imprecation, and slammed the door so hard as to jar the entire room.

Oblivious, in his rage, to the possible presence of others, he growled to himself, in an undertone, as he swept along the corridor: "That d—d calf, like a bunch of steers on the Plains stopping the Golden Gate Limited, has n't known any better than to lift the first blank wall that ever halted Bonaparte Sharp. I'll smash it. I'll pulverize it. Were it not bad form, I'd be tempted to make a shambles of him into the bargain."

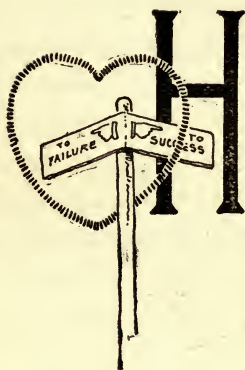
On Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's withdrawal the meeting at once adjourned. The other stockholders gathered around John Hope with felicitations. But he, swiftly excusing himself, disappeared. A grave look was on his

face; and, immediately going to a telegraph office in their building, he wrote, on pink paper, for instant transmission, a message in cipher, which, fifteen minutes later, Duncan McLeod, twenty-five hundred miles away, received, and which, translated, read as follows:

“Profit-sharing indorsed. Joint ownership and direction approved. McLeod, Hope, committee on latter, to work with Miners’ Committee. Tell men. Let them rejoice while they can. Confidential: Seventy shares enthusiastically favored. Thirty shares insanely angry. Not improbably would spend million to down us. Trouble, oceans of it, doubtless brewing.”

XVI

DILEMMA AND PARADOX OF LOVE



HOW love makes or un-
makes! And, in the
making or unmaking,
how merely incidental
is its outward success
or failure!

At thirteen or four-
teen Duncan McLeod
saw a child's face. It
was fine in its propor-

tions, delicately outlined, and nobly beautiful; but had it been even a very plain face, such thoughtfulness, such quickness and intelligence of perception, such insight, and such unselfish love lighted it, that it would equally have won him, bending there, all rapt and eager, over his mother's Bible.

The face belonged to a daughter of wealth. Duncan was a poor widow's son. The moment he thought of this, he saw the tragic

side of these so different environments, and, bravely making his resolve, he never breathed his secret to a human being, not even to his mother. But that face, joining with the boy's deep religious impulse, made the man. It was with him like a vision until far on in his university career, the key to his honors and triumphs at the Stirling high school and at Edinburgh. Then Henry Drummond, a lone man, in order, as Duncan assumed, yet more completely to serve Jesus Christ, gave him a fresh ideal; and, passionately absorbed thenceforth in doing for his Master, he succeeded, at length, in banishing Kathleen Gordon's face.

After great years in Scotland, in Australia, in South Africa and in Colorado, an act of heroism, that nearly cost him his life, brought back the vision. He was not disobedient unto it. He spoke; he was denied; but he was denied, as he instantly perceived, against Kathleen's heart pleadings, and on the ground alone of outward duties; of, in short, conduct,—the very foundation upon which he had builded all his own maturer life. In that awful crisis,—for Kathleen's letter in reply

had made his further suit impossible,—when, in consequence at once of the denial and its ground, the solid earth seemed gone from beneath him, and the flaming stars from above him, and himself seemed to be dissolved into a flitting shade, there broke upon him, after certain fierce preliminary struggles, a sense, as if apocalyptic, of the emptiness of outward deeds, however heroic and noble, and of the valuelessness of all things else but love,—love toward God, love toward love, and love toward men. He of Patmos had not a clearer revelation.

Thus Duncan McLeod was once more born again, for he had lived in deeds before. Love regenerated him. In that new life which ensued, the hero of the Annie Laurie mining camp, admired almost inordinately, and followed passionately, became, over and above all that he was before, another St. John, calm, tender, winning, a resistless loadstone of character and of the Christed life.

Until Kathleen Gordon shall herself speak, we, like Duncan, may not know what is going on in her soul. When that time comes, however, if it comes at all, it will be strange if her

experience does not prove to have paralleled his. For they serve the same Master. They have the single eye. Those that follow him, he promises, shall not walk in darkness; their whole body shall be full of light.

Love is for Christ, and Christ is for love. They are the foci of the ellipse in which the soul moves. Christ regenerates; love regenerates. Deeds, though priceless as expressions of love, are emptiness and less than nothing, except for Christ and love. Even *In His Steps* we walk but as slaves and vagabonds, save as, at the same time, we walk *In His Light*. "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way," writes St. Paul; and, in indicating that way, bursts forth into nothing other or less than the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. For, "Love is of God." "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

But if love, though outwardly unsuccessful, made Duncan McLeod and Kathleen Gordon, it, outwardly also unsuccessful, unmade Peter Wainwright and Eugenie Sharp; and unmade, also, the Annie Laurie Mine and several hun-

dred lives inseparably bound up in the material, the moral, and the spiritual significance that, under the lead of Duncan McLeod and John Hope, the Annie Laurie Mine had attained.

To trace how love unmade these two would require a volume ; a volume, be it added, of a sad but fascinating interest. A few paragraphs must here suffice.

Had Eugenie Sharp's love for Peter Wainwright been yet deeper, and had it been joined with a consuming love for Jesus Christ, the great wedding at the "truly baronial" lodge in the Adirondacks would not have occurred, unless Peter Wainwright had said the responses with her. But though Eugenie's love for Peter was sincere and strong,—so sincere and strong that the violence she did it finally killed her,—it had not, as she had not, the single eye. The pageant of wealth and of society commanded her,—less, indeed, than her love for Peter, but with a divided allegiance. The passion of loving, too, was strong within her, as was right ; but, in her thinking,—for it is the pure in heart that alone see God,—she had suffered herself to disunite and to make

two what God meant should be one, the passion of loving and loving itself.

Thus it came about that three distinct forces were in the field without the single eye justly to coordinate them. Mr. Multi-millionaire represented to her, for the time,—and he was not a bad man,—the pageant of wealth and of society, and also the passion of loving; whereas Peter Wainwright, under her father's prohibition, only represented loving. Accordingly it happened that, in the balloting of those brief and feverish weeks, pageant and passion outvoted loving, with that poor, distracted, heartbreaking and yet heartburning young woman, though it was virgin voices that said the responses; and only after her child, sad-eyed but beautiful, lay crooning in her arms, did she make the dreadful discovery that it was the popular vote alone that had won, while the electoral college had lost. Be it said, however, to her everlasting honor, the enduring jewel in her crown, that she kept her plighted troth,—kept it and died.

How, on the other hand, did Peter Wainwright, who had been such in character that he had been John Hope's chosen and bosom

friend, bear himself in his great trial? He so bore himself that he almost broke John Hope's heart. For to see one's dearest friend, in whom one has reposed implicit confidence, falter and fail at life's crisis, is little short of tragedy.

Peter Wainwright's pride was hurt,—inevitably, properly, but disproportionately to the many other considerations involved. Scrupulously upright, too, though Peter Wainwright was, he made the same mistake that Eugenie Sharp made, of disuniting in his thinking the passion of loving and loving itself, and fierce fires burned within him. So when Miss Marie Stone, daughter to him of the rival yacht, clapped her small hands on reading a note from a friend which said that Peter Wainwright's engagement had been broken, and set her thin, firm lips in a silent vow that she would marry him, he passed unwittingly, but also ill-defended, into the category of "the hunted." In his pride and his passion he stilled the deeper voice. John Hope's exhortations fell on dull ears. The life-opportunity to wait, after a love that had proved itself inadequate, for one that, God willing,

should prove adequate; and the life-opportunity, while he waited, to develop in himself larger living, and larger capacity for loving,—he despised, as did Esau his birthright, and on the same principle. Consequently, the same week that the events at the “truly baronial” lodge in the Adirondacks were the “feature” of the New York papers, a quieter but elegant wedding,—for Miss Marie Stone had sense of a certain sort, whatever else she lacked,—was recorded at considerable length, and in far better taste, in the same journals. It occurred at Newport; the two passed the remainder of the summer in Europe; and, in October, Peter Wainwright, goaded on ever by Marie, put his nose on the monetary grindstone, where it has remained unto this day. “Whatever you do, or don’t do, Peter,” she would say, “get money, and keep it. If we manage rightly, we shall be able to buy out Eugenie’s husband before we are done.”

Peter and Marie were childless. Little love was lost between them. Existence became swiftly, for both of them, a scheme of conquest,—conquest pecuniarily, conquest socially, conquest in the range of several collateral am-

bitions,—Marie's, in literature; Peter's, in art and music; that of both, to be able to assemble distinguished people at their various residences and social functions. They both adhered to outward uprightness. Marie, however, never had ideals; and Peter, who had had them, violated them more and more as his career went on. Had any one told him, for example, the week before his engagement to Eugenie Sharp was broken, that for the sake of money he would betray his and John Hope's ideals for the Annie Laurie Mine, he would have resented the assertion as libelous. Within three or four years, however, while he had still a scruple, the scruple was not about his earlier ideals for the mine, but about the wound it would inflict on John Hope. In short, love, in its failure, and in its fickle substitution of formal success for failure, while it left Peter Wainwright an outwardly upright man, undid all that had made John Hope his friend, and that was noblest in him.

Love, then, presents this twofold dilemma: It makes or unmakes; and it must choose between putting asunder and holding as one

that which God hath joined together, namely, the passion of loving and loving itself.

And this is the paradox of love: Holding these two as one, its outward success or failure is but an incident; it makes, in any case, and can nowise unmake or be unmade.

XVII

BONAPARTE SHARP SMASHES HIS BLANK WALL



FROM the moment that Mr. Bonaparte Sharp uttered his imprecation, and shut the door on the Annie Laurie stockholders with a crash, he had but one supreme purpose. It was with him day and night.

He thought of it waking, and dreamed of it sleeping. It so absorbed him that it interfered to some extent with his ordinary complete concentration on business in business hours. That purpose was to acquire control of the Annie Laurie Mine; to humiliate John Hope and his coadjutors, chief among whom, he now perceived, was Duncan McLeod; and to reverse, in a monu-

mental way, all that for which the mine had come conspicuously to stand.

As the mine was not intended for the stock market, but to be a conservative and permanent industry, John Hope had organized it with only a hundred shares. There had been put into it about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After that it and its plant had been steadily improved out of its surplus earnings. Thus the hundred shares had a face value reckoned at twenty-five hundred dollars each, but their actual value was more than thrice that amount.

The hundred shares were held, thirty by John Hope, thirty by Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, twenty by Peter Wainwright, ten by Duncan McLeod, and five each by Hugh MacDonald and Theodore Wilson. Hugh MacDonald and Theodore Wilson, as well as Peter Wainwright, were college classmates of John Hope, and all three of them, when they entered the company, were men after his own heart. Hugh and Theodore remained so. Hugh was a person of wealth. He was very conservative in his business methods. He gave much of his time and strength to certain altruistic

enterprises in his native city of New York. Theodore was a brilliant and virile scholar, rapidly making a reputation as an inspiring teacher. He had little money, but John Hope was so fond of him, that he put him in the way of acquiring and gradually paying for his five shares in the mine. At the time when this history encounters him, these shares were entirely paid for.

When Mr. Bonaparte Sharp took account of the stockholders, he perceived that Hope, McLeod, MacDonald and Wilson were of the old guard, and held fifty of the shares; that the holders of the other fifty were Wainwright and himself; that he would have a hard tussle with Wainwright because of the "truly baronial" lodge incident; and that, even if he won with him, he would still control only one-half of the stock. "It looks rocky," he said, and the problem seemed so difficult of solution that he lost sleep and lost flesh worrying over it.

John Hope returned to Colorado within a week after the stockholders' meeting of March 1, much sooner than he had intended, in order to intrench his work there before the

battle, which he knew was sure to come, should begin. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp had him shadowed; knew the day and the train of his departure; and, the second evening thereafter, when John Hope would be beyond the Missouri River, saw, in an afternoon paper, an account of the sudden death, from pneumonia, of Theodore Wilson. Theodore had been overworking with his pupils; a cutting March wind to which he had been exposed had sent him to bed; he had died that afternoon.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was alone in his den. He dropped his paper and rubbed his hands with glee. Then, as it grew upon him, he danced around the room. Then he said, "You fool!"—but he did not use those words in their adequate sense. Then he rushed into the next room, and rang for his carriage,—his hurry-up ring,—and, in ten minutes, was rattling over the pavements toward a door with crape on it. "Must fix it," he said to himself, "before John Hope sees to-morrow morning's Denver papers. Associated Press will wire it; it will not escape his eyes; he'll write her, which will be all right; but what if he wires

her condolences, and a judicious caution?" Then he dropped the window, put his head out of it, and cried, "Hurry up, William!"

Mrs. Wilson received a call which she looked back to as of inexpressible helpfulness until the trouble at the Annie Laurie Mine broke. It was brief, tender, consolatory. Here and there, at intervals during it, occurred these sentences: "I knew Mr. Wilson well in our stockholders' meetings." "Let me help, any way I can." "My carriages will be at your disposal for the funeral." "You will be having heavy expenses. Your husband's Annie Laurie stock stood for some twelve or thirteen thousand dollars. If it will help you any, I will gladly send you my check to-morrow morning for twenty-five thousand. We must help one another at such a time." This meant, what she longed for, but supposed would be impossible, that the burial might be in Greenwood; that the lot might be an eligible one; that a suitable monument might mark the spot; and that, combining the check with her husband's life insurance, she and her boy Theodore would have a modest competency. She could not speak. She pressed Mr. Bona-

parte Sharp's hand with a fervor of thankfulness that almost shamed even him.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp rightly conjectured that John Hope would see the item about Theodore Wilson's death in the Denver papers the next morning. It came to John as a personal affliction. He instantly telegraphed his sympathy, and then wrote Mrs. Wilson a letter which she treasures to this day. He debated with himself whether he would not turn back for the funeral; but did not do so from the fear that this would delay interment, and thus unduly prolong the strain which Mrs. Wilson was undergoing. After the hour's delay in Denver, accordingly, he pushed on with the trans-continental mail; but first arranged that, an hour later, five hundred dollars should be transferred to Mrs. Wilson by telegraph as his act of respect to a memory that was to him unspeakably precious. He thought, and so did Hugh MacDonald, of the peril of some sharp practice by the captain of finance; but he said to himself, as Hugh did, "He will not be so indecent as to approach her on the subject until after the funeral."

But when Hugh MacDonald came in that

forenoon, as he had been in repeatedly on the day of the death, Mrs. Wilson showed him, with an emotion of gratitude she could scarcely control, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's check, and said that she had sent back the certificate of stock by the messenger who had brought the check. "It was such a kind act!" she continued. "How could one, so much a stranger, have been so considerate? I shall never forget it, so long as"—but here she burst into tears.

Hugh MacDonald will never forget that hour. He had himself intended offering her forty thousand dollars, if she cared to part with her stock, so soon as it seemed decent to broach the subject to her. That appeared to him a fair valuation, and he had had no little satisfaction in thinking how comfortable the sum would make her and her boy, besides insuring such use of the stock's voting power as Theodore would have desired. He could say nothing at this spectacle of tender gratitude for what seemed to him the act of a fiend. As he went down the steps when he had bidden her adieu, he whispered to himself: "Oh, if Theodore had told her of the scene at the March meeting! But Theodore was charity

incarnate, and I suppose that he sealed his lips ! ”

Peter Wainwright sealed his lips about the March meeting, but for a far different reason. He feared, if he opened them, that Marie would drive him into some deal with Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. He had done violence to his ideals so long, that he had no scruples against such a deal from that point of view ; but he did not regard Mr. Bonaparte Sharp with affection, and he would not willingly give John Hope pain. After several days and nights of badgering, however, Marie, whose suspicions were aroused by Peter's reticence, succeeded in prying his lips open. “ There's money in that, Peter ! ” she cried, and clapped her hands in glee. It was at such times that Peter, with all his music and his art, questioned whether life were worth living.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp did not sleep the night of his return from Mrs. Wilson's. He was too jubilantly happy. When the messenger returned to his office the next forenoon with Theodore Wilson's five shares of Annie Laurie stock, he felt like kissing them, such was his sense of triumph. “ I have thirty-five now,”

he said, "and Wainwright has twenty! After the annual meeting, June 4, Hope and his fellow idealists, including that idiot, McLeod, and their impudent attempts to pull down the whole fabric of modern society over our heads, will bite the dust!" Then he sent a long cablegram to Dunbar McLean at Johannesburg. For although Duncan McLeod, in order to conceal his having refused a huge Cripple Creek salary, had merely suggested to John Hope—contrary to the fact—the query, whether Mr. Bonaparte Sharp might not have confused two former Johannesburg names, those of McLeod and McLean, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp knew about both the men, and Dunbar McLean was his choice, now that Duncan McLeod had fallen under his disfavor.

But the shoe, even yet, pinched a little. How could he ask a favor of Peter Wainwright? How, on the other hand, could he, with self-respect, coerce him a second time? This worried Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. After the cablegram had gone, nevertheless, he lost not a moment in beginning his campaign, and carried it strenuously forward for several weeks. This campaign consisted in getting

various persuasive persons to approach Peter Wainwright with offers, of different dimensions, and urged on a variety of cogent grounds, to buy his twenty shares of Annie Laurie stock. Peter and Marie Wainwright were not lacking in penetration. The many mysterious offers to purchase, each one at a higher figure than the last, so far from deceiving them, afforded them not only amusement, but also no little vindictive delight. "We'll make him beg! Is n't it sport?" said Marie.

In middle April Mr. Bonaparte Sharp cabled Dunbar McLean to start for New York at once; and, because everything in the way of blind negotiations had proved a dismal failure, began operations in the open. He went straight to Peter Wainwright. There was no beating about the bush. He offered him a round half million: for he had reached the point, as Peter and his wife well knew, where he must control the mine at any cost; and, because of the strained past, he had decided to facilitate negotiations by lavish offers of cash. "Not enough," said Marie, on being privately conferred with. After Mr. Bonaparte Sharp

had crowded this offer, in a variety of ways, for a week, he proposed three-quarters of a million. "Take it immediately," said Marie. But Peter, having scruples still on John Hope's account, stood for a million, and thereby walked into a trap. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was furious. "I offered a half million," he said; "five times the rate I paid for Wilson's. I even added a half to that, for I did not want to be hard on you twice. You took advantage of me, and, as was clear enough, in a vengeful spirit. You undertook to squeeze me. That, sir, is unpardonable. You will now sell at the Wilson rate,—that is to say, for a hundred thousand,—or I will go into the market and ruin your C—— stock, and you will have no one but yourself to blame for having to charge six hundred and fifty thousand dollars to profit and loss."

Peter's face fell. He asked for time. Marie was more than angry. She raged. "I told you to take the seven hundred and fifty thousand," she said; "you refused; Mr. Sharp is justly aggravated; he will now never go beyond the rate he cheated Mrs. Wilson on, which is simple larceny. It is terrible! terri-

ble!" Peter thought this opened a way out. "Really," he said, "I never wanted to sell. Think of John Hope!" "But Mr. Sharp will *make* you sell," Marie replied. "Why, Peter, how shockingly obtuse you are!" and she went into hysterics.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp did just as he said he would, and, under the same threat, exacted absolute silence about the transfer until he should himself announce it at the June meeting of the stockholders. Notwithstanding that the *Atlantic Monthly* for the first time wrote appreciating and accepting one of Marie's poems, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been joy enough to her for one season; notwithstanding that New York had a great musical spring; notwithstanding that an art exhibition opened, which had never been equaled in the metropolis; and notwithstanding that Marie and Peter entertained an unusual number of eminent persons, those were dreadful weeks at the Wainwright mansion.

On June 4 the stockholders met. The minutes were read and approved. Suitable resolutions were introduced by Hugh MacDonald

concerning the death of Theodore Wilson. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp seconded them, paying the deceased a high tribute, and remarking, incidentally, that he hoped he had been of some little service to Mrs. Wilson in taking her husband's Annie Laurie stock off her hands "at a generous figure," within an hour of his learning of the death. The resolutions were voted.

The annual election of officers was then proceeded with. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp nominated himself for president and general manager, and, for head assayer and assistant general manager, Mr. Dunbar McLean, lately of Johannesburg, whom, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp said, he had carefully looked up, and who was a distinguished metallurgical expert recently arrived in New York. This was considered only a thrust at John Hope and Duncan McLeod, and was not expected to receive more than thirty-five of the one hundred votes of stock. There was, however, a blank look on Peter Wainwright's face, and he voted his twenty shares with Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, which elected that gentleman's ticket.

"For shame, Peter! for shame!" cried Hugh MacDonald, urging reconsideration,

and buttonholing Peter with a view to inducing him to change his vote. At this Peter colored scarlet, looked as if he would like to go through the floor, and called on Mr. Bonaparte Sharp to explain.

“I will explain, sir, with the greatest pleasure,” said Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. “Gentlemen, you all imposed on me at the March meeting. Not only so, but you made me the butt of some very discourteous laughter. Mr. Wainwright has, in addition, undertaken to impose on me a second time, since the March meeting. Nobody does that sort of thing to Bonaparte Sharp with impunity. I vowed to humiliate you all, but especially Mr. Wainwright, because it was his second offense. I own fifty-five shares of the Annie Laurie stock. I am president and general manager. My man will replace Mr. Hope’s tool, that lunatic, McLeod. The change of management will go into effect June 16, twelve days hence. Because Mr. Wainwright undertook to impose on me the second time, I have compelled him to come here, and, in your presence, to go through the form of voting in the new assistant general manager and myself. Gentlemen,

this meeting stands adjourned. There won't be any more meetings in a good while. You are empowered, indeed, under the by-laws, to call them, but you will regret it, let me forewarn you, if you do."

Thereupon Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, his face wreathed in smiles, bowed himself out of the room. "Last March they browbeat me, and laughed at me, and carried a fool vote, perilous to the whole fabric of modern society, against my solemn protest, and encouraged that donkey, Wainwright, to try to work me, and they are satisfied now, I hope," he chuckled to himself as he went down the elevator. "If anybody builds a blank wall across my right of way," he continued, "I smash it, I tell you; and, when it's school-boys, like Hope and Company, I smash them into the bargain."

On June 16 began the reign of Dunbar McLean at the Annie Laurie Mine. He was a great metallurgist. He, however, drank, did worse things, and had a singularly vindictive, venomous and cruel disposition. These peculiarities had not escaped Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's investigation; but, in his mood at the

time, some of them pleased him rather than the contrary, and he contented himself with this summary and characteristic conclusion: "If he's an expert, and everybody says he is, trust me to regulate the rest. John Hope was the only person I ever yet failed to manage, when I set out to; and I reckon I'd have managed him easily enough, if he'd known that pneumonia would garner Wilson, that I was so clever at consolation, and that I had a cinch on Peter Wainwright."

Dunbar McLean's first act was to discharge, in a gratuitously offensive manner, Douglas Campbell and George Wilkinson. Next, he expunged the rule against liquor; ordered Sunday work, a diminution of wages, the suspension of the cooperative store, of the local paper, and of the Institution for Savings; and, in particular, required the entire disuse, for the present, of the hall of the Miners' Club. "THIS MINE IS RUN FOR DIVIDENDS ONLY," his initial fulmination concluded. "It is not a camp-meeting. It is not a section of the prohibition party. It is not a society to promote social purity. It is not a charity technical school. It is not a Chautauqua. It is a

mine to get out gold and silver. Angels can't mine. That takes miners. You know what miners are. Only such are wanted on our pay roll. A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT!"

With such dust and noise seemed Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's blank wall to have been pulverized.

XVIII

FOR DIVIDENDS ONLY



JUNE 16 came at the middle of the week. Dunbar McLean, the new executive of the Annie Laurie Mine, arrived by the stage at six o'clock on the previous Saturday night, his countenance ruby, and several cases of drinkables accompanying his luggage. He attended the Sunday morning service, but, before it was over, went out under considerable excitement. Duncan McLeod spoke on "Patient Continuance in Well Doing"; and his plea for patience, for charity, for standing by the mine, for deference to authority, and so forth, was so precisely the opposite of Dunbar McLean's own temper, that it cut him to the quick.

The acts and the posting of the order, sum-

marized at the close of the last chapter, occurred early Monday morning, to take effect when June 16 should arrive. The precipitate haste and brutal tone of the order were all too significant. Though the men of the mine had determined to stand together, and to try to make headway against whatever might be morally objectionable under the new régime, they now decided to leave the camp as fast as might be practicable. They were the more impelled to this by the arrival, Monday afternoon, of two disreputable-looking men, who had in charge three wagon-loads of liquor; and by the arrival, with them, of a squad of miners of the same ilk, who applied for jobs and were promised them, and of some women, ostensibly to get places as cooks and table waitresses, whose appearance and manners hardly comported with those occupations.

On the night of the fifteenth, therefore, under an order, John Hope's last, giving them all the evening, the men of the Annie Laurie Mine gathered for their last public service together. They did not meet in the hall,—too many persons of the Dunbar McLean

stamp were already in the camp to make that desirable,—but in a readily accessible neighboring cañon, lighted by torches and the moon, which was nearly full. The precaution had been taken to leave enough men in the camp to prevent looting; and, as if under a kind of awe, the rough characters contented themselves with quietly drinking and gambling.

Duncan McLeod gave out,—

“Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I,”

and,—

“I know not why God’s wondrous grace,”

and,—

“My hope is built on nothing less.”

An opportunity for prayer being given, between forty and fifty men poured out their souls in brief, moving supplication. Then George Wilkinson said these words, not from a paper:

“I speak advisedly. Not one of our men should stay at the Annie Laurie Mine, except Sullivan and Wilkinson. As you value our lives, apprise no one that we intend staying.

'They that be with us are more than they that be with them.'

" 'As a dream when one awaketh;
So, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou
shalt despise their image.' "

Then John Hope said :

"I leave to-morrow morning. So does Mr. McLeod. I return to New York. Mr. McLeod, who is in very great need of rest, journeys westward ; whither, he has not divulged to me. We would both gladly stay, and help you to bear the heavy cross laid upon you, and further, if we might, your reengagement at other mines ; but such is the personal bitterness of the new management toward us, that we feel that we shall do you a kindness by not embarrassing you with our presence.

"There was a time, under Nero, and there have been many times since, when Christians met, as we meet to-night, in wild places and under the stars. The spirit of greed and of arbitrary force which then compelled such meetings was not intrinsically different from that which has forced us to our present plight. Where, however, is Nero now ? Where is his Rome ? Where are Philip II and Alva ?

Where are their Spain and their Europe? Gone. Looked back upon as nightmares of the world. Objects of universal reprobation.

“Similarly, this cannot last. The stars in their courses fight against it. The Man of Nazareth has drawn the sharp two-edged sword of his mouth for its overthrow; nay, for the redemption even of it. Let no man be embittered by that which has happened. Let no man lose faith. Let no man be greatly cast down.

“We are nearing a new century. Never did gold and arbitrary power seem more potent. Never were they, in reality, so weak. The child is already in his cradle who will see gold used rightly; capital used rightly; combinations of money and of men used rightly; and the man—whether capitalist or labor agitator; and both, let me say, are liable to do so—who shows himself capable of this that we now experience, and of similar things that are experienced widely over the world, looked upon and treated as a monster.

“Men of the Annie Laurie Mine, what you have already done, even should you do no

more, will work mightily to usher in the new day. You have proved certain things. You have made a preliminary and conclusive assay. Principles of highest importance have been forever demonstrated by what you have accomplished, and by what you have yourselves become. I thank you, and I thank God, for all this. But you will do more, and Mr. McLeod and I will do more. We are not quitters, and God is not a quitter.

"God bless you, my brothers, all! As surely as God is on his throne, and as his promises cannot fail, this precious fellowship of ours will be knitted up again, either here, or beyond the stars!"

There was not a dry eye when John Hope thus closed. There was not a face that did not glow with confidence, courage and high purpose.

Then Duncan McLeod said:

"We would better not stay here long. We would better not say much. We would better knit up our fellowship with the Man of Nazareth, for we shall sorely need it after this night.

"I am asking pledges. When you are

where alcohol is, will you continue to let it alone ? ”

Every right hand, except Patrick Sullivan's, went up.

“ When you are where licentiousness is, will you continue to let it alone ? ”

Every right hand went up.

“ Will you be the straight, efficient, valiant men that have given Mr. Hope and me the courage to force this issue with the stockholders of this mine ? ”

Every right hand went up again.

“ Will you,—and please think carefully before you indicate,—will you follow the Lord Jesus Christ, cost what it may ? ”

Every right hand went up, and “ Amen ! ” “ Amen ! ” were ejaculated on all sides.

“ Then we will sing,” continued Duncan,

“ ‘ Blest be the tie that binds,’ ”

and I will lead you in a word of prayer ; but, first, I give you this watchword, which you will find in your Bibles at Daniel 3 : 24, 25 :

“ ‘ Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire ? ”

They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt ; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.'"

Then that was done which Duncan McLeod said, but the scene and that which occurred within it were too sacred for us to intrude upon.

Within the week that followed, it came about that not a man of the old force was left at the Annie Laurie Mine, except George Wilkinson and Patrick Sullivan. It was not possible, on such short notice, for all the men to secure satisfactory positions at once ; but what Dunbar McLean was pleased to characterize as a "charity technical school," namely, Duncan McLeod's free classes in mining engineering, together with the other elevating influences of the camp, had been the means of placing so many of its good men in responsible positions in various mines of that general area, that, by their cooperation, within a month, every man had found reasonably satisfactory work, though, of course, not under such favorable conditions as had been enjoyed at the Annie Laurie Mine. Their homesick-

ness, too, and sense of being somehow orphaned were very deep.

Patrick Sullivan had been, until the mutiny, a hard drinker, could carry a large amount of liquor without the slightest inconvenience, and had no scruple about its use by himself personally, except that he believed it better, on general principles, to abstain,—which he had now done for more than two years. In consultation with George Wilkinson he asked:

“Did not Mr. McLeod read us, on a Sunda’ oncest, o’ two sons of prastes, whin the King David was driven out, that stayed wid that bastely son o’ his that insurricted; an’ did they not feign thimsil’ friends to the baste, and sind the word to King David o’ all his bastely doin’s?”

“Yes,” answered George Wilkinson.

“An’ sure,” continued Sullivan, “if sons o’ prastes did the likes o’ that, would a cardinal require absolution if he should do that same?”

“Seemingly not,” George Wilkinson replied.

“Gi’ me yer hand, thin,” said Sullivan; “an’ b’ the Holy Mother I’ll be the merriest

lad in the camp. Sure, they'll not discharge Pat fer bein' a camp-meetin' man. But, Mr. Wilkinson, excipt fer the feignin', I'll do no sin, barrin' whiskey, an' sure, Mr. Wilkinson, I'll give straight reports, like thim prastes' sons did, an' may the Blessed Virgin cause that they be to good purpose!"

Thus it came to pass that Patrick Sullivan remained a miner in the camp, while George Wilkinson built himself a cabin on ground just off the company's land; and that the two kept their ever vigilant watch. Sullivan passed for a rough and roistering man, fond of hard drinks, and his ruse was never suspected. "Kind of converts that hypocrite, McLeod, would be sure to make!" exclaimed Dunbar McLean; "and I'll wager three-quarters of them have gone the same way by this time."

Dunbar McLean was, however, greatly incensed by George Wilkinson's staying, and secretly instigated a succession of petty persecutions against him with the hope that he would depart in disgust. After this had been tried for some time, and most exasperatingly, without success, Mr. Wilkinson was, one forenoon, in broad daylight, set upon by three

thugs, accompanied by a group of toughs, who obviously had come to see the sport.

"Hands up!" said Thug Number One.

It chanced that their intended victim was a man of almost preternaturally swift motions and an extraordinary shot. While seeming to be lifting his hands, he had his revolver out of his breast pocket, with it knocked up his assailant's weapon and shot him through the forehead.

The other thugs started to run; suddenly thought differently of it, apparently from fear of ridicule; and, in the person of Thug Number Two, made a ferocious rush on Mr. Wilkinson. For this he got a bullet that severed his jugular vein. The others of the assailing party, crying "Murder! murder! murder!" thereupon took to their heels, and, before noon, were far along the road back to civilization, where people move less swiftly and are not such sure shots.

Whatever may have been the instigating cause of the first assault, that cause seemed to divine that quiescence was its policy; and for several weeks George Wilkinson had peace. He was then apprised by Patrick Sullivan,

with great stealth, at dead of night, of what might be expected ; and, at one o'clock in the next night, as he lay snoring vigorously, he was not so soundly asleep as to be unaware of a shaft of light from a dark lantern thrown across his bed. The light was intended to render the aim of a third would-be murderer absolutely sure ; but served, the rather, to lend accuracy to another extraordinarily quick motion on the part of the snoring man, which resulted in his assailant's being shot through the heart. The report operated as a signal, and accomplices rushed into the room ; but, as George Wilkinson continued to snore, and to seem profoundly sleeping, when these gentlemen beheld the gruesome sight that met them on the floor, they whispered, "His gun went off into his own side !" Straightway, then, what with the ghastly spectacle, and their superstitions, they ran precipitately away ; and it was soon spread abroad, among members of their persuasion widely over that area, not only that George Wilkinson could move more swiftly than any other living man, and was a surer shot, and had more nerve, but that, even when he was asleep, the fates safely

guarded him. This last was true, but in a sense profounder than the assassins intended.

About a week after this occurrence, the assistant general manager found a note under his door which read as follows :

" Annie Laurie Mine, August 7.

" TO MR. DUNBAR MCLEAN,

" Head Assayer and Assistant General Manager,

" Annie Laurie Mine,

" MY DEAR SIR :

" I have been at this mine since it began. In our first months we had as rough a group of men here as could be found in the entire Rocky Mountain area. Many wicked things were done by them ; but there is honor among thieves, and especially among mining men, who, while they might not hesitate to steal, or to do worse things, at heart, as I have observed them, and I know them pretty well, almost invariably ring true. Consequently there never was a time, even in the worst conditions, when human life was not safe here, provided people behaved themselves.

" Within a short time, on the contrary, without any provocation whatever, my life has been twice attempted, and it has been necessary for me to kill three men in self-defense. Of the first attempt I took no outward notice. Of the second I have taken no notice until I have had a week to reflect upon it. With such judgment as I am able to use, after this continued and careful thought, I can in no way account for these occurrences, save by connecting them with the changed management of the mine.

" Except in these two instances of self-defense, I desire to add, I have never laid violent hands on a human being. Not only so, but I have never, since I was a boy, made a threat against any one. I very much regret, therefore, the

necessity for what I am about to say ; but, after mature deliberation, and as a protection to human life,—for I do not wish to send more men into eternity,—I beg leave to say to you that, the first time I see any sign of inoffensive human life being unsafe in this camp, whether in my own case, or in the case of any one else, you are a dead man.

“Sincerely yours,

“GEORGE WILKINSON.”

Whether or not the suspicion that prompted this letter was well grounded, may be inferred from Dunbar McLean's answer. It was very obsequious. It made no reference whatever to the serious implication made by George Wilkinson. It flattered him. It affirmed the writer's regret to have discharged him. It excused that act on the ground of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's antipathy to the principal men at the mine under the former management. It offered him an important situation. It mentioned, incidentally, toward the end, the shock it had been to the writer to know of the “unfortunate” occurrences referred to, and professed, verbosely and emphatically, a desire to cooperate with Mr. Wilkinson, and with all friends of good order, in preventing acts of violence in the future. “If they cannot be discontinued,” the letter said, in con-

clusion, "I fear a mine which has had such an excellent name in times past, will be seriously discredited."

To this communication George Wilkinson made not the slightest reply. He would not, for a fortune, have undertaken work under Dunbar McLean. He bore himself toward that great man as nearly as possible as Mordecai bore himself toward Haman. Dunbar McLean felt himself almost as much humiliated by this as Haman was by the treatment to which he was subjected by Mordecai; but, being a coward, as Haman was not, he caused George Wilkinson to suffer no disadvantage therefrom.

Leaving, then, the Annie Laurie Mine under the eye of two such competent and deeply interested observers as George Wilkinson and Patrick Sullivan, and delaying any résumé of the pecuniary and other successes of a mine managed for dividends only, until they shall appear in their inevitable connection with this history,—it now becomes our duty to inquire to what extent this policy "smashed" the deposed president, and also to what extent the usurping new president and his pusillanimous

accomplice furthered their own standing by inaugurating it.

John Hope went at once to New York. Before he arrived, though neither he nor his intimate friends had made any talk about the gross wrong that had been done him, the story had got abroad.

Peter Wainwright had been badgered about it incessantly, and had been sometimes severely criticized. "So you acted on the principle that one good turn deserves another, in selling out to your former prospective father-in-law, did you?" said one.

"That is the way Yale men stand by their college chums, is it?" he was sneeringly asked at the University Club by a Princeton man.

One of the heaviest men on the street met him in the elevator, got off at his landing, almost shoved him into a corner, and sternly inquired: "Is it true that you sold out John Hope?"

Peter undertook to evade.

"Don't try to work that on me," his inquisitor continued. "You in effect confess it. I refused to believe it until I should have seen you face to face. It is the scurviest trick I

have heard of in New York, among presumably honorable men, this many a day."

"But Sharp threatened to ruin me," feebly responded Peter.

"And you were coward enough to do a dastardly deed," cried the speaker, fiercely, "because of his threats? Is he the only person of means in this city? Had you played the man, a dozen of us would have joined in with you, and made Sharp come off. Wainwright, I am ashamed of you. It is that kind of act that disgraces Wall Street, many of whose men, as you well know, are persons of unimpeachable honor, and as much interested, at heart, for social betterment, as John Hope is,"—and, with a scornful wave of his hand, he turned on his heel.

"I hear, Wainwright, that you have been heaping coals of fire on Father Sharp's head," said a Yale contemporary of his. "Did the old man threaten to send you to Fayal on his yacht?"

Finally, Bowers, the artist, whose indignation against Peter was something fearful, got him cartooned most effectively in a leading daily, and hit off Marie, by the edge of a

skirt disappearing in the background of the picture.

John Hope was held in such high esteem in New York, and had, without any particular effort to make them either, such a multitude of friends, that Peter and Marie Wainwright actually fell, for a time, under a social cloud for this transaction; and the distinguished persons whom they were continually inviting to their home, almost invariably sent regrets, for several months, until the matter had partly died out of memory.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp himself was compelled to wince repeatedly under the thrusts made at him. "I thought, Sharp," said one of his set, "that there was no young man on the street who stood so high in your estimation as John Hope. Don't you see the ridiculous place you have put yourself in, even among your friends, by going back on him so outrageously?"

A captain of finance of another feather—and, as the plain dealer with Peter Wainwright suggested, there are many such persons, in New York and elsewhere, as honorable, as high-minded, and as intent on the

public good, in their respective ways, as John Hope was—called at Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's place, waited an hour to see him, was admitted to his private office, and there gave him such a dressing down as he had not received since he was a boy. He looked the great man straight in the eye, recited the circumstances, said that such an act was unparalleled in his recollection among the respectable business men of New York, and proceeded to say, that, if he ever heard of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's doing a like thing again, he, and a number of his friends, would, most likely, be heard from on the street in a way not conducive to Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's peace of mind or pecuniary advantage.

John Hope, on the contrary, without lifting his hand for them, received several advantageous offers of important business positions; took time to consider them carefully; and, finally, selected one, made him by a very prominent and honorable concern, in a line in which he was deeply interested and felt himself strong, and which called for the use of his best powers; but which, aside from the exercise, day by day, of excellent judgment, gave

him much leisure time. The salary going with it was a large one, and the desire was expressed by those who offered him the position that what he now undertook might prove the entering wedge toward a permanent and pivotal place in the concern.

Getting on well pecuniarily, thus, conscious that he was doing, and thoroughly doing, a man's work, and yet in comparative leisure and freedom from burdensome care,—this resolute man straightway put himself upon a comprehensive and strenuous course of reading on industrial and economic subjects. Not only so, but he was fortunate enough to secure private instruction from a celebrated expert on these matters at Columbia University, so that he got the academic point of view, as well as that which his own experience afforded him from the practical side. To hear him, as this work went on, confirming many of the conclusions of his profound and masterful teacher, and stoutly dissenting, out of the Annie Laurie record and along the line of his weaver father's thinking, from others of them, would have made your blood leap.

"When the tide turns," said John Hope to

Hugh MacDonald, who, like Duncan McLeod and himself, was not a "quitter"—"When the tide turns, and I have another chance, I propose to be second to no man as a practical expert in these directions; and I am sure that, though we were on right lines at the Annie Laurie Mine, I can greatly improve on what we so crudely undertook there, in any program which it may seem best to inaugurate. In fact, I hope so to augment wisdom and power by what I am now doing, that the cause I stand for may have occasion to thank Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, as for a real service, in this which he, with quite other intentions, has seen fit to do."

XIX

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF STRANGE



UNCAN McLEOD'S course of action, while his men of the Annie Laurie mine were scattered like sheep over the mountains, and while the mine itself was being run for divi-

dends only, will shortly appear. In this chapter we are concerned to inquire in what temper he met this second great crisis of his life, which was also his first outward defeat. This will be best suggested by the following paragraphs from a letter to his mother, written at once on his return from the public service in the cañon. Janet McLeod treasures it still, with the tear stains on every page, telling their sorrowful but heroic story.

After reciting the events already familiar to us, and describing—this page is hardly

legible—the meeting he has just dismissed, he goes on :

“You will not hear from me again, my mother, for a long time. First of my heart ; then of my plan.

“My heart is broken. What I have now set down were enough to break it. I never had a brother ; but, if brother love is greater than that I bear our men, it must be a perilous thing to carry about in one’s breast. I have wrought for them. I have watched them let in the light. I have seen them open the door to Him that stands knocking. I would die for any one of them. Then, with one wanton, cruel stroke, we are thrust apart, and they are scattered abroad. I could not speak in the cañon. I took their pledges ; gave them a watchword ; announced a hymn ; asked Wilkinson to the front ; shook hands with him good-bye for them all ; prayed a few short sentences ; and fled from them up the steep cañon-side.

“But Kathleen has done it. The sair hurt at her hand disclosed to me the Elder Brother, and so made all men ma ain brithers. ‘Is the hurt beginning to heal?’—you will be asking.

On the contrary, it was never so deep. Its depth renders even this parting almost a light thing.

“Am I, then, unduly cast down? No, my mother. I could not have the memory of her face with me, as it always is, and be cast down. I never was so brave, had such courage, had such faith, in my life. Even this Nero’s act of a captain of finance will be reversed. The Annie Laurie Mine will be a glory to Christ yet. I saw Kathleen in my dreams last night, and I saw the Saviour. I know not which seemed to me sweeter, for his grace clothed her like the light. Then it was that I understood that the imperial edict of the captain of finance would yet be reversed.

“So, my mother, I am valiant, and strong, and glad; ‘cast down, but not destroyed,’ as the apostle said.

“As for my plan: I am about to disappear. I shall bear another name. My nearest, not even you, my mother, will know where I am. Did not Joseph make himself strange to his brethren? Spake he not roughly unto them? Did he not these things against their tyrannous envy and hate? Were they not thank-

ful, afterward, that he had deemed it wise so to bear himself? Similarly, if God will be with me in this way that I go,—and I feel in my soul that he will,—I shall yet defeat the envy and hate even of a captain of finance; and, my mother, not in wrath or vengeance, but, as with Joseph and his brethren, for his own good, in money, and in every other respect.

“What explanation will you give when you are asked about me? Simply say that Duncan was sore worn at the Annie Laurie Mine; that he needed to be free from business altogether, even that by telegraph, and therefore withheld his address; that he pined to look again on the Southern Cross; that he will write, and will be back again, after a time; and that you are quite at ease that it should be so, for his sake. All these items, unless the last, are strictly true. You will make the last true, my mother?

“If any harm come to me, even were it death, you will get a cablegram instantly, for I shall have arranged against all contingencies, in ways that cannot miscarry. No news will therefore be good news.

"But what if harm shall come to my mother? Ah, that is the hard thing! But I have faith that such will not befall.

"Good-bye, my mother. Love for my men of the Annie Laurie were motive enough for that which I am now undertaking; but, believe me, it is chiefly for the love of the Lord Jesus, and of Kathleen, and of you, that I do it."

Waiting until his plan can consecutively unfold itself before us, it requires only to be noted here that Janet and Duncan McLeod were so at one, that her confidence in him and in God was so complete, and, especially, that she had so vicariously entered into his anguish about Kathleen,—that, notwithstanding the terrible strain upon her of his silence, and of her uncertainty where he might be, she made true that which Duncan requested, and was "quite at ease that it should be so, for his sake." They, be it added, are right, who reject certain artificial interpretations of the "vicarious sacrifice" of Jesus. Janet and Duncan both did that. But, be it further added,—a truth which experience had profoundly taught them,—that no adequate love

can exist, least of all that of the Lord Jesus Christ, without "vicarious sacrifice" in its true and eternal sense.

But even Duncan's letter to his mother does not so perfectly reveal his temper under his terrible defeat, as does the following incident :

Registered, some months later, at Melbourne, as Thomas Bennett; in outward appearance a portly English gentleman, with heavy side whiskers; and never for one moment suspecting that Kathleen Gordon is elsewhere than in Great Britain,—Duncan unavoidably overhears, at his first meal after landing, this conversation across a dining-table of the chief hotel in Australia :

"She's a wonder!"

"Isn't she?"

"First woman speaker I ever heard that completely commanded me."

"And they say that, with all her splendor of moral purpose, she is very simple and winsome."

"Perfectly charming. Was the light of the government ball last night. Wins the admiration and confidence of everybody. Has smashed a dozen hearts,—people on the top

wave, too,—since she came, and does not even surmise it. It will be a brave man that asks her hand. Beg pardon for such talk; spoken, however, in no trifling spirit, but to show what she is. Daughter of a multi-millionaire, and loves the people of the slums best! Is it not like Jesus and the fishermen? Do n't fail to hear her last address at the Opera House to-night. She sails for home to-morrow morning."

Duncan has landed in the late afternoon. It is now seven o'clock. The men talking have gone, without mentioning a name. He knows not to whom they refer, and dares not make inquiry, or even look into a newspaper, lest he betray himself. He shoves away his plate untouched. He hastily dresses. He is at the Opera House at seven thirty. Already it is three-quarters full, but he secures a seat that perfectly commands the stage, though purposely one a little sheltered from view. At seven forty-five there is not a vacant sitting; at eight there is no standing room.

The governor-general brings her in. The applause is deafening. She bows acknowledgment and takes her seat modestly, yet with perfect composure. The simple, manly,

felicitous words of the governor-general, in introducing her, are said, and she rises to speak. It is Kathleen!

She is tall and fair, has a certain dignity that is almost stately, and yet is lithe and swift and graceful in movement, like a girl. Her face reminds you of the Murillo of our fourth chapter. Her eyes hold you like stars in a June night. When she speaks, Duncan divines, from the quality of her voice, that her experience has paralleled his. Tenderness, gentleness, a great, deep, suffering heart, appear to him to be behind the words.

She begins in low tones, but is perfectly heard throughout the great auditorium. Her diction, mainly Anglo-Saxon, is exquisite; her modulation, perfect; her hold on the audience, from her first syllable, absolute. Her story of the rise and progress of the social settlement movement in Great Britain and America is clear, graphic, full of illustration, and so moving that tears, at times, stream down many faces. Occasional touches of humor, too, and even of mirth, cause ripples of subdued laughter to play over the audience. She speaks of Hull House, and even of John

Hope's beloved Prospect Union, as if she had visited them both. Then, as she draws to the close, occur these words :

"Men and women of Australia, duty forbade my accepting the kind invitation to come to you. It arrived, however, at a crisis in my life, steadied me to go forward, and I thank you for it. It has, I regret to say, taken me fifteen months to fulfil my promise, then made, of a brief visit to you. I hardly ought to have come at all, such is the pressure at home; but, sailing as I do to-morrow morning, I shall go back stronger for the work there, by reason of the touch I have had with this young commonwealth of yours, so full of inconceivable possibilities, so advanced along many good lines already, and so eager for yet fresh forward steps. May I illustrate, in closing, the spirit of enthusiasm and sacrifice which the sort of life I have been describing, evokes?"

Then Kathleen adduces example after example, American, English, Scottish. Crown-
ing them is this :

"I know a young woman who had loved from a child. None knew it. She never ex-

pected that her love would seek her. Suddenly it did. It was glorious. It sought her gloriously. She was caught up, as the apostle said, into Paradise." Here Kathleen's face shines like the sun. "Then," she goes on, "not for social settlement work,—for there are many eager to enter that,—but because she had opportunity, as she thought, to modify those deplorable conditions which render social settlements necessary, that young woman said, Nay, to the dearest longing of her life. I am not saying that she acted rightly, and would not have you so interpret me. It is not casuistry that we are thinking of to-night, but a far larger thing, namely, willingness for utmost sacrifice in a great cause. Whether rightly or wrongly, then,—and I know several parallel cases,—she made the costliest sacrifice that it is possible for a woman to make in order to be true to this great exigency of our time.

"O men, O women, of Australia, while your commonwealth is yet young, forefend, I pray you, those industrial-economic conditions for which such sacrifices as these can only partly make amends in countries hoary

with age when yours began. May God, in his great mercy, grant such grace to Australia!"

She closes. The applause, deafening and long-continued, turns into, "God Save the Queen!"—sung by three thousand voices profoundly moved. Then this fair creature, her face like that of St. Cecilia listening to the angel, is surrounded by an enthusiastic throng, and Duncan faces once more the Hill Difficulty.

For deep has called unto deep. The anguish in that woman's heart, transmuted into cheer, enthusiasm, and love for the suffering ones of earth, Duncan knows, more plainly than if she had put it into words, and only as one can know who has experienced the same. Had he not been a man of highest principle, Kathleen had not sailed for Liverpool the next morning, without first saying to him, face to face, whether or not her decision seemed to her to have been the true one. On the contrary, amid that mighty assembly, taking one last, hungering look at that queenly form and transfigured face, he turned on his heel, left the hall, went to his room, and did not

leave it again until Kathleen was far out at sea.

Two considerations, perceived with absolute clearness, and as mandatory over him as if Kathleen had herself enjoined them, decided him upon this course. The first consideration was the same as that which deterred Jesus from making stones into bread. The second, was—Patrick Sullivan and Jamie McDuff and George Wilkinson and the rest, his sheep in the wilderness, whom he must first gather into one fold.

XX

A RIGHTEOUS WOMAN'S REPENTANCE



WHILE Duncan McLeod is ascending, thus, the Hill Difficulty, looking the lions straight in the eye, nothing daunted; and is on his way, as one cannot but hope, to enter some time the House Beautiful, we are permitted to read this letter from Kathleen Gordon, written from the Levant on her voyage to Australia, and postmarked Port Said. For Kathleen's closing words at Melbourne, to which Duncan has just listened, had their spring in certain heart-revealings which the voyage out had brought to her, and which, as a sort of annotation, require, frankly and at once, to be placed before the reader.

"Eastern Mediterranean, January 10.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER:

"How can I tell you of these great days !
We have had perfect weather. I prove on the

long voyage, as always on shorter ones, a faultless sailor. Though it is midwinter, the weather, even on the North Atlantic, has been springlike, and I have been above deck fifteen hours out of every twenty-four. The first day or two I received many social attentions : but, in a way not to offend, but rather, as I think, to enhance respect, I let it be understood that I needed quiet ; and, consequently, I have had enough very pleasant company, and yet much also of that solitude which, out of so full a life, I greatly craved. The moon was growing serviceable on the Atlantic, and we have had it coming to the full on the Mediterranean. Thus, nights and days alike have given me a succession of never-to-be-forgotten pictures.

“The people themselves have been tonic. The Australian ships are spacious and magnificent. The table and service are admirable. The passengers, as a rule, are Australian, with means, breadth of view, ideals, and a breath, somehow, of ‘the open,’ that we of the Snug Little Isle tend to be a bit deficient in. I have been making a study of them, as a preparation for my brief Australian work. The empire,

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and intense loyalty to it; federation of our colonies; local autonomy, as with the States in America; a united front withal, common purposes, one flag, and, wherever that flag flies, altruistic aims for the world,—are the ruling notes, so far as I can judge, for this youthful but mighty commonwealth beneath the Southern Cross.

“How it stirs one's heart! What a Providence there has been in British history!—isolation of our Islands; close touch, nevertheless, with the Continent, and most helpful interaction between the two; on our side the ‘streak of silver sea,’ homes, freedom, a spiritual religion; and then these, as time has ripened, gradually colonized all over the world,—in the United States, in Canada, in Africa, in India, in Australia, and dotting, here and there, almost the whole globe!

“Consider the way, too, in which the United States, through strikingly providential leadings, is bursting forth into a great, free, world-power! Are there not signs already, my mother, that the two great English-speaking nations, at heart one, will, ere long, go forth conquering and to conquer, not with sabers

or cannon or war-ships, but with liberty and social regeneration and religion ?

“But it is the past that has been mainly with me. Off our Islands, off France, off Spain and Portugal, how the entire history of Europe has seemed to be looking out across the bright waters ! Then the Pillars of Hercules, the shores of Africa, of Italy, of Greece, of Phœnicia, and of Egypt, have reviewed for me the story of this planet. Cæsar, and Hannibal, and Alexander, and David, and Rameses ; Augustine, and Paul, and John, and Epictetus, and Plato, and Socrates, and Homer, and Isaiah, and Moses, and Abraham have seemed, all of them, very near. Oh, that our ship might have entered the *Ægean* Sea ! Oh, most of all, that I might have seen Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Calvary, and Olivet ! But, my mother, He who gave these their meanings,—yes, and who gave the others their meanings, too,—has been present with me as never before.

“And this leads me to what is most on my heart. I have wronged you, my mother, and you, my father. Not in anything outward,—God forbid !—but, since November 4, a year

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ago, when the letter from Colorado came, in what I have withheld from you; for I owe such a mother and such a father my confidence. You were both so good to me then; so tender, considerate, sympathetic; so open and inclining in the direction I should naturally have taken; so wisely reticent, nevertheless; and so helpful in every way! Believe me, though I almost adored you before, neither of you ever so shone in my eyes as in those days and since.

“But I sealed up my heart against you. I made myself a kind of Amazon in outward temper. I plunged fearfully into work. Where it would all have ended, I know not, but for something that happened in a docker's home in Liverpool the next spring. A frail little wife lay dying. ‘Could—you—fetch—Philip?’ she asked, between breaths, pleadingly. I hailed a cab, gave its driver two sovereigns, and dashed like a mad woman two miles and back through the congested streets in thirty-five minutes.

“‘Aw, my Mary!’ the docker exclaimed, as if his heart would break.

“‘My Philip!’ the sick woman answered.

‘Do n’t go, Miss Gordon,’ she added, for I was trying to leave them alone; ‘I want you next after Philip.’

“He wrapped her in a blanket. He lifted her,—the Hercules that, when I found him, was putting, unaided, an upright piano, just off the *Etruria*, upon a dray,—he lifted her into his arms. They spoke, in the next hour, scarcely a dozen words. Their eyes, their looks, his caresses, her touches of the hand, told, however, far more than volumes could have done.

“‘Raise my head, please, Philip,’ she at length said; and then, with a strange strength, asked: ‘Miss Gordon, would you be offended if a dying woman should speak?’

“‘By no means; please do so,’ I replied.

“‘Miss Gordon,’ she went on, praising the Stirling House work, saying that it had changed their neighborhood, and the life of Philip and herself, and adding to what person she thought it had been primarily due. ‘But, Miss Gordon,’ she continued, as one who must unburden one’s mind, ‘forgive me, but you are not the woman you used to be.’

“Then she motioned her husband to lay her back for breath, and, as he did so, placed her

hand against his cheek with a tenderness that I never saw even between you and father, though your relations are so beautiful.

“‘Raise me up again, please,’ she said, after a little, and resumed : ‘Miss Gordon, are you not killing some man? Are you not killing, thereby, the highest things in yourself? Miss Gordon,’ she tried to add, but her breath was failing,—‘Miss—Gordon—does not—it say—“He—that—loveth—is—born—of—G”’—but here she fell back, ceased breathing, and yet, even then, somehow succeeded in laying her hand once more against her husband’s cheek.

“I slipped out, and left him alone with his dead. In a half hour he emerged,—that burly, begrimed docker,—and, oh, my mother, some great artist ought to have seen him, and to have studied his face for a Dante meeting Beatrice in the other world!

“It was after that that I went alone, the fortnight, to Arran. I hope that I have been a different woman from that time. It was all deeds before. I hope that it has been love and deeds since. Before, it was all a following of the Hero Jesus, but in that spirit in which

Saul of Tarsus idealized and heroically set himself to serve, as he thought, the ancient Law. Since, it has been, I hope, a sitting, the rather, at Jesus' feet.

"But, even since that, I have kept on withholding. It came over me, in its unloveliness, selfishness and ingratitude, under the full moon, while we sailed past Malta, the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, and while I was meditating upon his great sin amid, as he thought, highest moral purpose and even actual righteousness. (It is the next day after Malta, that I am writing you.)

"What is it that I have withheld? The weightiest thing, after God, in my life. You see I could not bring myself to speak to you of Duncan McLeod, as I ought to have done when his letter came; yes, and perhaps even before. For I loved him from my going to Mrs. McLeod's for Bible study. I never dreamed he could be mine. He would not dare ask for me, even if he wanted to, because of father's money, I thought. That consideration, of itself, gave me an aversion to wealth which I can hardly yet overcome; and which, long before my study of the industrial-eco-

conomic situation, laid the foundation of the views on that subject which I now hold, and which father so deeply deplores. Later, when Duncan's honors and successes began to come, I was sure he would not want to ask for me, under any conditions,—that I was not enough for him. But loving him—and, until I am now writing, none but God ever knew—made me, nevertheless, by God's help, the woman I became.

“When, then, on that November 4, I got the letter, it was as if heaven had descended to earth. But, meantime, I had grown so strenuous about duty, and about the Hero Jesus,—for that was the way I took, all mistakenly, even Henry Drummond, as Duncan, in his letter, implied that he, too, had done,—that I would not listen to your suggestion about the divine leadings, and the voice within, but wrote him, Nay. I did so, indeed, on most conscientious grounds, of which I have never spoken to any one except Duncan; but, if I ought not to leave Scotland, as I then thought, and still think, that was no reason why I should not frankly have said, ‘I have loved you almost since I can remember’; and

no reason why I should have done far worse, namely, why I should have forbidden him, as in effect I did, ever to reopen the subject. To think that I did that! That I affirmed a universal negative! That I undertook to limit a free man, and God's providence for all the future! Why, setting all thought of self aside, that act seems little short of blasphemy!

"Now you know all. Please, mother, make sure that father reads this letter. Please forgive, both of you, my withholding all this from you, even as I trust that God forgives me.

"Of one thing I am sure: there can be no back track at present, if ever. I cannot reopen the matter. Nor can I let you or father reopen it, through Mrs. McLeod, for instance, of whom you are both so fond. Duncan will not improbably have turned in some other direction. Not that he is unsteadfast; far otherwise; but that, when he saw me so churlish, he would naturally say, 'Kathleen is not what I thought her to be; I loved an ideal, not her.' And, even if he still regards me, there is a way of the Divine Providence from which one may not arbitrarily withdraw

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herself, especially if she has once made light of its leadings. 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'

"With my heart's best love, save that for Duncan,—which, as with the love for Jesus, makes my love for you both even greater,—

"Your ain lassie,

"KATHLEEN."

Inclosed with this letter, Annie Gordon found the following lines, clipped from an Australian newspaper :

"Love comes with the morning's flush,
With the blaze of noon,
With the dew at the evening's hush,
With the rising moon.

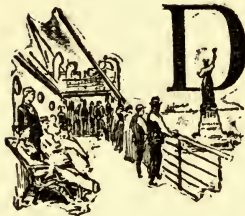
"He knows neither high nor low,
Neither young nor old,
Nor the fiery tropics' glow,
Nor arctic cold.

"He beams in the maiden's eye,
In the eye of the sage,
In the eye if a warrior die,
In the orbs of age.

"And out of his fires, in pain,
And smiles, and tears,
Are forged the links of the chain
That binds the spheres."

XXI

BONAPARTE SHARP CATCHES A TARTAR



DUNCAN McLEOD was a law unto himself. What he did, as in this chapter recorded,—his “plan,” as he called it in writing to his mother,—this writer neither indorses nor condemns. Duncan seems to have been a kind of third cousin to Jamie Soutar of Drumtochty. He would debate the proposition with John Hope by the hour, “That not all people have a right to the truth.” But, though you might condemn him therein, you would require, as with his third cousin, to travel a long way to find a truer man.

To bring this whole matter in outline before us, we shall have to return to Colorado, to the Annie Laurie Mine, and to the small hours at the beginning of June 16, following that

memorable service, the previous evening, in the cañon, under the ripening moon.

The seventy miles' ride to the railway station, from three o'clock that morning until five o'clock the next afternoon, was destined never to be forgotten by both Duncan McLeod and John Hope. After mounting the stage and getting under way, each man closed his eyes, and supposed that the other thought him asleep. On the contrary, each man was never more awake, and the intensity of their thinking could not be expressed in words. This condition continued until at seven o'clock they stopped at a ranch for breakfast.

When they were on their way again, each tried, for an hour or two, to keep up the other's spirits by an outward gaiety not lacking in humor, bright repartee and brilliant passages, amid which, for the moment, they really had a very merry time. As the forenoon waned, and until after dinner at another ranch, they largely relapsed into silence but kept a cheerful mien. After dinner they went through the sleeping act again, each supposing that the other was blissfully oblivious to all outer things; but, as before, each man was do-

ing prodigious thinking. When they alighted at the station, each was very bright and sunny, full of jokes and good fellowship, and this mood continued almost until the moment of their parting.

During the day's more serious conversation, John frankly outlined to Duncan that general course of procedure which he intended entering upon when he should reach New York, and with the working out of which the reader is already familiar.

Duncan, on the other hand, maintained the utmost reticence about his plans, simply saying, in the tone which he had requested his mother to assume, that, after such a long and unbroken period of exacting toil, he wanted an extended rest, and, probably, before his return would see some of the islands of the Pacific and come underneath the Southern Cross.

"Do not for a moment, John," he added, "think me unduly downhearted, though this is a terrible blow for us all; but assume that, after these full years, I shall be lying fallow, filling up, and, I hope, learning something. My plans are not fully matured, and I think

it better, until I have further light on the subject, to withhold even my address, and, much more, any itinerary of my wanderings. I am liable, as you may imagine, to various overtures in mining directions, particularly when it shall come to be at all generally known that I am unemployed. I want to be free, in particular, from the interminable letter-writing, telegraphing, and even cabling, of that sort; but, John, however long I may disappear from the world, do not for one moment think that the friendship which has so long existed between us, and the common objects which we have in view, can in the least grow dim. Sooner or later you will hear from me, and I hope, when the time arrives, to give an account of myself that will be satisfactory even to a person of your exacting standards."

These words were said after the merry-making of the forenoon, just before both the men lapsed into more or less of silence. When Duncan had spoken them, as if something weighty were off his mind, he seemed less tense than earlier; and John, who carefully refrained from questioning him, felt greatly relieved thereby: for, in view par-

ticularly of Duncan's several uninterrupted years of hard work, he feared that a breakdown might impend. Moreover, although he was greatly puzzled by what Duncan said, he did not in the least indicate it, but was content merely with saying to himself: "Strange! Some profound mystery! Developments later that will surprise everybody!"

When the eastbound transcontinental mail pulled in, Duncan, with the tenderness of a girl, saw that John's belongings were snugly bestowed in the sleeper; presented him with an elegant edition of Burns' poems as a parting gift; bade him good-bye with a voice that choked; as the train, under the shadow of the giant Rockies, climbed toward the Divide, stood watching it until it plunged into a cañon; and then, looking up into the open sky, whispered to himself words which were obviously those of most heartfelt prayer.

But—for he had yet an hour to wait for his own train, and this was Duncan all over—he ended his prayer quickly, strode up a neighboring gulch, seated himself upon a boulder in a secluded spot, and thus soliloquized: "Yes—it will do. I think I see him when he

finds it out!—he that offered three-quarters of a million for a fifth of the stock!—of course he did not pay it—and that warned Hope and MacDonald against stockholders' meetings! It will do—yes." Thereupon he laughed until the tears ran down his face, and until he rubbed his sides for their aching.

He ticketed for San Francisco. He spent three weeks along the Pacific coast, which he had not seen, visiting some of its many attractive places, and being especially moved by the old missions of the Mexican days. He read, in this connection, everything he could lay hold of, by "H. H.," and got from a public library certain old tales in the same temper, including the "Saxe Holm's Stories." Their rare insight into the life of love clarified his thinking on that subject, comforted him, and greatly steadied him to be strong and to wait.

On the tenth of July, he took passage for Australia by a steamer which called at Honolulu. He withheld himself almost altogether from acquaintance and even from conversation on board ship. The one exception to this was his room steward. This man he found to

be very intelligent, earnest of spirit, and, as they grew better acquainted, a devoted Christian. The man had a family dependent upon him. He had seen better days. The afternoon of the day before they sighted the Hawaiian Islands, Duncan said to him in the most casual way: "I have never seen these islands, and ought, properly, to stop over one or two ships in order to visit them. During the hours that the ship remains in port, I am proposing a pretty full run out into the country; and, of course, it may happen that I shall be belated. In that case, will you kindly say as little about it as possible, to avoid making me appear ridiculous, and see that my luggage is put on shore? The two small trunks and the suit case are marked distinctly with a Maltese cross. Do not, however, attend to this, please, until the last moment, lest I should come hurrying in with only time to reembark, and without a minute to have the luggage brought back again."

The ship made the beautiful harbor in the early forenoon, and lay there until five o'clock in the afternoon. Duncan's room steward—whom he had presented with a large

fee, saying, "You are carrying a heavy load, and you will not mind, will you, if I lend you a hand in this way?"—kept careful watch up to the last moment, and, five minutes before the sailing, as Duncan was nowhere in sight, sent the luggage ashore. Duncan did not appear, the ship sailed, and the room steward saw him no more.

Duncan, on the other hand, as the reader will have surmised, had no intention of returning to the ship. He went straight out into the country instead, and there secluded himself for several weeks. Then he returned to Honolulu, registered at its principal hotel under the name of Thomas Bennett, and claimed his luggage by the mark upon it of the Maltese cross. His appearance, on his return from his seclusion, was so completely changed that some passengers by his steamer, who remained in Honolulu and even at the same hotel, failed to recognize him. He let his heavy beard grow; assiduously cultivated striking side-whiskers; ate like a gormand; refrained from exercise, so far as he could do so without positively injuring his health; and put on flesh at the rate of several pounds a

week. "I did not take first-class honors in biology at Edinburgh for nothing," he would say to himself before his looking-glass, and then he would laugh.

Though his headquarters were at Honolulu until January, his time was spent at a number of points, and on a variety of excursions through the islands. He retained his room at his Honolulu hotel, paid his bills with punctilious promptness, and only attracted attention by the circumstance of his extreme quiet and of his receiving no mail. When some one innocently inquired whether all his friends had forgotten him, he stated that he had expressly arranged not to receive correspondence, in order that he might the more completely give himself up to a much needed rest.

When, in January, Thomas Bennett sailed for Melbourne, he weighed nearly sixty pounds more than when he landed, was brown as a nut, and had the bearing, accent, and general appearance of a portly English gentleman of wealth and leisure, who, those who knew him supposed, had been badly overworked, and whose seclusion and efforts at recuperation had been crowned with astonishing success.

"I wish you would give me your recipe for quiet living and flesh-gaining," was a remark often made to him.

We have been present on the evening of his arrival at Melbourne, and have been witnesses of the extraordinary scene at the Opera House, in which, to his amazement, he was a sharer. He had intended to remain in Australia for some time, and thence to proceed to South Africa; but the words he heard at the Opera House quickened his pace, and he took passage by the next ship that sailed for Liverpool. He ticketed, however, only as far as Port Said, gave himself three weeks in Egypt and the Holy Land, and then sailed for Italy. From there, as swiftly as possible, he made his way by rail to Havre, and thence sailed for New York, where he landed in the latter part of March.

Meantime he had continued to put on flesh and to affect the bearing of an English gentleman. He took elegant bachelor quarters in the metropolis, and immediately began doing something in stocks and cultivating assiduously the acquaintance of moneyed men, though with a quiet and reserve that, particu-

larly in view of the style of the man, surprised all who came to know him. He did exceedingly well in his Wall Street operations; so much so as to attract attention.

“Uncommon man, that Bennett,” said a leading man of the street; “a complete stranger, and yet investing like an old hand; he’s a man to cultivate.” This remark was repeated, in differing phraseology, scores of times before the grass in the parks required cutting.

The degree to which Thomas Bennett’s acquaintance bore cultivation was astonishing. He was gentlemanly, affable, full of good stories, on the search constantly for information, extremely reticent about himself, helpful on many sides to those about him, and soon grew to be very much of a favorite in the select circle which he admitted to a certain intimacy. He was an enigma to them all. The only direction in which he referred to himself was in mining matters; and on these topics he spoke with a fulness, an aptness of illustration, a candor, a grip of the subject, and a penetration, which led swiftly to his being much consulted about mining investments.

During the interval covered by this chapter, matters had gone from bad to worse at the Annie Laurie Mine. Before the snow flew, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp had been compelled to discharge Dunbar McLean; and it was only by some extremely clever moves that the latter escaped the country without the institution of criminal proceedings against him. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp appointed in his place a man named Williams, but, though plodding and faithful, he was not at all adequate to so important a position. He knew enough of his business, however, to be able to report the havoc which Dunbar McLean had wrought.

For Duncan McLeod had not left the formula in modification of the chemical process for extracting gold and silver on which the mine paid a royalty, and which he had improved upon to a very marked degree; and, in order to keep up dividends, Dunbar McLean had ceased development work almost altogether, and had mined here and there where he could find pockets of very rich ore. The effect of this on the whole underground situation was something fearful. It took the new assistant general manager more than two

months to get the levels properly cleared and into adequate operation; and, in the meantime, as the aftermath of Dunbar McLean's administration, the *esprit de corps* of the mine was so low, and the skill of the workers so slight, that not until February did the mine get back to a point where it met its expenses. This, moreover, made no account of large outlays which Dunbar McLean's extravagant management, ill-advised schemes for pushing the mine, and so forth, had obliged Mr. Bonaparte Sharp to undergo; for that financier was so chagrined at this outcome of his régime, that he himself met the bills, and did not assess the other stockholders. During the month or two following, while the mine paid its way, there were no dividends and no prospects of any in the near future.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp—who, it should be stated, had never seen Duncan McLeod—was at first indignant, then anxious, and then despondent. “Oh, that I could find a suitable man to put in charge of that property!” he said, among his set, over and over again. About the first of May, one of his friends suggested the query, whether Thomas Bennett

were not his man; and the always alert Mr. Bonaparte Sharp began, first to look him up, and then to cultivate him. This he did swiftly, and in a way highly satisfactory to himself, except in one particular. "What is Bennett's record? What mines has he been with? Can he refer to John Hays Hammond, or to any other well known South African or Australian expert?" the great man asked.

"It is singular," replied his friend, "but Bennett is obviously an extremely reserved man, out of whom nothing can be got about his past record. In most men this would be ground for suspicion. In Bennett's case, however, I know him so well, and others in whom I have confidence so thoroughly believe in him, that I am almost absolutely sure of his integrity, of his ability, and especially of his great capacity in mining matters. Sharp, you yourself, or I, if we were going to London or to Berlin, might choose, as a mere idiosyncrasy, to shut our mouths like clams about our records, and yet that would be nothing against us."

The next evening the captain of finance had Thomas Bennett to dine, and was completely

won by him. His bearing, the clear evidences of integrity and noble living in the man, his facility in conversation, the wide range of his information, his astuteness about mining matters, and a certain winsome personal charm, fairly "carried" Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

"Mr. Bennett, may I tell you about my mine?" asked the latter, when they were in his den.

"Certainly, I should be glad to hear," answered Thomas Bennett.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp then went elaborately into the story of his sorrows and misfortunes, now of nearly a year's continuance, in connection with the Annie Laurie camp. "Mr. Bennett," he concluded, "from all that I can learn about you, and from our conversation this evening, I feel sure that you are the one person who can put that mine again on its feet. I am willing to pay you a high salary, and I am hoping you will do me the kindness to accept my proposition."

"I am not, Mr. Sharp," Thomas Bennett replied, "one who desires a large salary. The mine, in fact, can hardly afford to pay such a

salary, if it is in the condition in which you represent it to be. I shall be glad, on the contrary, to undertake the work at whatever salary was paid in the earlier years of the enterprise; but, on the other hand, I am not willing to put my experience and life into that work without owning some appreciable portion of the stock."

This was a poser for Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. He was sure he could not yield that point. He argued, cogently and persistently, but Thomas Bennett was inflexible. They parted without coming to any agreement. Early the next morning, however, a messenger called at Thomas Bennett's apartments, and asked him to come, as soon as he conveniently could, to Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's office.

"How much stock do you want?" inquired the captain of finance, when Thomas Bennett arrived.

"You say that the face value of the shares, before the change of management, was twenty-five hundred dollars; that, at that time, they had a much higher value; and that there are only one hundred shares?" rejoined Thomas Bennett.

"Exactly," answered Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

"Well, Mr. Sharp, if I undertake this work," said Thomas Bennett, "I shall make it a success; and, in ordinary circumstances, I would not touch it without the right to acquire a quarter interest. But, as you are anxious not to diminish your holdings too much, I am willing to take a sixth interest, or, to avoid fractions, fifteen shares, and to pay you their face value, which, so nearly as I can learn, exceeds their worth, as the mine has for some time been doing."

"And how will you pay me?" asked Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

"I will give you my check at once for the total amount on the First National Bank," replied Thomas Bennett.

"Draw it," cried Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, and check and certificate of stock exchanged places.

"How soon can you take hold at the mine?" inquired Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

"I shall need to give a few weeks to some other matters," said Thomas Bennett; "but, by the first of July, Mr. Sharp, I think I can be on the ground to begin work."

"That will do admirably," exclaimed Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, rubbing his hands. "Between now and that time I shall be able to close out matters with the present incumbent, and have everything in shape for you to take up the work."

The two men parted. That afternoon Thomas Bennett sailed for Liverpool. When the pilot went over the ship's side at Sandy Hook, he bore in his letter bag this communication to John Hope :

"S. S. Teutonic, Down the Bay, May 15.

"MY DEAR JOHN :

"Shake ! Oh, that we *might* shake, and might pound each other, and laugh to our heart's content ! Sometimes it seems as if I should burst. About what ? Let we tell you.

"I have reappeared in the world. This, however, is the first moment. I did not study biology to no profit. I have been in New York for some time as a portly English gentleman, Thomas Bennett by name, operating somewhat in Wall Street,—a business I hate ; but I did nothing not strictly honorable,—

and, especially, cultivating the acquaintance of men interested in mines. Some of them were friends of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. They thought I could get him out of his troubles. After considerable negotiation, we came to an understanding. He offered me a high salary, which I maintained that the mine could not afford to pay. All I asked was such compensation as the mine's early pay-roll called for. But I was inflexible on one point, namely, that he should sell me fifteen shares of Annie Laurie stock. He was resolute, at first, not to do this; but, at nine-thirty this morning, I gave him my check on the First National Bank for thirty-seven thousand, five hundred dollars, and my certificate for the fifteen shares of stock is at that bank, to be called for by John Hope. This, if the old conditions have not otherwise changed, leaves the present holdings of stock as follows :

Sharp,	40 shares.
Hope,	30 shares.
McLeod,	25 shares.
MacDonald,	5 shares.

"If I am correct in this assumption, you ought to be able to have an edifying annual

meeting of the stockholders, June 3, notwithstanding the warning the great man gave you against such gatherings.

“I am going to see my mother, but shall be in New York not later than June 10, ready to take hold with you along any lines that may seem best; that is, assuming that the stock is as above indicated. Cable me fully at Queenstown, please, using the old cipher; and manage until my return according to your own sweet will.

“I have had, I ought to say in conclusion, some compunctions about using an assumed name. It is the only respect, however, since we parted, in which my conduct has been questionable. But Joseph did virtually the same thing with his brethren, to the good of them and of everybody; and, in war, no reasonable person would for a moment hesitate to do it. That is to say, there are honorable duties of a spy; we praise Nathan Hale and Major André; and what Mr. Bonaparte Sharp levied on us, and on some hundreds of souls closely associated with us, was nothing less than war, and that of a most unjustifiable, venomous and cruel sort. Such action, on his part, in

my judgment,—and I have been entirely conscientious in this whole matter,—ought not to be given place to, no, not for an hour. And, John, believe me, from my shaking hands good-bye with you, June 16, last, until now, I have not for one hour given place to that incarnation of the devil which the policy of Mr. Bonaparte Sharp constitutes. My course agrees, also, with my old-time contention, ‘That not all people have a right to the truth.’

“With my love to the Old Guard, as fast as you may be communicating with its members, and with a devotion to you that knows no bounds, I am —

“Always yours,

“DUNCAN McLEOD.”

When John Hope received this letter the next forenoon, that always self-mastered man went almost wild. He sent his bookkeeper, his stenographer and his office boy on a holiday till the next morning. He posted a notice reading, “Office Closed Until To-morrow,” and doubly locked the outside door. He even bolted the door of his inner office. Then, behind it, he danced, he sang, he laughed, he



CHARLES LUPELAND

"HE SANG, HE LAUGHED, HE CRIED"

cried, he opened his Bible, laid it down on a chair, and, kneeling over it there, poured out his soul in such a volume of thanksgiving as had never before escaped even his lips. Then he picked himself together. He sat calmly down. He closed his eyes. Thus for the rest of the day he sat motionless and engaged in profound thought, save that, thrice, he paced the room for perhaps a half hour. At five o'clock he opened his eyes, closed his desk, left his office, and sent this telegram, in cipher, to Mary Hope at Fall River :

"The counsel of Abithophel is defeated. Duncan McLeod and John Hope control the Annie Laurie Mine. The men, scattered far abroad, will be on duty at the mine July 1. God is good, my mother. Join me in thanksgivings, and pray that Duncan and I may be granted wisdom, grace and power to do God's work in the industrial-economic world."

XXII

HIS BLANK WALL RISES AGAIN



WHEN the Tartar had been caught by Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, he kept his head, save in one particular.

At five o'clock of John Hope's tumultuous day, when he came to unlock the door of his outer office, he found the afternoon's accumulation of mail lying on the floor beneath the letter slot.

Each letter had its return mark printed in its upper left corner, and was clearly of a business nature, except one. This was in a plain, cheap envelope; inclosed, obviously, equally cheap letter-paper; and was apparently addressed by some awkward farmer, in a crabbed hand which was perfectly legible, but which permitted itself

several angles of inclination. The letter was somewhat crumpled and soiled, and was post-marked Morristown, N. J. John threw the rest of the mail upon a table, but thrust this letter into his pocket, supposing that it was from some rural correspondent, and that he might extract some amusement from it while he dined. It resulted, however, in his not dining at all.

For, when he had sent the telegram to his mother, had boarded an uptown Elevated train, and had reached Chambers Street, he bethought him of the letter, tore it open, glanced it through, got off at the next station, took the next downtown train, alighted, sent his mother a second telegram, bought a sandwich from a stand at a street corner, and, returning to his office, ate the sandwich, and did not emerge to the outer world until nearly midnight. The second telegram, which, like the first, was in cipher, read:

"Earlier message strictly confidential until after June third. Tell nobody. Do n't refer to it even in writing me."

The letter from Duncan McLeod, received in the forenoon, and which we have been permitted to read, was on elegant White Star

stationery, which comported with Duncan's own, for he was punctilious in such matters. This letter was from Duncan, too, and in his usual handwriting, excepting the address. When John Hope had read it, he understood that its cheap stationery, like its rustic exterior, was a part of Thomas Bennett's art, and not to be attributed to Duncan McLeod. He also inferred that the pilot had come at once up the harbor; had promptly and properly deposited his regular steamer mail at the New York post-office, as the postmark on the White Star envelope indicated; but had left in his pocket this epistle, handed him as he went down the ship's side, and had forgotten it until reaching Morristown,—where he not improbably lived. It was hardly legible because of the haste in which it had been written. It read as follows:

“*S. S. Teutonic*, May 15, Later.

“Thomas Bennett, like Melchisedec, has neither beginning of days, nor end of life. No one but himself was ever to have known whence he came, or whither he went, not even his mother.

"But when the *Teutonic* got below the Battery, this perfect day, under the afternoon sun, the city, the East River and its bridge, Brooklyn, the North River, the Palisades, Hoboken, Jersey City, Bergen Hill, Staten Island, the shimmering green ridge of Orange Mountain, the forts, the Narrows, the sea beyond,—they simply 'carried' me. I accordingly threw caution to the winds; locked myself in my stateroom; wrote you as I did. 'Better tell the whole thing, glory over our enemy, glory in the deed ourselves, if we care to,' I said. In fact, I was so sure on this point, that, without one compunction, I sealed the letter, dropped it into the pilot's bag in the main saloon, and gave myself up to enjoying our getting out to sea. I did so even until we had passed Quarantine.

"Then, thank God! I came to myself. The pilot's bag had been taken; he himself would drop to his skiff in twenty minutes; it was too late to recover the letter; therefore this. Also, inclosed with this, the letter which I had planned to send, that you may see how secretive I meant to be. I see the pilot already preparing to leave

the bridge. I will give this to him as he drops off.

"Tell nobody. Divulge nothing until June 3. Let Bonaparte Sharp lead then, and show his cards if he will. Even after he has done that, tell nothing, but simply vote my stock. We deal with a treacherous enemy. If profit-sharing maddened him, what will not be his sentiments toward Thomas Bennett? Besides, to look on the serious side of any glorying over him that might be proper, no judgment on such a man can equal a mysterious and inexplicable one. His forces are material, and are capable of being accurately gauged. Let him seem to himself, on the contrary, to have been challenged and worsted by forces immaterial and incapable of measurement. Nothing that we can do will so move him as that, and for his good, let us hope.

"Pilot is going. I return by the River St. Lawrence—shall give New York wide berth—don't cable or write me—will wire from St. Paul.

"D. McL."

The letter—"inclosed" that John Hope might "see how secretive" Duncan McLeod

had "meant to be"—was entirely typewritten, excepting the initials at the end, which were autograph; and was identical in stationery and address with the Morristown letter. It was as follows:

"S. S. Teutonic, Down the Bay, May 15.

"Kindly call at First National Bank for package of interest to you. Please use it, June 3, to utmost advantage. I am on way to see my mother. Deemed it inexpedient to send you so little even as this, before I was almost at sea. Tell nothing to any human being. Know nothing. Do n't try to communicate with me. On or about June 15, you are likely to be communicated with.

"D. McL."

The gist of the foregoing was what Duncan McLeod was thinking through, during both of the sleeping acts of June 16 of the previous year, when he and John Hope were quitting the Annie Laurie Mine. His letter to his mother, written the night of June 15, a part of which has been reproduced for us, was already in the mail at the time of the sleeping acts, or he would have recalled the words—even to her, and extremely vague though they were—about Joseph's conduct toward his brethren, and Duncan's project of undertaking something of the same sort. "This kind of thing, and especially in dealing with a man

like Bonaparte Sharp, would better be known to no one but to God," he said to himself, as he opened his eyes on arriving at the ranch where he and John Hope breakfasted that summer morning, so beautiful, so heartbreaking; and he has never been able to forgive himself, since, for the letter, so lightly written, on the *Teutonic's* stationery, the next May, when the tables were beginning to turn.

Cowardice, it need hardly be added, had no part in this secretiveness, nor in the return "by the River St. Lawrence," and his giving New York a "wide berth." Both of the latter were parts of his original plan, from which he only wavered in his ecstasy the afternoon he put to sea after Thomas Bennett had given his check to Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. His only motive, in this entire astute program, was to effect, with a certainty the more absolute, the ends to which he had dedicated his life.

John Hope was not less penetrating or foresighted than Duncan McLeod; but, although he had spent several hours in profound thought on the entire general problem, and had done so to excellent purpose, he, like Duncan, had

been so "carried" by this sudden defeating of "the counsel of Ahithophel," as he characterized it to his mother, that he only got Duncan's point of view when he read the Morris-town letter. This was why he dined on a sandwich, and did not leave his office again until nearly midnight. When that time arrived, he not only had the general problem well thought through, but the problem at its most perilous point, namely, anent Mr. Bonaparte Sharp; and Duncan himself could not have been more circumspect than was John in the successive steps which he thenceforth took.

He did not, for example, go into the First National Bank for a week after the *Teutonic* sailed. Then he happened in on important business for his firm. "By the way," said the president, while that was being transacted, "I think I heard one of our tellers say that a messenger boy left a package for you in his care a week or two ago." John Hope seemed hardly to notice what the president said; talked earnestly on points connected with the business that had brought him to the bank; when that was finished, would have left, as the president thought, without the

package, if his attention had not been drawn to it afresh; and, finally, took it with an air of the utmost indifference.

In his bolted inner office, twenty minutes later, he opened it. The envelope was heavily sealed, after the manner of valuable express envelopes. Its address was typewritten. It contained nothing but the certificate of stock, and a sheet of paper, like that of the Morristown letter, on which appeared only these words, also typewritten:

"John Hope is hereby authorized to vote, on June 3, and at all other times, my twenty-five shares of stock of the Annie Laurie Mining Company.

"DUNCAN McLEOD."

The signature, however, was unmistakably in Duncan's handwriting. The certificate of stock was indorsed, in a uniform hand:

"*New York*, May 15.

"For value received, I hereby sell, assign and transfer to Duncan McLeod, and his heirs and assigns forever, the within mentioned fifteen shares of stock of the Annie Laurie Mining Company, and I hereby vest in him all powers thereto pertaining.

"THOMAS BENNETT."

The transfer was attested by a well known notary public. John Hope replaced both

papers in their envelope, put the envelope in an inner pocket, took his hat, went straight to his safety deposit box in the next building, and there left the precious inclosure until the morning of June 3.

At the annual meeting of the Annie Laurie Mining Company, of that date, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp seemed to be in great feather. He was bland, cordial, conversed freely with the stockholders, and told good stories. After the meeting had been called to order, and some routine business had been transacted, he made this speech, as if "from the throne":

"GENTLEMEN:

"McLean was a failure. Perhaps he was a criminal. We lost money under him. I discharged him.

"His successor, Williams, is a good man. He has brought the mine back to a paying basis, and dividends are in sight.

"I hand you an exhibit, in duplicate, of conditions and moneys to date.

"Williams, with all his excellences, lacks force. I am happy to announce that I have found a man to take his place. Great things,

I am confident, may be expected from him. His name is Thomas Bennett. He will enter on his duties, July 1.

"I nominate and vote him to be McLean's and Williams' successor, and myself to be president and general manager; and I hope that you will concur. As I hear no objection,"—here he paused a moment,—“I so declare the vote, and it will be recorded as unanimously for the proposed ticket. Thank you, gentlemen. Nothing like harmony. Is there any further business?”

"Summary!" thought Hugh MacDonald.

"May we vote by shares?" inquired John Hope.

"We have done so," answered the chairman sternly; "fifty-five shares for my ticket, and, as I understood it, and have ordered it recorded, forty-five also."

"But this exhibit," exclaimed Hugh MacDonald, whose business sense was outraged, and who missed altogether what John Hope was driving at—"But this exhibit shows an actual deficit, and a very large one, except for an even larger cash credit from an unindicated source. Is there no explanation, not to say

apology, for this blind sort of an annual report, and for no dividends for nearly a year from a property that, until your sharp practice captured its control, yielded handsome and steadily increasing returns?"

"Sharp practice wherein?" asked Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

"To say nothing of your course of procedure in the case of Mr. Wainwright, in your working, sir, on Mrs. Wilson's feelings, and in your buying of her, almost before her husband's dead body was cold, for twenty-five thousand dollars, what was worth forty thousand," replied Hugh MacDonald with scorn.

"I flatly deny it!" cried Mr. Bonaparte Sharp in tones of thunder.

"Well, how about cutting off our handsome dividends for a year?" continued Hugh MacDonald.

"Liable to happen any time. Happens again and again in many enterprises," retorted Mr. Bonaparte Sharp at the same pitch.

"Never happened in ours until, like a pirate, you stole its management, sir," rejoined Hugh MacDonald fiercely.

"Unparliamentary language!" exclaimed

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, at the top of his voice, and pounding savagely with his gavel.

"Is there not a prior unparliamentary action, sir," quietly interposed John Hope, "in your failing, as chairman of this meeting, to effect its annual election of officers by a vote of stock?"

"We have done so, didn't I tell you?" roared Mr. Bonaparte Sharp.

"Will you have the goodness to poll us, sir?" persisted John.

"Certainly, if your time counts nothing; mine is worth big money," answered the chairman, sullenly, and then proceeded, snappishly, to call the roll, as follows:

"Hugh MacDonald?"

"Five shares for Hope and McLeod."

"John Hope?"

"Thirty shares for the same."

"Duncan McLeod?"

"Twenty-five shares for the same, cast by John Hope, holding his proxy."

"Which makes sixty," interjected the chairman, with a sneer, "which would be very fine indeed, sir, and would elect the lunatic ticket, if only McLeod had twenty-five, but, in point

of fact, he happens to own but ten. Don't try to impose on me, sir!"

"Here are Mr. McLeod's other fifteen, and my authority for voting them," said John Hope, in the calmest manner possible, laying the Bennett-McLeod certificate on the table, and the accompanying indication of proxy, while Hugh MacDonald, utterly astounded, held his breath, and seized tightly the arms of his chair.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp snatched the papers, read them, turned purple, then turned white, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and cried, in a passionate falsetto, "A forgery, sir!"

"That is a serious charge, Mr. Chairman," replied John Hope, in the same quiet, masterful way. "Will you deny, sir, that you own only forty shares of Annie Laurie stock; that your man, Thomas Bennett, bought from you, at a fair price, his fifteen shares; that the memorandum of transfer is in Thomas Bennett's handwriting, and attested by a prominent notary public; and that, if Thomas Bennett transferred them, Duncan McLeod, being absent, would probably give me the proxy which

I hold in my hand? In other words, sir, will you please, here and now, without further evasion or chicanery whatsoever, proceed to vote those fifty-five shares of stock which, a few moments ago, you declared, and reiterated, and ordered recorded, to have been voted for your ticket?"

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp turned ashen; sat down; buried his face in his hands over the table; shook like an aspen leaf; pressed his palms tightly against his temples, as if to prevent them from splitting; and, in the awful silence that ensued, seemed to stop breathing. Then he gasped; lifted his head; displayed a small, round, deep carmine spot at the center of each blanched cheek; stammered; got his voice; said, brokenly, as if dying, "I—declare—this meeting—adjourned—until ten o'clock—to-morrow morning"; and staggered from the room.

"Let us follow him! He will fall in a faint! Did you not notice the spots?" exclaimed Hugh MacDonald.

"Follow him not at all," said John Hope. "When the iniquities of a man whose heart is harder and crueller than steel are finding him

out, it is a mistaken kindness to interfere with God's work. Pity him, pray for him, want to help him, as you and I both, I hope, do, but leave him in God's hands. Those two carmine spots should help him more than we possibly could if we tried."

XXIII

THE LAST OF BONAPARTE SHARP



Ten o'clock the next morning, June 4, the adjourned annual meeting of the Annie Laurie Mining Company was held. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp did not appear. By a vote of sixty shares, and none opposing, John Hope and Duncan McLeod were reinstated, were given power to make all additional appointments, and the meeting dissolved.

Neither on June 3, nor on June 4, nor later, would John Hope, to Hugh MacDonald's puzzled and persistent inquiries, divulge aught, except to say: "I know, Hugh, almost nothing. Our deliverer, whoever he may be, wishes that it should be so with me, and with us all; and, as honorable men, we must respect his reticence. But two things I do know: First, Bonaparte Sharp sold the fif-

teen shares for as large a price as they were worth at the time. Second, the purchaser transferred them, legally and freely, to Duncan McLeod."

The afternoon papers of June 4 represented Mr. Bonaparte Sharp as ill from overwork; and, for the first time since he began operations in Wall Street, and in his specialties, he ceased to be a malign force therein; for the space, however, of only twenty days. Then, pale, haggard, slow of movement, but with the same set jaw, and penetrating, gray-yellowish, all-comprehending eye, he began making up for lost time. The day he returned was a hard one in Wall Street. No man, even of his intimate friends, ever succeeded in getting from him any information about the Annie Laurie Minē, except the ablest criminal lawyer in New York, and a force of the keenest and most experienced detectives that money could hire. The detectives, even, only got their knowledge at second-hand through the lawyer.

After many months' work, and enormous expenditures, Thomas Bennett was traced from Honolulu, by way of Australia, the

Mediterranean and France, to New York. Where he came from was shrouded in mystery. He sailed, moreover, from New York for Liverpool by the *Teutonic* on May 15; was a cheerful shipmate, but ate next to nothing and rapidly lost flesh all the voyage; had no other peculiarity, except that, on one occasion, he was found by himself laughing immoderately for no apparent reason, and explained, when questioned, that an old story had come to his mind, which, however, he could not be persuaded to repeat, though strongly urged to do so later by the entire smoking room; disembarked at Queenstown; went, by Cork and Mallow Junction, to the Lakes of Killarney; that very afternoon, just before a fierce thunder-storm broke over the Lakes, went rowing upon them alone; was never seen more; and left no trace behind him except an upset and damaged boat, ashore on the Upper Lake, and some luggage marked only by Maltese crosses, found at his hotel, and brought to New York,—not, however, until the detectives had settled his fraction of a day's bill, and had paid for the damage done to the boat. Mr. Bonaparte

Sharp locked that luggage in a vault, but the foremost detectives in the world failed to get from it any clue whatsoever as to Thomas Bennett's identity, his origin, or his fate, beyond the presumption of his having been drowned in the Upper Lake at Killarney.

It was found that Duncan McLeod, on the other hand, sailed from San Francisco, July 10, of the previous year; disappeared thereafter, in search of rest, somewhere in southern latitudes; reappeared in Scotland on or about June 3; spent twenty-four hours at Stirling; sailed the afternoon of June 4 from Glasgow for Montreal, his movements becoming transparently clear thenceforth; and went from Montreal, by the Sault Sainte Marie, St. Paul, Omaha and Denver, to take up his duties afresh at the Annie Laurie Mine.

The detectives were perfectly sure that the two men nowise resembled each other. They took dozens of snap shots of Duncan McLeod, and had the photographs inspected by a score of persons in New York, who had known Thomas Bennett well,—in fact, some of the detectives had themselves shadowed Bennett, on Mr. Bonaparte Sharp's orders, while the

latter was making preliminary inquiries about him,—but no one could be found who was able to discern any resemblance between the two.

Some connection between the two men was suspected, but no evidence of it anywhere appeared. What the connection was, if it existed at all, defied conjecture even. The records of both men were found to have been not only irreproachable, but highly commendable. They were both, the detectives felt certain, in New York on May 15, because Thomas Bennett not only bought his stock that day, and sailed by the *Teutonic* thereafter, but made, in the meantime, a genuine transfer of the stock, as proved by his handwriting, which was like copperplate, and which was verified as unmistakably his by twenty or thirty of his undoubted letters that had been painstakingly collected, and then most carefully scrutinized by experts. Duncan McLeod's signature to his proxy, though without date, was, furthermore, undoubtedly genuine; and was left, with the certificate of stock, by a district messenger, at the First National Bank at noon on the same day. It

was, indeed, possible, the detectives conceded, that Thomas Bennett had somehow obtained possession of this proxy earlier, and sent it to the bank on May 15; but the freshness of the paper on which it was written, of the type-written impression, and of the signature, made this in their opinion extremely improbable.

"Beats the Arabian Nights!" said Mr. Bonaparte Sharp. "Bring in your bills; I give it up." He only said this, however, to the lawyer who had represented him on the case from June until April of the next year. He maintained absolute silence, otherwise, about the Annie Laurie Mine, even to his confidential man. He held on, nevertheless, to his forty shares of Annie Laurie stock as if they had for him some special fascination. He did this, as he said to himself, "in the interest of the whole fabric of modern society"; and also, perhaps, because, notwithstanding the "lunacy," as he characterized it, of the mine's management, it paid him large and steadily increasing dividends.

Mr. Bonaparte Sharp was not superstitious. Duncan McLeod was right, however, in maintaining that no judgment which could be

visited upon him would be so effective as a mysterious and inexplicable defeat. Mr. Bonaparte Sharp regarded what had happened as uncanny, and often fell into deep gloom because of it. He had an undiminished confidence in the forces that he represented, as the Philistines of old had in theirs; but he felt that other and yet higher forces had joined issue with the Bonaparte Sharp forces, and were defeating them, even as it is written: "The Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them."

"Sharp reminds me," said a member of his set, after these occurrences, putting his own characteristically superficial interpretation upon them, "of the saying of an old plantation slave who belonged to my grandfather in the South. He accompanied my grandfather, on one occasion, on a hunt for wild turkeys. My grandfather hit, high in the air, an enormous cock, which came screaming and careening down into a swamp. Dogs and men went after him. He was badly hurt, wing broken most likely, but, in spite of all they could do, he got away. My grandfather was greatly

vexed, and could hardly get over it all day. 'Well, massa,' said Hannibal, trying to console him, 'dis one ting am sartin: dat yere ole turkey cock, he not roost so high any moa, shua!'"

As time passed on, Mr. Bonaparte Sharp came to this theory: That Thomas Bennett was absolutely trustworthy; that he was liable, at rare intervals, to go out of his mind (this proclivity, he thought, threw light on Bennett's extraordinary reticence about himself); that the wily McLeod, dogging his tracks, took advantage of him at such a moment; and that Bennett perished by drowning, as the facts seemed to indicate. He often dreamed of the lonely oarsman dying, thus, in the fierce storm, and, after this dream, invariably had a gloomy day. Next summer, on his physician's orders, he went over sea for the first time. He landed at Queenstown; followed Thomas Bennett's route to Killarney; stayed at the same hotel; had himself rowed to the point on the shore of the Upper Lake where the damaged boat had been found; disembarked, and was deeply moved. "That man," he said to himself aloud, "was one in a

thousand ! Had he lived, the clouds had not begun to settle down over Bonaparte Sharp's life ! ”

He had been assisted up the rugged and precipitous shore by the boatman. He had then requested his helper to withdraw himself a considerable distance, saying, in explanation : “ No man knows the meaning this spot has for me, and I wish to be absolutely alone here with my thoughts.” But such was the pallor that had overspread his face, especially after the boat reached the Upper Lake, and such a dead weight, almost, had he been in ascending the slope, that the boatman, instead of obeying him, hid himself behind a projecting rock not far away. There, after a few moments, he was just lighting his pipe, when he heard the foregoing words about Thomas Bennett, spoken in a shrill, tremulous voice, utterly pathetic, that ended in a wail of anguish. Peeping superstitiously out, in fear of something unearthly in that weird place, the boatman beheld Mr. Bonaparte Sharp totter and fall. He ran to him, but there was no respiration. He felt for his heart, but it had ceased to beat.



THE BOATMAN BEHELD MR. BONAPARTE SHARP TOTTER AND FALL

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They buried Mr. Bonaparte Sharp in what he had boasted was the most splendid tomb in America. At his right lay the wife of his youth, whom drudgery and his petty economies had driven, many years before, into a decline. At his left lay his daughter, Eugenie, whose heart he had broken. There was none to mourn him, save the sad-eyed but beautiful child, now in her sixth year, whom Eugenie had left, and whose kin at once plunged into huge litigation about his estate ; but she could by no possibility mourn one whom she had always regarded with abject dread. " Can't grandpa get out of the church ? " she timidly, wistfully asked ; and, being answered truthfully, clapped her dimpled hands, and cried, " Oh, goody ! "

Widely over the land, the day after his decease, hundreds of men whom he had ruined took one another solemnly by the hand, saying, " We thought God was dead, but he lives." Widely over the land, other hundreds of men whom he had impoverished, and who had daily expected him to ruin them, for the first time in years breathed freely. It was with them as it is with the birds, when a bullet brings out of the sky a large and particularly ferocious hawk.

But the newspapers gave his portrait a full page, and printed in heavy type two lists of his benefactions, the one alphabetical, the other chronological. His estate aggregated something more than two hundred and fifty millions, independently of the billion or more that he controlled. His benefactions, only five of which reached a hundred thousand, and only nine of which, fifty thousand, but which consisted of many smaller sums, footed two million, four hundred and fifty-six thousand. "Credit him also with this," fervently added one who had just finished reading the two lists of his benefactions, "that he did not leave a numerous progeny to taint, if not to imperil, every American home with the rumor of their social intrigues, their sensational divorce suits, their insufferable luxury, and their rivalries, jealousies and feuds among the Four Hundred."

It is beautiful, the place where he lies. The gifted but impecunious architect and expert in landscape, who was for many years almost his slave, has there reaped a kind of mournful reward by outdoing himself. The tomb simulates a noble Byzantine church. It stands on

a commanding knoll. It is approached by magnificent terraces. These are connected by monumental staircases, which are enriched with ecclesiastical symbols done in the manner of the period of the Church's greatest outward splendor. Around all, the rarest trees lift themselves, and the choicest plants and flowers blossom. The vestibule, the nave and the transepts of the seeming church are brilliant with mosaics and sculpture. The Byzantine brightness and cheer are everywhere, for Mr. Bonaparte Sharp hated gloom. His sarcophagus, in the chancel, mimics a shrine. Across it falls the radiance of prodigal stained glass by day, and of hundreds of automatically lighted electric lamps from sunset to sunrise. The expense of maintaining all this would support in comfort a moderate sized village of artisans. The interest on the original cost would carry on a very considerable hospital. Let us, however, be kinder than entirely to regret that it is always light around the ashes of one whose life was a thick darkness. A lifetime ought to net a man something.

XXIV

AULD LANG SYNE



AFTER nine and a half months of hard work at the Annie Laurie Mine, with George Wilkinson as superintendent above ground, with Douglas Campbell as superintendent in the levels, and with

results far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the Old Guard, whose very lives were bound up in the success of their enterprise,—Duncan McLeod was about starting to spend a month with his mother at Stirling, and to bring her back for a summer in Colorado. There were reasons, physiological and diplomatic, in view of the program which he was then carrying out in relation to Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, why he had given her only twenty-four hours in June of the previous year; but he had promised her a full month when the Scottish

hillsides should be wearing their early garb of flowers and of green the next year.

The night before his departure there was a great gathering of the people of the Annie Laurie Mine in the hall of the Miners' Club. All work had been suspended in honor of the occasion, and no well person, not absolutely prevented from attendance, was absent. Glimpses of what occurred at the meeting will perhaps interest the reader.

There was singing by the double quartet of the Miners' Club. There was some excellent violin and other instrumental music. A chorus of school children, trained by Angus McPherson,—for the mine had already become a place of homes,—sang superbly a piece specially composed, both the verse and the music, in honor of their departing hero. Then there was a recess, at which the women of the mine served some very appetizing light refreshments. The second part of the evening's exercises consisted of several short speeches, followed by the distinctive farewell.

George Wilkinson spoke first. He read from a paper. This is what he said :

"I stayed here during the troubles at the

mine, as you know. I had three reasons for doing so, namely :

“First.—To watch, to post our president, and to be brakes, so far as I could be, to a car that had broken its couplings, and was running ‘wild’ down a steep grade.

“Second.—To do a large amount of reading on industrial, economic and social questions. It has not always been with me as it has been since we have been acquainted. I have widely known the world. I had a considerable collection of books in this department when the bolt fell, and Mr. Hope, thereafter, purchased for me, on my successive orders, large additional instalments. I read, during that black year, as steadily and persistently, almost, as Mr. McLeod must have seen honor students read at Edinburgh.

“Third.—To make a study of the old industrial-economic system, introduced here by Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, in comparison with the new which it displaced. What this study, undertaken along with prodigious reading, taught me, is to me of priceless value. Suffer me to state briefly some of my conclusions :

“No man should undertake seriously to bet-

ter the industrial-economic situation without much reading and study ; but, at the same time, a large proportion of what is written is of little worth. The first value in the literature of the subject is the facts which it marshals. But, after you have come upon about so many of them, they largely duplicate one another. Furthermore, while the facts are all-important, they are, at the same time, simple, and bear almost exclusively, so far as they have pertinence, in a few practical and easily apprehended directions. The second value of the literature is the formulation, as yet very imperfectly done, of theories, justified by facts and experience, looking toward industrial-economic betterment. That which grieves you, let me add, and at times almost maddens you, in the literature, is the abstract, untested, unvitalized theorizing and preaching on the subject. Read, then, I would say in summing up ; yes, read widely and profoundly ; but understand that much of the reading is a rubbish heap, and that one may readily be warped away from practical views and from actual service by the mere glitter of its wordy tinsel.

“Regarding current methods of economic and social betterment, it requires to be said that, while most of them are actuated by high motives, and many of them are of considerable value, they in large degree miss the point. To make enormous benefactions, for example, to universities, colleges, technical schools, libraries, hospitals, and so forth, is, of itself, praiseworthy ; and much of it is, and, as time goes on, will tend more and more to be, of high service. But to put, in these directions, the main strength of efforts for the betterment we are considering, is a mistake, from either of two points of view. Such benefactions largely operate, on the one hand, whether intentionally so or not, as covers for most reprehensible industrial-economic practices in getting the money, a fraction only, and often only a very small fraction of which, perhaps hardly one per cent., is thus donated. On the other hand, such benefactions very generally undertake to heal the surface of the industrial-economic disease, instead of reaching and removing its underlying causes. It is like medication, instead of building up the system. It is like battling epidemic and

contagious diseases while taking no account of bacilli.

“Combination, centralization, and the trust principle, have, doubtless, great merits, when we shall have learned properly to apply them; but I am sure, and particularly from my study of the two systems of running this mine, that they tend to grow top-heavy, and to lose in initiative what they gain in facility,—in fact, to lose much more than that. There is such a thing as organizing too much. A thing may be had too cheaply. After a certain limit is reached, as with putting on flesh, bigness becomes an incubus, and, carried far enough, means death. Our men have made this mine a success, on the contrary, because cheapness was not a main consideration here; because the mine, in its organization, was not part of an endless chain, but was a very winsome chain by itself; because it was not too big; because our people could grasp it, love it, put their lives against it, and see it gain; because, in short, it was their own Annie Laurie.

“Finally,—and this was what my comparison of the old with the new system during

that dark year absolutely confirmed me in,—one may plant one's self, without fear of successful rebuttal, on this fundamental proposition, namely: Any departure from the soundest industrial-economic righteousness is business folly not less than moral folly.

“The laborer is, indeed, worthy of his hire; and capital, by the same token, is worthy of its hire. Individualism and self-interest, in their true sense, in short, so far from being ignored, must have their place and initiative and reward. The denial of this, by socialistic programs, weakens the entire betterment campaign. On the other hand, nevertheless, nothing is good in the way of individualism, or of self-interest, which is not good for the mass of men, or, at any rate, which works injustice, discrimination or damage to the mass of men. On this principle, the management of this mine, not only in a friendly adjustment of grievances on the few occasions when they have arisen, but also in granting every faithful employee a generous share in its profits, over and above wages; in permitting the men to acquire a reasonable part of the stock of the mine, and to be corre-

spondingly represented on its directorate; and, at the same time, in adapting these privileges, as they have been successfully adapted, so as not to work injustice to the large amount of capital here invested, in the 'undivided decrement,' or in any other respect,—all this has, in an all-round way, laid the industrial-economic foundation for the large success that has here been attained.

“Bonuses, on the contrary, rewards, benefactions, and even social settlements,—though these last, rightly applied, are particularly valuable,—can never, of themselves, bring industrial deliverance. Mr. Williams, our late assistant general manager, for example, received instructions from Mr. Bonaparte Sharp, at a desperate moment in that dark year, to spend money lavishly in some of these directions, and I was consulted about the carrying out of those instructions. To a certain extent I advised it and cooperated with it; but it got no grip even on the few earnest men that were then at the mine. It was a sort of tip. It was a gift to blind the eyes against the patent and palpable injustices, which, under that management, were continually practiced on the men.

“Do not for a moment, I pray you, infer, from what I have said, that I consider that we have attained perfection at this mine. We have yet much to learn and much to accomplish. But I am absolutely certain that the fundamental principle of even and inflexible industrial-economic justice toward all parties and interests concerned, which underlies the conduct of this mine, is that on which alone success may ultimately be expected anywhere and everywhere.

“The world is waiting, in short, not so much for more gifts, funds, rewards ; not so much for more good deeds, kindnesses, altruisms, as for even-handed justice ; for a chance for all ; for a sense of responsibility on the part of all men for the good of all ; and for a jealous and chivalrous defense, on the part of all, of the rights and possibilities of each. This, indeed, will never adequately come, it may be safely predicated, without the transforming power of that religious life which has been the supreme distinction of this mine ; and without, likewise, that glow and enthusiasm and tenderness which have been here embodied in warm human loving,—which last is the distinctive mint

mark, if I mistake not, of religion. But religion even, and love even, will get small headway until justice arrives; justice industrially, justice economically, and justice socially."

When the applause that followed this speech had died away, Douglas Campbell arose from his place, half way down the hall, and walked to the front. It was the first time. It took all but two or three persons by surprise. The clapping of hands, which had begun on general principles, turned, when the men perceived what was coming, into an ovation that was simply thunderous. Patrick Sullivan was equal to the occasion. He jumped on a chair. Douglas hung his head like a frightened girl. It was Erin's innings. With equal education and opportunity, it might have been O'Connell that spoke. While the stillness was such that one could almost hear people breathe:

"Him, men o' the Annie Laurie Mine," began Sullivan, "that made Mr. Hope's an' Mr. McLeod's thoughts for us possible to be wrought out; him, the modist, the silint, the unsilfish, the helper of iverybody, beatin' ivery man wid the drill, ivery man wid the

hammer, ivery man wid pick an' shovel, ivery man in bein' good, ivery man in not knowin' he's anny wort' at all, admired a'most like Mr. Hope, an' worshiped a'most like Mr. McLeod,—I'm a movin', Mr. Chairman, t'ree cheers fer him. Whin that hiretic, McLean, had done his worst, wid all the drinkin', an' swearin', an' gamblin', an' bein' lewd fifty ways, an' loafin' on jobs, an' fillin' out lyin' time cards, an' stealin' ore, an' takin' life; an' whin that anti-pope, the auld Grandmither Williams, had got some of the levels clared up a bit, an' the house scrubbed a mite, an' fit, b' this time, mebbe, fer pigs to live in,—along comes the bist man, b' the Holy Mother! in the Rockies, barrin' his two big brithers aforemintioned, an' the mine is the glory she is to-day because o' him. T'ree cheers, thin, fer that good Catholic, Douglas Campbell!"

Patrick Sullivan's voice, as he spoke, notwithstanding his accent and dialect, was sonorous, well modulated, full of passion, and there were tears on many a cheek before he was done. The three cheers became nearer thirty; the men rose in a body; made for Douglas Campbell, Sullivan leading them;

seized a table ; detailed four stalwart men to officiate, one at each leg ; and, when they had it level and steady as a rock, high above the men's heads, they lifted Douglas upon it, there to make his speech. Then, all standing, they awaited what he should say.

He could not command himself at first. His trying to do so brought a sympathetic lump into many throats. After that, he was stage-struck, until he caught Margaret's eyes. For Margaret had come in the previous autumn, she and the bairns, from St. Ninian, and alone. Duncan McLeod's favorite project of her man's going to fetch her could not be managed, such, in the peculiar circumstances, was the pressure of work at the mine. Margaret, moreover, had not been in the camp two weeks before she was, to all the women and children there, what Douglas was to the men. When he caught her eyes, a look came into his face, and he read from a paper these words :

" You remember July 1. The Jews' coming back to Jerusalem scarce excelled it. Men laughed, and cried, and hugged and kissed one another like women. You remember the first service, and Duncan's sermon, from, ' When

the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.' It has, men, been a dream ever since, but a true dream, thank God! and a dream getting more wonderful, and yet more wonderful, day by day."

Here there were a stillness and sobs, and then Angus McPherson started,—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

"Duncan," Douglas continued, when the singing had ceased—"Duncan took pledges of us, that night, in the cañon. I am to report on them. Not a man broke the moral pledges. The pledge to Christ only eleven men broke. They were, all of them, in infidel camps, and their lapse was of the head, not of the heart. Nine of them have turned again. The other two are in the mood of Thomas, the week after the resurrection, wanting to believe, but not yet quite able to do so. They will get a glimpse of the Lord soon, as Thomas did, and then all will be clear.

"Only one more word, men. Looking back on all that has been accomplished at this mine, that word is: Christ did it. Economics did not do it. Sociology did not do it. Those

two personal fountains of love and inspiration, even, whom we think of with special gratitude to-night, did not do it. Were I at liberty to divulge some of the secret history of this mine, the proof would amount to a demonstration. But none of us needs to have it demonstrated. We know it. He who filled the nets, and the fish's mouth, is under, and behind, and above, and beyond the economics, the sociology, the wise, intrepid and inspiring leadership, the capital and the labor. 'Without me,' he says,—and the Annie Laurie Mine attests it,—'ye can do nothing.'"

"Amen!" "Amen!" "Amen!" rose on all sides, and Patrick Sullivan was two seconds ahead of Angus McPherson in starting,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

When all were in their seats again, John Hope rose from beside Douglas Campbell and walked to the front. Hearts were too tender for applause. Before he could begin, however, George Wilkinson was on his feet. "Gentlemen," he said, "I propose that our demonstration for this speaker be on this wise:

upon due signal, let us rise, and say together these words from Tennyson, out of the Wellington Ode :

“ ‘On God and Godlike men we build our trust.’ ”

When the entire audience, standing, had, like the roar of Niagara, recited that great line, John Hope, blushing scarlet, said, when all were seated :

“ A duty has been assigned me to-night ; but, before I discharge it, suffer me this word :

“ The two experts that have preceded me, one in economics, the other in religion, have credited the success of this mine to its sources, to justice, and to the Lord Jesus Christ. I am sure we agree with all that both of these men have said, but there is one factor,—referred to, indeed, by Mr. Wilkinson, in his words about religion’s ‘ mint mark,’—which I cannot but emphasize. Mr. Campbell has intimated that there has been a secret history going on here. I know something of that secret history, as well as he. We had a touch of it just now. When he was stage-struck, towering up yonder on that table with human feet, there was a secret history about how he got over it.

I glimpsed it. Perhaps it did not escape others of us. *Eyes* did it."

At this ensued, first a smile, then laughter, and then three cheers for Margaret Campbell, led also by Patrick Sullivan, while two lovers, of fifteen years' standing, hid their faces like children.

"Men," John Hope continued, "'Love is of God.' Great, deep, passionate love,—God's best human gift,—has been a main factor in making our mine what it is. The homes here, the women, the children, the deep romance of living, have been God's beautiful instruments in effecting what we thank him for to-night.

"Mr. McLeod," John added, while Marjorie Campbell, Douglas and Margaret's sweet girl of thirteen, brought forward a mysterious something covered with a drapery—"Mr. McLeod, it was agreed that our love-token to you, as, for a season, we part to-night, should be a gift from the women and children of this mine. Nothing short of the mine itself, and a half dozen others, could adequately express what we men think of you."

Here the men went wild, and Duncan hid his face in his hands over the desk, until, after

some moments, John stilled the rounds of applause.

"Mr. McLeod," John concluded, in a voice much shaken, "the best people of this mine, its women and its children, present you"—here Marjorie dropped the drapery, and handed Duncan some elegantly bound volumes—"present you with the works of two men: Phillips Brooks, who, as no other man in our time, has lifted up his voice in the evangel; and Henry Drummond, your personal friend, who, as no other man in our time, has laid hold on life for Jesus Christ."

Duncan cannot speak. Again and again he tries to, but his face gets into his hands again over the desk. Then Jamie McDuff comes to the rescue. He can speak little except dialect, but he trusts that its witchery may at least serve to draw the fire away from somebody else who is in peril, and he says:

"We hae had a braw meetin'. We hae harkened to muckle learnin', an' nane ower muckle either, an' it has been verra pleasant to the ears, an' edifyin' to the heart. But, Maister Chairman, I'm a thinkin' ilka ane o' us wid like to hae a pairt; an' I'm a proposin' that,

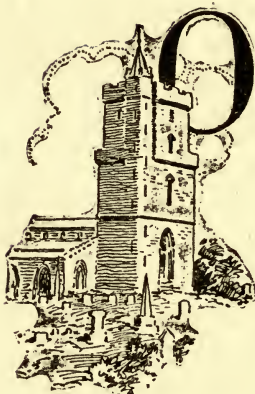
after oor Duncan has pit up a bit o' prayer, an' has said the blessin', we a' tak' haud o' ane anither's hands, an' sing a' thegither that gude sang o' Rabbie's, 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Jamie saved the day. Before he was done, Duncan's head was up. He never seemed so erect and tall and beautiful before. "Marjorie, I thank you," he said, when Jamie ended, "and I thank every one at the Annie Laurie Mine." Then, at a motion of his hand, all were on their feet. "Let us say together, 'Our Father,'" he added, and their voices, as of many waters, ascended again. Then, after the blessing, you might have passed an electric current through three hundred and twenty-nine pairs of clasped hands, while they sang "a' thegither that gude sang o' Rabbie's."

While its mighty notes, and its mightier sentiment, are rolling heavenward, let us hastily slip out, lest it pain us to bid them, and all that they stand for, good-bye.

XXV

AT DRUMMOND'S GRAVE



ONE of the hardest days in Kathleen Gordon's life was that on the evening of which Duncan McLeod tapped on his mother's window, in the firelight, and, rushing in, lifted her into his arms.

The morning mail brought a proposal from one of the heaviest business corporations in England, lavishly to endow Stirling House, Liverpool, and otherwise to push settlement work. The corporation was not only very rich, but was notorious for the concerns it had crushed, and for the enlightened parsimony and arbitrariness with which it treated its thousands of employees. But its head was a delightful man personally, full of individual kind deeds,

and popular, consequently, from John o' Groat's to Land's End. He was connected by marriage, moreover, with one of the highest and most favorably known peers of the realm.

"I know not how American altruists reconcile their consciences with accepting that sort of offer," Kathleen said to herself in an agony, "but I cannot think Jesus would do it, nor Socrates, though Plato might." Then she repeated the words of St. James: "Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you. . . . The hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."

After luncheon, as if this were not enough, John Gordon asked his Annie and Kathleen into his library, bolted the door, and, with an air of mystery and triumph, divulged the successful termination of negotiations by which he was to absorb several large enterprises, weed out a useless (so he said) two or three hundred men, on pay-rolls at high salaries (so he said), and add a very large sum to his al-

ready enormous annual income. "The papers will be signed this afternoon; then I shall endow St. Andrews," he exclaimed with ardor. The women looked grave. "You know, father," said Kathleen, "whether or not this is good news to me." Then, for the first and last time in his life,—and he could never forgive himself for it afterward,—he frowned on his wife, made a bitter retort to his daughter, and left the house in a rage.

Kathleen supposed that an hour's nap would restore her equilibrium, but, instead of sleeping, she sobbed as if her heart would break. Then she duplicated the walk of the day when she wrote her letter of refusal to Duncan McLeod. But, when she reached the Bore Stone, where she had never before failed to find comfort, a deep gloom had spread over the sky, as if to mock her; and she was obliged to hasten home in order to avoid a brief but violent thunder-storm.

As soon as she reached home she plunged into work; was silent at dinner; accepted, with fresh pain, her father's apology, then humbly tendered; and, after an evening of tremendous exertion on her correspondence,

retired. She was so weary that she slept at once. She had a beautiful dream.

She was, she thought, a child again, and at Mrs. McLeod's for Bible study. Duncan, as usual, was absorbed in his books, and scarcely noticed her. Then, suddenly, after the manner of dreams, a thing happened, the precise opposite of anything that ever had happened. Duncan shut up his Homer with a sharp sound, laid it down, came over to her, and asked, "May we learn the Psalm together?" It began, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion." When they had learned it, they had a good play. "Mother," he then asked, "may I walk up as far as the Greyfriars' with Kathleen?" and, when they were on their way, their hands touched for an instant, and he looked a look at her. The thrill of the one, and the joy of the other, awoke her.

For an hour that touch seemed vibrating through her whole being, and that look seemed to make the darkness lighter than the day. Then, as in a moment, this strange psychic phenomenon passed, and her problems pressed. "Oh," she said to herself, "if only Henry Drummond were alive, and I might go to

him, and talk these questions through!" She slept no more. With the first faint flush of morning she dressed, put on a heavy, dark mantle and hood, let herself out of the house, and, in the twilight, came to Drummond's grave. There she bowed herself against the stone, in long, importunate prayer. Let us not blame her if the human element was strong within her, as well as the divine. Suddenly, amidst a prayer to Jesus, she found herself saying, "O Henry Drummond, if you know of my perplexities, send me some relief; a thought, perhaps, or clearness, at least, of mind!" Then, comforted, she resumed her pleading with the Lord.

Now it happened that Duncan McLeod, when his tryst of the previous night with his mother was done, could not sleep, his head and his heart were so full. Also, that, on his voyage home, he had been making a special study of Drummond, to discover his more primary meanings. "He was so alert, so sympathetic, so responsive," Duncan said to himself, "that, unconsciously, he would sometimes so put himself beside you that his point of view seemed to coincide with yours when it



DRUMMOND'S TOMB

did not. Thus, without any lack of clearness on his part, one might, at times, readily mistake him. Therefore one must study him carefully. Why, what is this, in the Address to Edinburgh Students, of February 23, 1890 ?"—

"A personal invitation. Christ has set his heart on you here and now ; and now and here invites you to enter into his life. . . . Gentlemen, he will be your leader, he will be your guide, he will be your highest ideal. He has asked you for your life, and he will make you just as you are at this moment his—entirely his."

"That settles it," Duncan cried, and, as he sped Stirling-ward, his heart was at rest on a point that had long perplexed him.

It happened, moreover, in his wakefulness, that first night at home, that a great longing came upon Duncan to go to Drummond's grave, which he had never seen, and because of which Scotland seemed dreadfully lonely.

When it has grown light a little, he is, accordingly, on his way thither, that he may be alone with the dead. As he nears the old church, he sees a woman, heavily draped, bending almost prostrate at the place where he knows that the grave must be. "The mother, doubtless," he says to himself, "of some student Henry helped, but who went to

the bad after all!" and he is greatly annoyed. "It was difficult to get a moment with the living Drummond, so did people throng him," he adds, "and, when you have come six thousand miles to stand by his grave, even that is preempted!"

To kill time he turns aside, hoping the woman will go; but she stays. Therefore, in no very amiable temper, he trudges toward her, but she is so engrossed that he is close upon her before she perceives. Startled, she turns to flee; but the height and build of the man cause her to look again. Their eyes meet. They look into each other's souls. She advances a step, and reaches out her hand. It is as if two continents spoke to each other by cable for the first time.

After some moments' ecstasy, during which, though their hands are clasped, they are somewhat apart still,—

"We did not understand Drummond, did we?" he asks.

"But all is as he would have wished," she answers.

Then, dropping her heavy, dark mantle and hood, and taking a step nearer, she leans her

beautiful head against one of his massive shoulders, and the arms that were made for her are around her that was made for them.

Thus they stand, in the deepening dawn, over the grave of the best loved man of his time; and, to the dew on the grass above it, are added the gladdest tears in Scotland.

Then she loosens a little the arms, lifts the Murillo face full to his, and lips, that have hungered since childhood, begin to be filled. At the same moment the sun, from beyond Abbey Craig, throws its gold on the highest stones of the old Greyfriars' Church.

"It is morning, at last, Kathleen," he says.

"Of an everlasting day, Duncan," she responds; and the look in her face makes him think of the face of the Son of God.

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